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THE

MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER

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VOL. XXXI, 1928

PUBLISHED BY THE
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MEDFORD, MASS.

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MEDFORD
J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER

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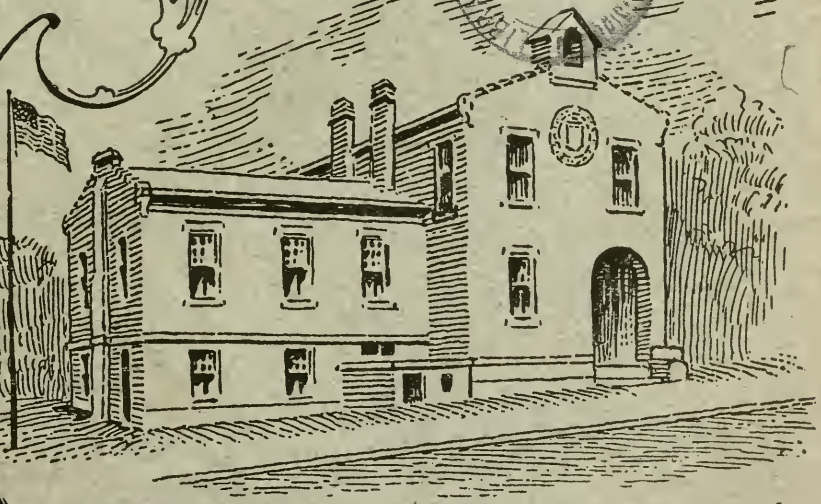

March, 1928

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MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

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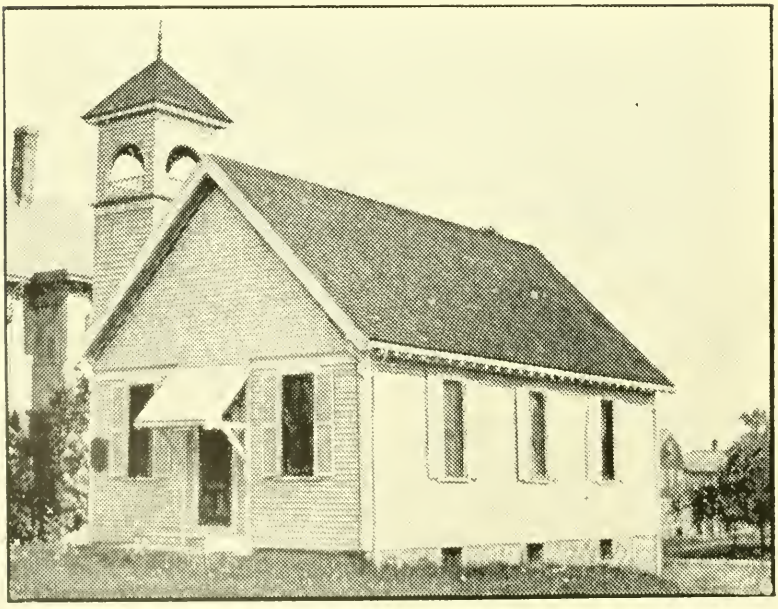
FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

OSGOOD IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION
(Formerly the Osgood School)
Courtesy of *Medford Mercury*



BETHANY CHAPEL
Courtesy of *Medford Mercury*

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXXI. MARCH, 1928. No. 1.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WELLINGTON METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE late Mr. Barker's interesting story in the December REGISTER of the slow development of Wellington indicated, as was to be expected in any typical New England community, the existence of a definite religious movement which advanced and retarded according to the pace of community growth. This religious movement has had a very creditable development.

In 1869 seven homes had been built on the village site which had been laid out in 1854. Not until the railroads, the through highways, an adequate water supply, and a Wellington bridge had been built could much be expected. But when these were accomplished, homes began to increase. It took several years before a substantial village had been settled. By 1883 the Osgood school house was moved here from Salem street, and regular educational work started. At about the same time we find traces of informal services and other religious gatherings in the homes of the interested people. Then a regular Sunday school was organized to meet in a room of the new school house, with Mrs. Croswell as superintendent. Occasional services of worship were conducted by ministers of various denominations from neighboring churches, among them being the Rev. T. Corwin Watkins. In 1885 the Sunday school met in the home of Mr. Edward Tyacke, on the corner of Middlesex avenue and Fourth street.

The movement was soon stable enough to suggest the building of a chapel. Under the leadership of Jacob Emerson, Edward Tyacke, J. P. Thompson, John A.

Rolfe and others, a lot was secured on Fourth street, a building committee appointed, subscriptions raised, so that by the summer of 1886 the building was dedicated under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal denomination. The first regularly appointed pastor was the Rev. John W. Ward, whose two years' ministry built up a regular organization. Mr. Ward is still an active and highly honored minister of the New England Conference, his entire ministry having been on the Lynn district. His successor here was the Rev. C. W. Blackett, whose subsequent career was foreshadowed by his able work in this, his first pastorate. Under the leadership of a long succession of young pastors, most of them students at the Boston University School of Theology, the little church, known as Bethany chapel, was the center of a progressive neighborhood church program. It is interesting to note that among the prime movers of this foundation was Jacob Emerson of honored memory, a prominent member for many years of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, and who also helped to pave the way for the founding of Trinity Church in West Medford several years before. Other early leaders were such men as Bailey T. Mills, S. F. Kittredge and others who have long since passed away. Mr. Tyacke of the original committee still lives in Wellington, a most interested worker in the modern church.

Among the pastors were men who have become eminent leaders in church work in various parts of the country, such as the Revs. Joseph E. Waterhouse, C. Oscar Ford, Francis L. Strickland, Willard I. Shattuck, Albert E. Winter, Charles A. Bowen, Donald H. Gerrish, Samuel L. Parish, Charles S. Nutter.

Circumstances, such as constant changes of population, the slow growth of community spirit, an easy access to the larger churches of Boston, Medford and Malden, numerous short term pastorates on account of the ministers being students, and many other factors contributed to limit the advance of the work. That it was main-

tained at such a high standard on such a limited basis is proof enough of the devotion of high-minded and determined Christian citizens.

The Church participated in the expansion that started for Wellington about 1915. Since then the population has increased many fold, hundreds of homes have filled in the original farm lands, and as a result the total life of the community has been changed from that of a quiet country village to that of a high-grade suburban community. It was to be expected that the Church which had been nurtured all through the long years of Wellington's infancy would be in line with the modern movement. The growth was indeed such that, in 1917, during the pastorate of the Rev. W. W. Edel, the little chapel which had served its purpose so well was sold to be made over into a home. The Church Society, under the advice and with the generous help of the Rev. W. H. Powell, superintendent of the Lynn district, secured the valuable and easily accessible property on the corner of Middlesex and Riverside avenues, known variously as the Isaac Wellington, or the Crosby home. Plans were soon prepared for converting the fine old mansion into a modern and well-equipped church edifice. But just as the society had transferred its activities to its roomy parlors the community felt the shock of the Great War, so that all thoughts of building had to be postponed. The pastor resigned and entered the navy as a chaplain. Student pastors temporarily kept the movement in hand and conducted regular services. But the beginnings of a new day had been made. The Boston City Missionary Society assisted with funds to carry on the work, and continued to do so for some years.

At the 1918 conference the Rev. Maurice L. Bullock was appointed pastor, and during that summer a subscription was taken, and with much voluntary labor the house was partially remodelled to serve as a temporary home for the Church until conditions were more favorable for the larger program. The people rallied to the

work, a complete reorganization was affected, the congregation built up, a regular system of finance inaugurated, and much intensive work done to develop resources of good-will and community interest. The Church School, the Christian Endeavor, the Ladies' Aid Society and all departments of the Church moved on in a spirit of loyalty toward the sane and sensible development of a Church consciousness. The name "Bethany," by which the Church had been known, has since been discarded and "Community" fittingly used instead. In 1921 the Rev. Charles F. Rice, D.D., one of the leading pastors of the conference, was appointed, and for four years he led the people on to great achievements. Constant efforts made possible the securing of additional land, and the people worked loyally raising money so that there was a gradual retirement of debt on the property. Dr. Rice retired from the active ministry in 1925, but continued his residence and deep interest in the Church until his lamented death in 1927. The Rev. Thomas T. Johnston, the present pastor, took the work from Dr. Rice. With foundations well and truly laid, with a valuable property all paid for, with an overflowing Church School and a loyal congregation of influential citizens, the present policy is looking to a normal expansion in the immediate future. Still maintaining its community outlook, its work, its membership, its worship, utilizing the many rooms of the church house, adapting itself to the numerous needs of the day, the Wellington Church moves up to higher levels. Its future is assured by its favorable history, its central location, its unostentatious service, its progressive leadership, and its free Church principles. The heroic struggle of the early years is still being maintained, and a worthy constructive work for the community is being done. Funds are being accumulated gradually for the much-needed building program.

M. L. BULLOCK.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL MISSION.

In 1891 a Sunday school for a few children was begun in the home of Mrs. Andrewes in Wellington. Two of these children were confirmed by Bishop Brooks in Grace Church, Medford, in 1892.

In the following year, with the approval and assistance of the rector of Grace Church, Rev. Arthur B. Morehouse, classes for different ages of children met on Sunday afternoons in three other houses.

In the spring of 1894 the school went into Amaranth Hall (Wellington), Mr. Fletcher of Grace Church, Medford, acting as superintendent, and Miss E. M. W. Andrewes, treasurer and secretary, with five teachers.

The expenses of the school were met by collecting a dime a week from parents of the children, and friends of the school in Wellington and the children's pennies.

The money from the mite boxes which the children took in Lent was sent to Mr. H. G. Vaughan in Boston for domestic missions. Sometimes the amount was sent to Grace Church to be entered with their Lent offerings.

Rev. A. B. Morehouse held a service in Amaranth Hall once a month on Sunday afternoons. These services were continued by Rev. F. I. Paradise when he became rector of Grace Church.

After the resignation of Mr. Fletcher, in 1895, Mr. Charles F. Weeks of Wellington became superintendent until the close of the school in 1904.

During these years four guilds were organized by Miss Andrewes, three of which were for missionary work, and the members met once a week during Lent in the home of Mrs. Andrewes.

Dorcas Society for women, St. Monica's Guild for young girls, The Candle Club for young children,—these societies made clothing, dressed dolls, and sent them to Church homes in Boston and Brighton.

The Young Men's Guild gave entertainments from time to time in Amaranth Hall, charging a small fee.

Half of the proceeds were given to Miss Andrewes for missionary work in connection with the Young Girls' Guild.

A large box of good things to eat was sent by The Candle Club for several years, a few days before Thanksgiving Day, to homes in Boston for the sick and suffering.

After the Sunday school was closed, a Bible class for women and a class for young girls met with Miss Andrewes once a week during the winter and spring in her home. Many of those attending were prepared for the Sacraments of the Church, and this until the late spring of 1912. —E. M. W. A.

WELLINGTON ON THE MAP.

The account of Wellington village in the REGISTER'S recent issue was certainly well told, and we trust will be followed by others of the various sections of our city. He took the reader back to earliest times in his mention of the two two-hundred-acre farms which laid between Malden and Mystic rivers, and were bordered by Medford on the north, which latter was an *earlier* grant. This shows that the *locus* of Wellington was not then in Medford, but in Charlestown, also next in Malden and Everett. Let us look for it on the map. In 1855 the town of Medford had an elaborate one made under the direction of the state surveyor, H. F. Walling, showing the hills, woods, streams, ponds and streets, and giving the names of owners of land and dwellings. This map clearly defined the town's boundary lines, shaded on their own side in red, but outwardly in green. The street leading easterly from Medford square was shown as Ship street and passed through a place known as *East Medford*, where Spring street joined it. Just away from this junction was shown two house lots with a black rectangle printed thereon over the dividing line. These lots bear the names C. Miller and F. Shedd, but no intimation of Cradock, or of the fanciful legend soon to be

first published in Brooks' History of Medford and accepted by credulous readers.

Two houses close by on opposite side of Ship street and *one* farther on are all that appear on this map. A large tract of wooded land is shown northward, and an equally large area of marshland southward, both of C.[harles] Hall. The latter is the well-known pine stump-marsh mentioned by Mr. Barker. But this map gives no sign of that deep excavation, now in evidence, of the New England Brick Co.'s activities in later years. At the border of the woodland we find an extremely crooked and zig-zag line extending on by the stump-marsh and crossing Ship street, where it bears this mark, *Red-gate.* Here was the end of Ship street and the boundary of the Wellington farm, which then extended over the town line into Malden. All its available land seems to be shown as prospective streets and blocks of diverse lots; but no street names are given. Only the surname Wellington adjoins the two groups of four buildings indicated, one of which must be the "old house," *i.e.*, the old *Blanchard* house. A short distance easterly from the town line, and nearly parallel thereto, is shown the tracks of the Boston & Maine railroad (and in Malden), the curving single track of the Medford branch, and beside the inward track a little black figure with this legend, *Wellington Station.* As there was a land sale at the last of May, 1855, and a railway train to bring prospective buyers (see REGISTER, Vol. XIV, p. 10), that village site shown on the Walling map was of plan made prior to that time for Mr. Wellington.

Do we hear some one say, we don't find much on the map? Good reason why — there wasn't much to find there but the old farm houses and barns. The writer well remembers his first passage out to Medford, via Medford branch train, in December, 1864. Foster's lumber yard was his destination: this, ten years after Mr. Wellington's "outlay" of his farm land. The Medford cars, drawn by horses, from the Haymarket square

station, out across Travers and Causeway streets, behind the tall gates to the waiting engine (*Camilla*, perhaps), the "Know-nothing stop" in Charlestown and the icy piles of the railroad bridges; all new to him, as was also his errand, really his first visit to a *lumber wharf* and first purchase of lumber, one item being two pine "gutter sticks" which he worked out in the old-time way—and they are still in service.

If any houses then were on the "promontory" they did not particularly impress as did the branching railway and the bleak ride and the walk backward (as directed) through the train shed to Ship street and the lumber yard with its lofty board piles and mill pond, now all gone, a thing of the past.

When we came again, ten years later, via Ship street, with our own riding rig, the second seven houses had just been erected and Middlesex avenue and Wellington bridge made way to Somerville and Boston; but Fellsway and trolley transit were yet years in the future. It has taken a long time for ward seven (Wellington) to thus come into present being, and from Red-gate to the newly erected St. James church.

NEXT IN ORDER.

We have told something of Wellington, as added to the original Medford territory. It is our intention (in our coming issue) to "swing around the circle" from the "Red Gate" and take our readers to another acquired territory, "the Rocks." We will take the Walling map for our guide and text-book and note something of Medford incidents, industries and growth during the lapse of seventy-five years. We will tell a little of the ancient battle-ground, as seen by Medford schoolboys of an earlier date, and their later views.

SOME MEMORIES OF AN OLD HOUSE.

Just as the summer days of 1905 were lengthening into autumn, four children went to live in the Peter C. Brooks house on Grove street. It was a fine old mansion, resting with the dignity of more than a hundred years among its elms and lawns. It had always been a splendid residence, and when it was built had seemed to introduce some of the aristocratic tone of an English country house into a raw, young community. But thoughts of the personality and history of houses did not occupy the children. It was enough that they found themselves in a beautiful and spacious home, surrounded by a glorious garden.

But even to childish observation there were some things about this house that made it different from the neighbors' and could not fail to touch the imagination. It had been built in olden times, they knew, and in olden times there had been Indians. Was there not in the red room a case of Indian relics, arrow heads, stone axes and what not, which had actually been found on the place? And was there not an Indian burying ground in the garden, not a hundred yards from the back door? Was it not possible that these savages might have attacked or threatened the house? It was all very vague, but there were wooden shutters, heavy enough to stop arrows, inside most of the downstairs windows, and they were closed and secured with wooden bars every night. And then that lock on the side door! A huge thing! At least eight by twelve inches in dimensions, and fitted with a key that must have weighed over a pound, it seemed designed to keep out savage marauders.

Two of the boys shared a room in the ell, which tradition said, and they firmly believed, had been an armory. It was a square little room, so low that they could hardly do their exercises in the morning, and was reached by a flight of five or six steps from the upper hall. Its military character rested chiefly upon two broad, shallow

closets, fitted with wooden hooks of a peculiar pattern, upon which they supposed muskets and cutlasses had rested, ready for instant use, in the bad old days.

It was not long before these boys, drawn by that attraction which always lures boys to the cellar, made acquaintance with the lower regions of their home. If they looked carefully they could see in the foundation walls bricks which were broader and flatter than any American bricks, and which were said to have been brought from England. Penetrating deeper into the cellar, they could not suppress a clutch of fear at their hearts on seeing ghostly white figures lurking in the shadows, although they knew them to be the marble statues of nymphs and goddesses which adorned the garden in the summer. Proceeding on to the farthest recess, they entered the wine cellar and stopped for a moment, with shivers running up their spines, at that eerie corner, inspecting the vacant shelves, and thinking how a real wine cellar, even though empty, added a touch of distinction to one's home. How many dozens of rare old vintages must have reposed there, gathering dust and cobwebs, in the days when hospitality had been as spacious as the rooms above!

But all these associations with the past were no more than half felt by the children. Far more vivid was the life of every day lived in the lofty rooms upstairs. And what a background those rooms must have been for a merchant prince like Peter Brooks! At once massive and airy they seemed, as their builder must have done, to radiate dignity and benevolence of themselves. As the children sat about the long dining room table in high-backed chairs of carved leather, they did not think how Peter Brooks had sat there with his distinguished guests over his port wine, but they did look out of the tall windows, as Peter Brooks had looked, to where the sunset glow was fading behind the hills on the other side of Mystic lake. And in the children's day, too, there were distinguished guests, Lincoln Steffens,

Robert Grant of the Lincoln House, Lady Gregory of the Irish Players, Stanton King of the Sailors' Haven, to whose conversation they listened hard, but which they could not always understand.

After dinner there were lessons to do in the little study, a small room between the red room and the drawing room, where perhaps Peter Brooks had cast his accounts and managed the affairs of his estate. But first there was a gathering in the red room for reading aloud before the fire. The fireplace always fascinated the children. It was surrounded with blue and white Dutch tiles, depicting, perhaps too realistically, the stories of the Bible. The children were particularly thrilled by the picture of Cain standing over the prostrate Abel and in the act of smiting him on the head with a large knotty club.

Saturday nights were occasions to look forward to all the week. Then the children invited their friends, sometimes as many as ten or fifteen, and in the long, stately drawing room, where perhaps the minuet had been performed, and where, no doubt, ladies had shuddered at the license of the younger generation when they first saw their daughters whirling in the waltz, there was dancing, and charades, and dramatics, and cake-walks, and all the merriment which young people love today just as they did a hundred years ago when the old house, too, was young.

And when the evening was over the beds were waiting outdoors on the wide upstairs porch, and the children bundled themselves up in bathrobes and heavy socks to sleep under the sky, regardless of the weather, often waking to find an inch or more of snow on their beds.

The garden, no less than the house, was a very vivid thing in the children's daily lives. Even ten years' acquaintance could not exhaust its possibilities. And no wonder, with three acres of lawn, one acre of vegetable garden, and a mile of walks to roam about and play in. Of course it was beautiful. There were the trees which

seemed to have distinct personalities, and which the children proudly believed could not be equalled for beauty anywhere — the silver bell, brought from Japan, a bee-humming tower of pink, the catalpa, a lofty tower of white, the horse-chestnut, whose blossoms reflected so prettily in the pond. And then there was the long row of peonies, the iris garden with a Japanese stone lantern at one end, the rose garden with a white marble goddess in the center. But children are not wont consciously to dwell long on beauty. Nor did they care much to speculate about the garden's history — how the smooth lawns and paths had gradually been formed from the rough woods and fields, how the trees and flowers had been brought from afar and carefully tended for generations, until they reached their perfect state. Nor were they able to appreciate the flavor of old England in the high brick peach wall and the tall enclosing hedges, although they believed the hedges to be two hundred years old, and knew they were so closely matted that a boy could walk along the top of them and never sink through. And being children, they had no vision of the slow, picturesque canal boats, toiling along the old Middlesex canal, at the foot of the garden, while Peter Brooks watched them from the graceful stone arch he had caused to span the water. But they did, perhaps, feel a touch of romance in the Italian women who then worked in the market garden just across the dry canal, wearing gaily colored bandanas, and singing at their work all through the summer days.

No, there were more thrilling interests for children in that garden than history or landscape. For instance, there was the ghost walk, a narrow lane, darkened even at midday by a dense row of pines on one side and a high, dark green fence on the other. It was carpeted all its length by lilies of the valley, and led to a swing and a spring of clear water at its end. Its ghostly character was supplied by the squeaking of the old wooden windmill, a shaky tower that could be, and was, climbed by

the adventurous, even sometimes on moonlight evenings, until one night it blew down in a moderate gale of wind.

Then there was the ornamental pond filled by the windmill, a fascinating place while populated by tadpoles and goldfish, and a good place to wade. But eventually cracks developed in its bottom, through which the water escaped faster than the feeble old windmill could keep pace, and it became permanently dry. But even so, its cement bed formed an excellent rink for hockey played without skates.

On Sunday afternoons, after church and Sunday school, there were baseball games on the lawn behind the house. One day the policeman called to protest because a minister's children played ball on Sunday, while other people's children were forbidden to have games on the Playstead across the tracks. The Brooks house children remember their father's answer, that the Playstead ought to be open for games on Sunday afternoons, that baseball was far better for the town lads than the alternative of hanging around the West Medford station.

But the garden soon came to mean something far different than a good place to play. Three acres of lawn and a mile of walks — such cannot be enjoyed without responsibility. And the responsibility took the form of mowing and weeding, mowing and weeding — a never ending task. With three machines going, it was possible to cut all the lawns between Monday morning and Saturday night. But then the lawn that had been finished on Monday was ready to be cut again, and there was still raking, weeding and trimming to do. Peter Brooks must have kept a large staff of gardeners, but they had dwindled to one, who struggled along with intermittent help from the boys.

The boys became very fond of that last of a long line of gardeners, Bill Clary. They saw nothing unusual in his regular working costume of rubber boots, a heavy gilt watch chain slung across his waistcoat, and a derby hat. They came to believe in his doctrine of the "good

man." A good man was one who could follow Bill at his work all day, and who could put down any opponent whatsoever, and tie him. And they learned some everlasting truths from Bill — that there is joy in working in the soil all day, even if it is only spading up the rose garden or planting peas; that one can remain cool on a hot day by working oneself into a perspiration; that one can overcome that unpleasant feeling in the stomach caused by too much ice cream the night before by pushing a mower in the sun all morning.

Twelve years ago the old house was torn down, the ancient trees were felled, and the smooth lawns cut up into streets and building lots. Where once stood a gentleman's estate, typical of the dignified leisure and assured culture of the old order now rises a modern suburban community, with paved streets, two-car garages, and little houses set close together.

When the old house disappeared the children had been away from it a year or more. Their lives were full of new interests and they were hardly conscious of its fate, though they did hear that their father was never willing to go back to see how the familiar rooms had been laid open by the wreckers' tools. Now as they look back to their years spent on Grove street, they feel thankful to have known intimately a home so expressive of the fine old days which have passed away.

SCOTT PARADISE.

NOTE OF COMMENT.

The Register is fortunate in having the foregoing to present. The land of the Brooks estate extended unbroken along High street to the river and lakes, and was walled with stone. It was traversed only by the ancient "road through the woods" (Grove street) and for fifty years by the Middlesex canal, and not till thirty years after the mansion's erection, by the railroad. On it have now been erected over two hundred dwellings, which necessitates a third voting precinct in Ward Six.

A PRESENT TO MEDFORD.

Not for the purpose of resurrecting some of our "old stuff," but in verification of the old saying, "All things come to them that wait"—

In Vol. XVII, No. 1, of the REGISTER is a story of *Medford Artillery* from which we quote: "Mr. Magoun in a letter to the Selectmen, signified his desire to present the two guns to the town . . .

"No copy of letter of presentation appears in the printed report of town officers, issued February, 1875. We recall that it was printed in the *Medford Journal* of June 1874."

Because fifty-four years have elapsed and we find the following in our society rooms, we present it as proof of the correctness of the REGISTER's story.

MEDFORD June 17th 1874

To

The Selectmen of the Town of Medford, Mass'tts

GENTLEMEN

Some few years since I purchased (as an ornament for one of my ships) of Mess'rs Cyrus Alger & Co. of South Boston, a very handsome pair of "*Brass Cannon*," ("Six Pounders") made by them for Exhibition at the "Mechanics Fair" (they having at the time large Contracts with the Government) for which I paid them Six hundred & fifty Dollars, *Gold*—as pr Bill herewith

That Ship I have now offered for sale *without the Cannon*, and these Guns were left with a Dealer in these articles in New York for sale, he fixing the price at $800.00 *Currency* for the pair—But since then it has occured to my remembrance, that there was a salute fired the last 4th of July by order of the Town Authorities in honor of that day, and thinking that perhaps the Town might like these "Cannon" to be kept for this & other similar purposes I beg to say, that it affords me great pleasure to present them to the *Town of Medford*, with my compliments, and with the understanding that they are to be retained by the Town for this or any other purpose and that proper care shall always be taken of them, and in conformity therewith I have given the necessary directions that they be forwarded to Medford, & left in charge of your Board

Very respectfully yours

THATCHER MAGOUN

BOSTON, January 18th 1854

Ship Herald of Morning & Owner — T. Magoun Esq

To the SOUTH BOSTON IRON COMPANY, Dr.
Cyrus Alger and Others, Counting Room.
No. 2 Central Wharf.
Foundry, South Boston.

To 2 — 6 pdr Bronze Guns Nos 458 & 459 with Locks fitted, and Brafs mounted Mahogany Carriages & Equipments			650.00
,, 100 Percussion Primers			2.50
,, 25—6 pdr Shot	150	4c	6.00
,, 2 Boxes for Shot & Primers			1.20
			$659.70

Weight of Guns
No 458 — 522 lbs
No 459 — 528 ,,
1050 pounds

Jany 31. 1854
Recd Paymt
J Alger
frm S. B. Iron

The Register's story of the Swallow-Tail Battery is thus amply verified by this letter in Mr. Magoun's own hand and the cut of the guns we present, but the widely published recent story of the ghosts of Lord Thatcher is rather *batty* and rather poor Sunday reading for either Romanist or Protestant. We have been inquired of much about it.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

The annual reports of the Ontario Historical Society of Toronto, Ont., prove of much interest to us, and especially its annual publications of *Papers and Records* are valuable accessions to our Society's library.

Our cousins across the border certainly have colonized a territory vast in extent and great in resources. We secured a map thereof as an essential, and find an auxiliary society, the Georgian Historical Institute, at *Meaford*, Ont., which place has the present English spelling, and

doubtless has its name from the old locality in Staffordshire, England. We hope some day to hear from them and their doings.

The Iowa Society's monthly, *The Palimprect*, is, true to its name, "scraping over the dim records and deciphering them." Usually of thirty-two pages, its latest issue is of fifty-two, eleven short and interesting articles about the *Indians of Iowa*, and closes as usual with the editorial comment.

Be sure and read it in our library.

MEDFORD SKY-SCRAPERS.

In Vol. XVIII, p. 75, under the caption of *Medford Skyscraper* the REGISTER made note of the erection and fall of a new and peculiar structure on the grounds of Tufts College. It was at once replaced and became known as the radio station WGI. We find in our Medford scrap book several articles and illustrations clipped from the leading dailies in reference to it; also a view of the little building on the hill slope that was the radio headquarters. The steel tower was a little over three hundred feet high and but a few feet square, rising from a base of cement and secured by several retaining guys, or cables, attached at different heights. At sufficient distance it looked a straight black line against the sky, and it ceased in time to be a novelty to our accustomed gaze.

But one day, early in November last, in looking from the car window in passing, we missed it and looked more closely on our return and saw a lot of steel bars piled up there. On looking up to the building, now much enlarged, we saw two tall poles at the roof corners and connecting wires, and remembered that there had been a new radio station announced as there established. We

made inquiry and were told by several it had been gone a year. But inquiry of a college officer gave us the reply "on very nearly the last day of October." The REGISTER of June, 1922, told something of the Fourth R, and of the broadcasting from this sky-scraper, and included the memorial sermon (on May 28) of a Medford pastor. While visiting his mother in England he received it and placed it in her hands, one of the marvels of our present time. And more will follow.

The sky-scrapers of Medford square (that were) are worthy of notice, two standing out prominently from our first observation. The brick building on Main street, adjoining the river was built in the sixties for a grain mill and elevator by George B. Green. It was no uncommon sight to see a grain-laden vessel beside it and its cargo unloaded by an endless chain of buckets reaching down into the hold. Its first-story front of brick has given place to plate glass of Leahy's store, and the American Legion is quartered above.

And the three-story wooden building, the terminal station of the one-time useful and famous Medford branch railroad, has in 1927 been demolished. It used to be a busy place, known to everybody, and by the periodic ringing of the bell, heard also. For many years the Masonic lodge was housed there. Built in 1848, it underwent various improvements and alterations before it was finally vacated, the Riverside avenue crossing discontinued and the present rather diminutive terminal station erected. A one-story block of stores, as yet unoccupied, has been erected there, and only its three old neighbors remain to remind us of the old-time beginning of Main street.

In 1880 another lofty structure of rather pretentious appearance was erected on High street by the Odd Fellows Building Association. It was of brick with terra-cotta trimmings, arched entrances and store fronts with a circular tourelle at one corner, which terminated in a conical roof and finial. In its rear was the Opera House and its galleries. Financially, it was not a success

for its promoters, and it passed into other ownership and management. Damaged somewhat in the lodge rooms by fire, a new but flattened roof was put upon it and its lofty height reduced. Some of the terra-cotta trimmings found lodgment in a garage built in West Medford. Later it was rearranged, strengthened with steel backbones and thoroughly refitted. It is now the Elks building, as is evidenced by the removal from the masonry front of the "three links" and the substitution in 1927 of the Elks' well-known symbol.

By large addition toward the river front and general refitting the tall Usher-Small building adjoining has also become the "Masonic building" with new stone work replacing the central store front in appropriate design.

But 1927 saw another change. The previous year the old brick circular building, long the Bartlett catering establishment, was demolished, and some of the land taken into the streets. A modern three-story office structure was erected, styled the "Coolidge building." In its first story is the Medford National Bank. This but completed, and on Riverside avenue came another demolition, that of the old distillery. Soon something which looked like a cobbler's shop on wheels came on the ground and dug out a lot of strongly impregnated earth, "*rummy*," people said; the old bricks were cleaned and piled up — *reclaimed* is the modern word. The new concrete foundations built, soon there began to arise the steel frame-work which looked like a black forest overtopping its new neighbor, and all enclosed by massive walls of brick, much of it blank, without windows except over the entrance. Its interior we have not seen, but the building truly is of itself very noticeable, with something of an overtop over the entrance and nearest the square. On the farther side are painted the words, *Riverside Theatre*, and the *vertical* word "RIVERSIDE" in electric lights on the front can be read either way. And so, with the three exceptions noted, Medford square is "made over new."

Ostensibly, because of this last structure's erection, the city has added to its fire department apparatus a new and much larger hook and ladder outfit to cope with possible danger from fire.

We have presented this sky-scraping article "by request" — or rather suggestion — "lest we forget."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

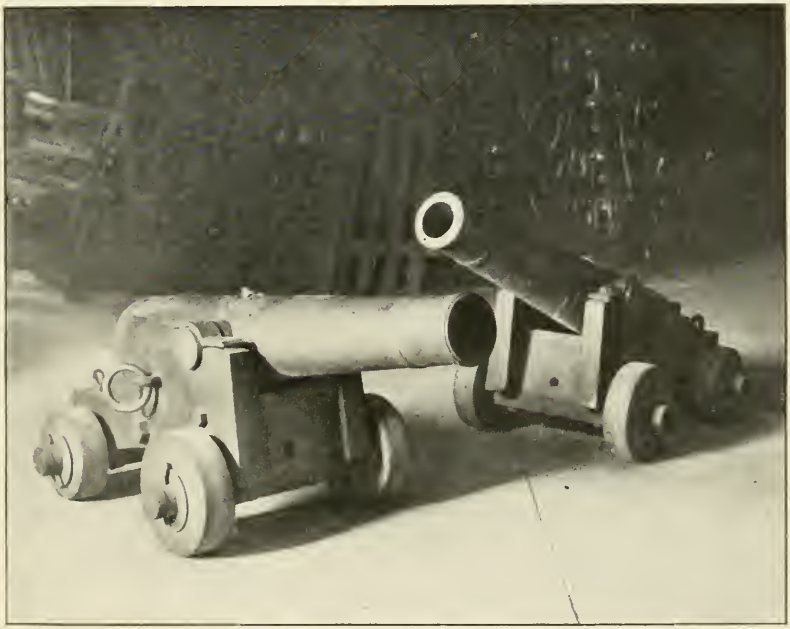
The chapel of Bethany Church on Fourth street was for a period of years the place for worship and social gathering of the Wellington people until a new site was chosen and broader interests planned for. Our view was made in the earlier days and does not show in the little belfry the no-school signal bell which it housed, also used as call to worship and which was moved up higher into the Wellington house cupola.

The Osgood schoolhouse which migrated from Salem street, and after some years became the home of the Wellington Improvement Association may in these days of big schoolhouses be well remembered as one of the old-timers still in service.

Cradock bridge in its *newness*. Note Francis Wait's boathouse overhanging the river, and beyond the bridge the store and shops of John D. Small. This office also was built out over the river, all this antedating the firm of Page & Curtin, to whose successors, "Andy" Curtin & Sons, we are indebted for this old view.

The "Ornaments for one of my Ships" given by Thatcher Magoun to Medford in 1874, were retired to the seclusion of the Armory basement. The view shows them as at the time of donation and not on the inappropriate mounting on which they appeared as the "Magoun Battery" of later memory.

THE NEW CRADOCK BRIDGE
(Looking up stream)

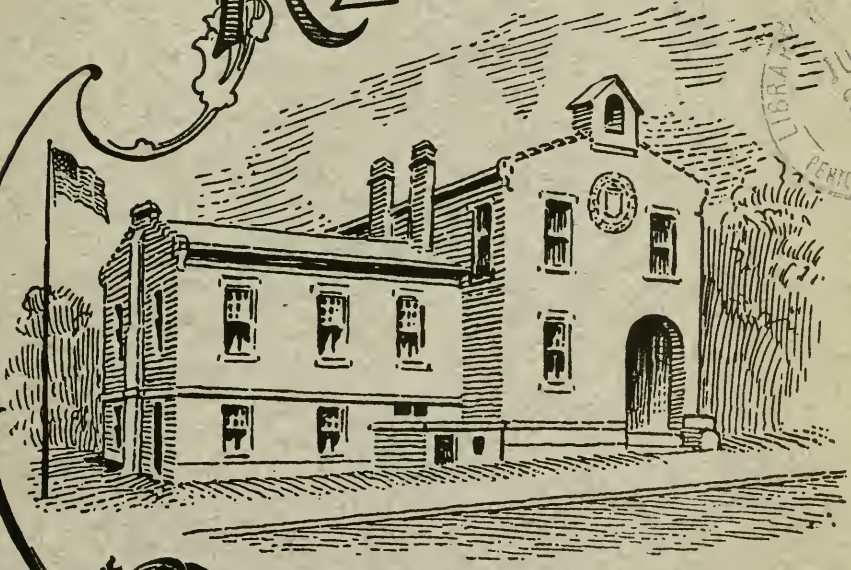


GUNS OF THE "MAGOUN BATTERY"

NORTH MEDFORD NUMBER

Vol. XXXI.] [No. 2.

HISTORICAL REGISTER



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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of_____Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed)_____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

TWO VIEWS OF SPOT POND

The Medford Historical Register.

Vol. XXXI. JUNE, 1928. No. 2.

NORTH MEDFORD.

AS we suggested in our last issue (page 8), we will take our readers to another section of Medford's acquired territory, the "Rocks." As various sections have been designated by the compass adjective west, south and east, it is well-becoming to call this quarter *North Medford*, as indeed it has been called by some.

We are inclined to this writing and effort as reply to a recent query, "Where was the Rocks?" the querist's subject being in the plural, and its verb both singular and past. To answer both, we will take the Walling map of Medford (issued in 1855) and begin our quest at the "red gate" which swung across *old* Ship street at the border of the Wellington farm.

As we walk along toward old Medford we pass the stump marsh and two houses at the left and but two on the right before we come to Spring street, into which we turn. There the corner lot is marked C. Mills, and the next eastward lot as E. Shed, and over the dividing line is a black parallelogram which indicates the structure which historian Brooks (in the same year of the map's issue) proclaimed to be "the Cradock house, built in 1634." As the map gives us *nothing of this fanciful legend*, we go on northward toward the Rocks. We find but one house ere we reach the Medford Branch railroad, then but eight years in operation. A station house is shown, and the area about it is styled *East Medford*. A street parallels the track, bearing no name. It came to be known as Myrtle, and quite a little village of twenty houses is depicted, which for a time was known as *Williamsburg*, from their builder's surname. Mr. Brooks elaborated a little, in his history, on this builder's enter-

prise, noting that he left a vacant lot between the houses and located each across the street opposite the vacancy, what later builders called *staggering*. But the historian didn't anticipate the staggering some years later from the gypsy moth that Professor Leopold Trouvellot imported and which escaped from his screened cherry tree at one of these houses.

Another street is shown as Lawrence street beyond this (but no houses are there) and is bordered both sides by G. L. Barr's land, and beyond is a large tract of Dudley Hall's, all shown as wooded land.

East Medford seems to be isolated, as Washington street appears to end at Park street. In default of any open way, we here leave what is shown as Spring street and find our way through the wood land to Salem street, where is the old house facing toward the sun, with a leanto at its rear toward Salem street. This was the old Otis house. (See Vol. XVI, p. 63, Miss Wild's "Salem Street.")

Across Salem street we find an unnamed street now known as Almont; next, a shorter one named Cherry; and next beyond, the dwelling of E. Tainter. Had we instead gone across lots to Park street, we would have found the Osgood school house, not yet removed, down by the red gate to Wellington. Now note on that unnamed street, just away from Salem, a dwelling indicated as C. Hatch. In this, at his coming to Medford in 1872, lived Charles N. Jones (long on the school committee) prior to the erection of his new home at the street corner. This was perhaps the *first* of Medford's "brick-veneer" houses, but it had a *solid* wall of horizontal layers of wood behind the bricks, instead of the usual framework. It now appears in a *plaster shirt*, perhaps "stucco coat" may sound better, a novelty then, as was also some *edgeways* brickwork we passed on our way.

Does someone say "You haven't shown us 'the Rocks' yet"? Well, we will very soon, but first look on the map again and notice the shading of the high bluff and

the large tract marked Mary and Lucy Osgood, and on either side a lot of Davis and Lapham, and note the *vast expanse northward* to the Stoneham and Malden boundaries, with the names of the numerous owners thereon. If you have taken all this in, note that the shading which marks the southern exposure of the bluff ends for a space, and a little westward is resumed beyond a dwelling of one Kidder, and also note that right here is Fulton street, the old first road to Stoneham. The question may be *now* asked, "Why this name, '*the Rocks*'*?* and who first travelled this way we call Fulton street?" In answer we quote from Governor Winthrop's "Journal" as the earliest record: —

> Feb 7 1631-2 The Governor, Mr. Nowell, Mr. Elliot and others went over to Mistick river at Meadford and going N. by E. among the rocks about two or three miles, they came to a very great pond, . . . Spot Pond.

These were the *first* white men we know of going this way, and in that early tour of exploration they must have followed the Indians' footway or trail through the divide in the bluff into that rocky eminence, the woodland in which they found the pond with the one island and *rocks* that stuck up through its icy coating and *spotted* it, hence the name they gave it, *the Rocks*. It certainly was an appropriate name, and though the query was "Where *was* the Rocks?" those of the *present* day can answer in the *present* tense. The Rocks *were*, and are ever, with us.

As to the name Fulton street, this dates from the time the selectmen gave it, probably because of the residence of John and Sarah Bradlee Fulton being on its border, but we find our earliest authentic description of this road (in the county records of 1735, p. 4) beginning at Spot pond and ending at the country road at Benjamin Tufts'. Its bounds are "elm tree markt, oak tree, stone wall of . . . button tree, uprooted tree, heap of stones," and the like. But on May 4, 1829, in their first naming, the

selectmen appropriately called it "from Benjamin Tufts' to Stoneham line, Mountain street."

And now we wish to tell a little of the locality subsequent to their time, and can do no better than use the following, which we reprint from REGISTER, Vol. XIII, p. 93: —

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., July 15, 1910.

MR. EDITOR: —

MY DEAR SIR: — I have read with interest your article in the Medford HISTORICAL REGISTER relating to ancient ammunition recently found in the easterly part of Medford. It recalls vividly events and scenes long vanished. Your query, "Who were the artillery men?" needs an answer, if you can find anybody who has lived long enough. There was a battle there once.

In or near 1840 a wild excitement arose among the boys in Medford, especially at the old brick schoolhouse, which stood behind the Unitarian Meeting-house and next to the home of Miss Mary and Miss Lucy Osgood. News had reached us that there was to be a muster and an Indian sham fight on the great plain, between Medford and Malden. When the day arrived a lot of boys started for the battlefield. James Hervey and Warner Clisby went, and, though I am less sure about him, Gorham Train.

I was then ten years old, and I went with them. We went eastward on Salem street, passed the end of Fulton street, almost to the town frontier, and the whole warlike scene was before us.

It was a lonely region then, not populated. There was no Fellsway and no trolley line about. No shops, no post office, no school. Hardly a house was in sight. Indeed, I remember only one; it stood somewhat south of Salem street, and was inhabited by a family whose name was "Gale." It was said to be the last house in Medford. On the north side of the highway was a large plain, nearly level. At its north end rose a high craggy ridge bearing plenty of rocks, junipers, etc. Near Salem street stood the artillerists with several field pieces, all pointing north and in extremely active and reckless service. Next north of the cannon stood companies of infantry over whose heads the cannon were supposed to fire. Far away on the rough upland were countless "Indians" in wonderful paint and feathers, flitting about among the rocks and bushes and wasting lots of powder. At length the cannonading ceased, the infantry charged and the Medford boy contingent went with them. Nobody hindered the boys, but as the charge ascended the rocky battlements of the ridge the noise of musketry was fearful and the warwhoops even more so. It seemed to us that the white men were gradually forcing the red ones back. In the real historic

fights this was generally the case. In the sham fights it was always so. Still, we could not tell very well, as the confusion was awful, the smoke dense and the thunder of the cannon and the shouting endless. Evening was approaching. We had eaten nothing since breakfast, and had no money to buy any of the gorgeous pies and cookies for sale at little tables along Salem street. So the Medford boys went home tired and happy to their mothers.

Unless a few ball cartridges were inadvertently used on that battle day I do not think the North Mountain was hurt much, or anything deposited in its chasms or scaurs to puzzle future historical societies. I say inadvertently, for no one who knew Miss Lucy Osgood as I did would ever venture to cannonade her wood lot, to say nothing of the poor Indians. But this is not the whole story.

A couple of years later I again visited this battle plain. As we approached it, walking as before on Salem street, we were struck with the different character of the noises. The furious gun-fire of 1840 was no longer in evidence. The cannon reports were of rather slow recurrence and seemingly at regular intervals. The field-pieces were in their former places. The artillerists were by them, but were deliberate and very careful. No infantry were on the field. No Indians were anywhere in sight. But there were targets, two or more, standing on the lower slope of the bluff and very near the level of the plain.

No blank cartridges were being used then. We could see the dust spouts as the shots struck the rugged slope. Evidently the merits of this locality as a safe place for artillery practice had been discovered.

I have a round shot which was fired from Lord Percy's six-pounder April 19, 1775. It was ploughed up on the Rufus Merriam farm in Lexington some forty or fifty years later. It weighs five and one-half pounds, a weight at which no spherical shot was ever cast. Possibly weighing the cannon-ball which Mr. Claud Allen has given to your Society may indicate something, but I cannot tell. I know nothing of the oxidizing rates of different soils.

Truly yours,

THOMAS M. STETSON.

Mr. Stetson was son of Rev. Caleb Stetson, minister of the First Parish, and his letter answers a query in a previous REGISTER relative to some ancient ammunition which was dug up on this rocky height in the making of some new streets, at what is sometimes called "Boulevard Heights, in 1911, when the real development of the high, rocky land began. Prior to that time but three

houses had been built after the sale of "Parson Osgood's wood-lot" by the Medford selectmen. This particular lot on the bluff was willed to the town by Miss Lucy Osgood for the benefit of the Public Library (see REGISTER, Vol. XIII, p. 75, and finally was disposed of to S. K. Abbott in 1885, but no extensive development there occurred till its beginning at the end nearest to Salem street. After a time there was a summer place of resort and amusement called the Boulevard Theatre established on the hill slope. It probably took this name from the new avenue called the Fellsway, which has been built along the "battle plain" at the foot of the bluff, and where was a short road known as Valley street. As we all know, this Fellsway, after covering Valley street and crossing Fulton, extended westward to and bordered Forest street, which is the later name of the Andover turnpike, which became a new road to and through Stoneham in 1805 to '31. Now as to the development of these rocky wilds let us read a little from Brooks (p. 55).

Mr. John Bishop has done the same thing on his paternal acres, also on the deep forest south of Pine hill. This last he calls *Bellevue*. He has pierced the woods by streets, which allow us to ride at ease among tangled shrubbery and ancient oaks, where as children we were forbidden to venture, for fear of being lost. Some hundred years hence, when this lovely spot shall have been occupied with country villas and beautiful gardens, the fathers may sit in a pavilion on Pine hill and tell their children how the rich fields below were an impenetrable forest.

Caleb Swan commented in 1860:—

Mr. John Bishop was nearly ruined by piercing the woods to allow us to ride at ease. The outlay was pretty much a total loss, as he couldn't sell the land for building lots after the streets were made; they were too far out of town.

But we must not overlook Pine hill, but read again from Mr. Brooks, p. 10.

A part of the low range of hills called "the Rocks" is "Pine-hill" commanding the widest prospect and most visited by pleasure parties. It was covered with as dense a forest as its thin soil on

the rock could sustain. In early times the wood was burned and in 1775–6 it was cut off in part for the army's supply. And then it grew and within twenty years [1855] it has been a thick wood again. Recently it has been denuded again and much of its poetry is lost. The earth looks best with its beard. This eminence has a vast tract of woodland on the north, it has on its summit a flat rock, called Lover's rock: one of those register-surfaces where a young gentleman, with a hammer and a nail, could engrave the initials of two names provokingly near together. The view from the hill fills the eye with pleasure and the mind with thought.

Now look on the map and notice Mr. Bishop's "outlay" as then shown below Pine hill, and notice the name and lot of Thatcher Raymond. Perhaps you will recognize it as at present of Judge Wait, and perhaps you will see some *visible* rocks there.

Go up the Fellsway and across Gravelly brook and note the first milestone of the old turnpike in the grassy slope, and near this (in the years within forty) there was another somebody's "red gate," while a mile eastward on Salem street was a "rock gate," to open or bar passing into somebody's land, near where is the Fellsway and a cascade near the city bounds.

Some years ago a big boulder of peculiar composition, called *Molasses rock*, lay on this end of the rocky hill. It was blasted out and broken up in the improving of Boulevard Heights, but a view of it is in our Society library, as also one of the cannon balls then dug out.

The few houses along old Forest street and the fewer on Fulton in 1855 are shown on our old map; and of some another boy who lived there tells us in another paper.

Besides these gates there was another that dropped down or swung across the turnpike until the walker or rider produced the required toll charge for his passing. Read our boy's remembrance of it. Few pedestrians and fewer horses go over the Forest street of today, but an invisible but mighty electric power carries the multitude over the modern Fellsway West.

By what names are or is "the Rocks" known today? The answer, Fulton Heights, though the Boulevard Heights section is still a little in evidence, but really North Medford is more collective and not inappropriate. The growth and development of the section more specifically called Fulton began in 1911 by the sale of house lots by the McCormack Land Company and the building of dwelling houses by the purchasers. These, like all pioneers or new settlers, labored under difficulties. Land might be called cheap at the price per foot offered and paid, but it cost good money to smooth it out and build foundations, even though the rocks were there everywhere plenty. Light and air were plenty also. Suitable water supply and the inevitable drainage were not so plenty, and the latter soon became a prospective menace. But a persevering people had come in as first settlers, many of whom were making first efforts to acquire a home, if it was only of the cheapest of modern build and but temporarily covered externally from weather and storm. And so some of our more favored ones gave it the name of "*tar-paper village.*" Well, tarred paper and *one-ply* roofing keeps storm and wet out for a time, and when a more durable exterior cover is used over and outside it, still serves the purpose of good "insulation," and has so proven thus in many instances in the experience of those new-comers who have become the actual owners of their homes, with all that home means to them and their families. Honor and respect are due to such who become thrifty and worthy citizens of our newer Medford.

Our bankers speak well of them, in that there have been few or no foreclosures of their mortgages, and also of their rallying in the matter of Liberty bond purchase. Evidently these people have "come to stay," and if they have fallen on stony ground of the rocks, have found some good ground and sustenance.

But on this old map at the town's edge is another outlay of land shown as *Malden Highlands.* Its streets were

called Cedar (which led from Salem), Savin and Bower on the eastern side of a more elevated hillock, and over it to Murray and Gardner on the west, which extended farther on to Spot pond avenue.

This early "outlay" and the "bend of the rocks," with Mr. Bishop's "Bellevue," mark the extremes of what we now call Fulton Heights. The town lines have been changed since 1855 and a slice taken off in 1877 and annexed to Malden, this since the Roman Catholic Church, first called St. Mary's, was built (in Medford in 1855), but serving both towns, so when the Fellsway came, it became east in Malden and west in Medford. Again look at the map and note that a line drawn westward from this Malden Highlands will cross the Metropolitan Reservation building, Pine hill, and still westward to the "silent city," Oak Grove, whither so many of Medford's people have "gone west."

We note the names given to the streets — Elm, fitting for a wood road, the first laid out, and before there was development; then twelve named for governors of the commonwealth, Ames, Brackett, Butler, Draper, Foss, Gaston, Greenhalge, Guild, Long, Russell, Talbot, Walsh, and about eighteen others, and we find these are in the second precinct, really the heights, of ward three.

As we journey thither across the now thickly built battle-plain that school-boy Stetson saw in 1840 and '42, we will see the rocky escarpment, even more prominent now by the quarrying of later years. But still there yet remain stretches enough of the bluff to vex the later builders. Go over the Fellsway sidewalk and note the stone retaining walls and the steps up to the new residences (thirty in some cases), and the modern carriage houses, *i.e.*, garages, dug out of the hill slope, and note the many styles of them, and later find similar ones farther on and up on the hill. Then note how some of the streets are also deep cuts in and up the hill.

Then look out the schoolhouse and church sites and think what has been accomplished in building this city

in the woods, for this was "Charlestown wood lots" acquired by Medford in 1754. First, not the happiest memory of the one called Fulton Heights school, but an *expensive one*; the second, called Davenport, is in memory of a worthy townsman, brought to successful completion and use. The churches, as yet incomplete (but in use), built by the sacrificing effort and labor of their people.

Hard work, digging in the rocks, building concrete foundations and erecting superstructures has been cheerfully done that these earthly temples might rise for the glory of God and the service of man. Accounts of each are furnished for this issue of the REGISTER, and may success crown all their efforts.

Another structure of little beauty, but for a time of some utility, was the water tower for high service erected at Elm street, near Wright's pond, as auxiliary to the Medford water supply. It was of cylindrical form, of iron boiler-plate, into which the water of the pond was pumped for a few years, and was approximately fifty feet high. Its use was discontinued and it was removed when the city's supply was taken over by the Metropolitan Commission. At the present time the brick pumping station near by has just been demolished and new dwellings built on the bordering land.

One of Fulton street's residents continued to sell bread in the neighboring towns for a long time. Abijah Thompson writes this from boyhood recollections of him (in Woburn) thus: —

> Nathan Child had an eye to business, he was a friend to old and young. His cart was not unlike other bakers' carts, while the jingle of the old sleigh-bells was heard from afar. He was always ready to share his seat with one or more, and was sure to treat them to his good old-fashioned molasses gingerbread.
>
> One day a new sound was heard in the distance — music came floating through the air. There appeared a new cart painted in gaudy colors, a new horse and new harness. Attached to the saddle was a *chime* of bells discoursing silvery music. Painted upon the cart in imitation of his shop was the partly open door, over which

we read, NATHAN CHILD, BAKER. There was the painted sash, green blinds, shingle roof and old red brick chimney; and mounted on his seat sat Nathan Child, monarch of all he surveyed. On the muster field, at the cattle shows and at the auctions Nathan Child was sure to be found. He was seen in the countless throng at Concord in the campaign before the Harrison election and followed the great ball as it rolled along, while there followed the log-cabins, hard cider and striped pig. Nathan Child gained the field, rang his chime bells, and soon the country lads and lassies were eating his good old-fashioned gingerbread.

Though Nathan Child's business peregrinations took him so far from Medford, he had "social center" near home, much resorted to in the old days, known as *Green Mountain grove*. Probably the name was because of its elevated position on the rocks, and the trees were largely evergreen, pine or spruce. In old prints we read of it, and it was there that Medford held its welcome to the returning soldiers of the Civil war in '65.

Florists Thieler on Fulton and Crockford on Forest streets had extensive greenhouses in later years. The *Caleb Mills Soap Works* is quite conspicuously marked on the Walling map and must have been quite a business plant. The Mills residence, later that of Elizur Wright, who urged on the Middlesex Fells project, is also shown near where is now the Metropolitan police station.

The old Joel Trull house (Saville) that figured once as pest-house is shown, but nothing of Elm street, as that is a later "outlay." But few other dwellings are shown on Forest street than the *Spot Pond Hotel* and the few acres of Porter's cove, which is all there is of Spot pond in Medford. There is yet room for further building of houses on North Medford rocks. Pine hill and beyond is in Fells Reservation, our natural park. One dweller there we introduce to you —

THE OLD MAN OF THE FELLS.

'Twas a bright sunshiny day in February when I set out for a morning walk in the crisp, cool air, and the light snow that had just fallen.

As I left behind me Medford square, with its noisy but very convenient trolley cars, the long vista of Forest street stretched

away in the distance, like the nave of some vast cathedral. Its Gothic arches and pillars were formed by the overhanging elms, and after passing the transepts of intersecting streets, the few old-time dwellings seemed like chapels of patron saints, set in cloisters of plumed evergreens. The gray ledges of old Pine hill streaked with snow gleamed in the sunlight, like the opalescent windows of some mediæval fane, while the murmuring brook furnished quiet music of a distant choir.

Passing through this and crossing the brook I continued up the valley to the parting of the ways, where outlined against the sky, with the hills on either side, lies the reservoir embankment, like a dismantled fortress with its lonely and silent watch tower.

Turning to the left, the waters of the brook glinted in the sunlight and tumbled along to the valley below.

A little further a woodland road led invitingly into the solitude of the Middlesex Fells. Where this crosses the brook the valley widens, and a little pond lay smoothly frozen on the right, while to the left and forward tall trees cast their long shadows northward.

Just here I stopped and gazed on the enchanting scene, and turning to my left saw the strangest sight of all, and wondered if so near our city square there was one of the old discoverers of our river, such as old Rip Van Winkle met beside the Hudson. I rubbed my eyes, for I had only brought in my knapsack my camera, and not a keg or a suspicion of old Medford; but right before me was the head and shoulders of a grim, white-headed giant, apparently risen out of this rocky fastness of ages long gone.

"Well, well, old man, and who are you?" quoth I, but the old fellow gazed steadily forward, with closed lips, aquiline nose and protruding chin, and kept a dignified silence.

A giant he certainly was, for though I saw naught of his body (that being below the surface), I could scarcely reach his eyebrows with my outstretched hand as I went closer and found him to be petrified; in fact, a stone man of the stone age. What fear I may have had was by this time vanished, and I said, "Well, well, old fellow, I'm glad to see you, and I'll take your portrait back with me, for I didn't meet you when I was here some twenty years ago."

Just then I fancied I heard the old fellow laugh a little — just a little — and to say, "Well, it wasn't my fault; I was here then, only you weren't looking for me and besides, you didn't have your glasses then. Say, Squire, what's that you've got in your knapsack? What you going to do now?" "Oh, nothing much," I answered; "you just be still" (I knew he would), and then the old fellow made no apologies for his grizzled gray locks, and (will you believe it) posed beautifully while I took his picture.

Then I said, "Say, old man, your hair needs combing a little; let me fix it for you and try again." And sure enough, the old

chap made no objection when I brushed away some of his gray locks and the snow from his cheek. As I focused the camera I fancied I saw the faint suspicion of a smile on the face of the Old Man of the Fells.

Finding the old gentleman such an excellent subject, and so interesting withal, I began to look about his dwelling place but found no others like him. Near by were towering cliffs, and the woodland road wound round among the trees, while farther on and higher were deep caves and dens along the hillside, and rough boulders lay scattered about, as if the Titans of long ago had there held carnival. I hastily secured some views of these and was about to retreat from the rocky solitude, when the Old Man of the Fells confided to me something of his story:

"It was here I was born, ages, yes, long ages ago, ere even the red man lived here. Yes, indeed, I was old when their King Nanepashemit and Sagamore John had here their rude wigwams, or the Squa Sachem dwelt by the river Misoituck. There they used to roam at their own sweet will, but it is long since they went to their happy hunting grounds. Then the white men came from over the sea. Beyond yonder hills, on the other brook, they built a saw mill, and then the forests that covered them all disappeared, to build the white men's dwellings. The seasons came and went and other trees covered these slopes, but not like those that were gone.

"One day I heard the roar of battle, where your river reaches the harbor, and the tramp of men from the north country, but none of these things brought me up to human view. During all the long years, hundreds and thousands of them, these rocks had been rent and crushed, broken and ground into fragments by the rains, the snows and frosts of winter, as the forces of nature slowly but surely beat against them. Another day, it must be nearly a hundred years ago, men came and drilled deep holes here beside me, and filled them with something they called powder. Soon great rents were made in this old hill, and block after block was torn out, and carried away to build your city and others. The forest rang with the great blasts and the shouts of many workmen, but they stopped just here, leaving my body still imprisoned, with my features as you see me today. Then they kept at their work for many years in other directions. You see those great ravines yonder? Well, that was what they did. For years they kept at work, and I watched day after day the great granite blocks, many of them square and comely, go by as the horses and oxen tugged and pulled. And as ages ago the rocks had rolled and crushed together, and the softer ones been ground fine, so load after load of this dark red gravel was carried away to make the broad pleasure walks of the common in yonder city. But at last there came a time when all this ceased.

"Then for several years a gentleman who lived near by (you saw his dwelling as you came up the road) used to climb these hills and walk among the trees, till he came to love these quiet places. And so he spoke and wrote of this natural park, so near to the great city, until it became a law that it should ever be thus, that the people might have it to enjoy." "Do the people come?" "Oh, yes," the Old Man replied, "the gentleman was right in his thought, and Wright in his name, too, for when the snows have gone and the spring days come, the children begin seeking the first wild flowers, and the older people are walking in these paths, or climb yonder hills. Sometimes a horseman rides by, or a carriage party; and sometimes I see them eat from well-filled lunch baskets, and hear their voices in song. Oh, yes, and lots of young folks, too. Autos? You mean those big, rushing, bad-smelling things? No, not much, but they hurry along the pike yonder.

"Cameras? Oh, that's what you call them, is it? Yes, I see them often carried by, but they don't often take a peep at me as you have done. I hope you have got a good view of me today. Come again some day in the spring, when the leaves are on the trees and the birds are singing. You won't need to comb my gray locks then. Oh! about the trees, to be sure. I've seen all these grow up from little sprouts; they're kind to me, too. Old Sol used to give me a terrible headache till the trees grew high enough to shelter me.

"What, going now? Well, good-bye; come again. Yes, I'll be here, the state has made sure of that. I hope you've had a pleasant time with an old fellow like me today. Say, I've seen lots of you people that like to come here; some of them never will come again. I hope they have gone to some better place. Tell your friends about me, and ask them to come, too. I am always at home, yes, so long!"

So I left the Old Man of the Fells but, ere I left, secured a distant view of him, and then struck out for home over the old pike. As I walked along I mused on the brief span of time we call our life, — brief, beside the ages gone and to come, that are the Old Man's, but was aroused from my reverie by the chough, chug, chough of a big auto, and the kindly invitation of the fur-robed and goggled occupant: "Will you ride down, sir?"

"Why certainly," I replied, as I climbed in beside him. I had but little time for conversation as we sped down the incline of Forest street, and as I alighted at the square with thanks to my stranger friend, I was met by an acquaintance with "Seems as if you are riding out in style." "Sure, why not?" "Been getting some pictures?" "Well, I hope so." I'm only an amateur, but some day I'll introduce him and others to the Old Man of the Fells.

UPPER FOREST STREET SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Going north on Forest street toward Stoneham, beyond the first milestone, the first house on the left was the large residence of Elizur Wright, built in 1852–'53, for Bailey T. Mills, and later owned by Caleb Mills, who sold to Mr. Wright. Just north of this house had stood another habitation, occupied by Mr. Danforth. Next beyond, at the top of a hill, one and a half miles from Medford center, was a small building which most of Medford residents familiar with Forest street called the "toll house." Just north of this was a small cleared field. Woodland then stood in an unbroken stretch till one came to the Leishman house and the Spot Pond Hotel, nestled under a hill just south of where Forest street skirted the western edge of Spot pond.

Elm street was then, as now, a connecting link between Forest and Fulton streets and the short cut to Melrose. Beyond Elm street on the right, at the top of the first hill, stood two houses, one of which, then the residence of Samuel Tay, is still standing, and is the last habitation on the right of the street in Medford. Just north of the Tay house stood the residence of Willard Butters, and between this house and the Tay house was Mr. Butters' barn, connected with the house by a shed which was open on the side facing the street. Above this house was a small open field, then the woods extended without break to Spot pond, on the southern edge of which was a good stand of pine and hemlock. A grove, known as Tudor's grove, was made of the section adjacent to Forest street, and became a popular picnic resort about 1875. It is claimed that Mr. Tudor was the first to ship ice to southern ports, and that the first ice thus shipped came from Spot pond.

The editor of the Historical Register has asked the writer to tell of the Andover turnpike and the toll house, and but little authentic information seems available. The Andover turnpike was incorporated about 1805 and opened for travel as such in 1809 or '10. Never a

glittering financial proposition, the stockholders offered it for sale to Medford in 1825, and Brooks tells us that in 1830 Medford agreed to accept and maintain the street for travel. The little building on the left of the street, one and one-half miles from Medford square, referred to as the "toll house," was just opposite Mr. Butters' house and was occupied by him as a shoe shop. It was about eighteen feet square with windows on four sides, and the door faced the street. It was not unlike many shops we have seen scattered through neighboring villages which were the predecessors of the large shoe factories of New England.

In that section of Forest street considered in this sketch we realize that after sixty years the habitations have decreased, and that in all probability The Fells will remain for generations to come. —M.

THE FULTON HEIGHTS COMMUNITY CHURCH.

(Affiliated with the Northern Baptist Convention.)

Although the modern development of Fulton Heights began in 1910, it was not until the spring of 1916 that any special religious activity was begun in the community. Then it was that the Federated Churches of Medford conducted a religious census of the city. Mesdames Hunt and Fuller were assigned to the thinly settled section which is now North Medford. They reported that they had found a number of families, predominantly Baptist, who would appreciate religious services in the neighborhood.

The Fulton Heights Chapel.

The first recorded public service of worship in this community was held April 18, 1916, when the Rev. W. A. Hill led a prayer meeting of the First Baptist Church, at which the following Sunday school committee was appointed: Mesdames Adelaide Richardson and Herbert G. Wishman, and Messrs. S. B. Ross, R. L. Blanding and L. L. Colburn.

Thus on Easter Sunday, April 23, 1916, a Bible school was organized at 465 Fulton street in an old club house. The superintendent was Mr. I. B. Farnum, now of Valhalla, N. Y., from the First Baptist Church, to which the Federation had entrusted the responsibility of the new community.

Milton G. Perry, a student at the Newton Theological Institution, came as pastor of the chapel on the second Sunday in July that same year. Interest increased so that it was thought advisable to build a permanent church home. A joint committee, composed of Mesdames Adelaide Richardson, Frank Waugh, Selfridge, and Frank Stanchfield, and Messrs. R. L. Blanding, L. D. Richardson, Alexander Silver, S. B. Ross, and E. B. Turner from the heights, and Rev. W. A. Hill, Mesdames Campbell and Cobb and Messrs. Dole and Bovey from the First Baptist Church, attempted to secure this result. Two lots were purchased and a foundation started, but the project was given up.

The first historian of the church gives this account of winter Sundays in the old club house: —

> There were some Sundays when we roasted one side and froze the other. The breezes, gentle and otherwise, made their way into the building and made the place sometimes real airy. But the interest still grew and the attendance did not wane, for these difficulties seemed to bind the hearts of the people to each other and increased their love for the cause for which all were working.

The Massachusetts Baptist Convention was prevailed upon to furnish a portable chapel, which was set up at the corner of Winslow and Fulton streets. Dedicatory services were held February 10, 1919.

In the meantime Mr. Perry had resigned in May, 1918, and the Rev. B. E. Tucker had been called as pastor. Under his leadership the following organizations were begun: Chorus Choir, 1920; Tucker Class, for men, June 16, 1921, since reorganized as the Franklin Brotherhood Class; Richardson Bible Class, for women, January, 1922; Ladies' Missionary Society; Junior Choir, reor-

ganized as Girl's Vested Choir. In March, 1922, the portable chapel was enlarged, increasing the seating capacity to two hundred.

The Fulton Heights Community Baptist Church.

On March 29, 1922, after considerable consultation between the local committee, the Rev. D. J. Neily, pastor of the First Baptist Church, and the Rev. E. G. Dolan of the Massachusetts Baptist Convention, the Fulton Heights Community Baptist Church was formally organized. A charter was granted by the commonwealth of Massachusetts October 13th the same year.

A service of recognition and welcome to the new church was given on May 9th, with representatives of the state convention and other Medford churches present.

Sentiment in favor of building a permanent church home began to grow once more when the Christian Endeavor Society, on January 1, 1921, started a fund for that purpose with a gift of fifty dollars. It was not till June 1, 1922, however, that a building committee, with Mr. Frank W. Stanchfield as chairman, was elected. Plans were drawn up by the committee, approved by the Massachusetts Baptist Convention and accepted by the church. An additional lot of land was purchased and over a thousand dollars secured in the building fund.

There followed a period of depression when twenty-one members of denominations other than the Baptist became offended and withdrew from the church, leaving its membership at ninety-seven.

The Fulton Heights Community Church.

Following a month's interim ministry by the Rev. C. R. Powers of Randolph, Mass., in March of 1925, the Rev. John Shade Franklin, a student at Newton, became stated supply and was called as pastor April 1st. Within a short time the portable chapel was being over-crowded. Some thirty new members had joined the church by baptism and by letter, and a new wave of enthusiasm for the

old building project was coming to a head. Measures were taken also to amend the church constitution so as to make it a community church in fact as well as in name. As a result the present membership has a large proportion of Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Episcopalians, and other Protestants.

The first work on the new building at 470 Fulton street was done April 20, 1925, by volunteers. During the summer the foundations were poured, and on October 12th some seventy-five men from the community and adjacent points set up the steel and heavy timbers for the vestry of the new church home. The pastor gave up his studies and the whole church gave its energies to the forwarding of the work, so that the first two units (basement and vestry) were ready for use by August 15, 1926. The dedicatory program was carried out on the 12th, 13th and 14th of September, with services under the auspices of the Massachusetts Baptist Convention, the Medford Federation of Churches, the laymen and laywomen of the church, and the Sagamore Union of Christian Endeavor.

At this date the membership of the church is two hundred and thirteen. The officers for the current year are as follows: Moderator, H. G. Wishman; Clerk, Mrs. Muriel Sansom; Treasurer, Arthur H. Anderson.

In addition to organizations mentioned above the Ladies' Aid, organized February 15, 1917, is still strong and flourishing and has been of great assistance all through the years.

JOHN SHADE FRANKLIN.

May 15, 1928.

THE OUTLINE OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI PARISH.

In the rapid growth in population of Medford, Fulton Heights, as it is popularly called, has contributed a large quota.

What was a generation ago a hill district with a few houses nestled amid its sylvan solitude, has been transformed into a suburban section of residences, many of them built with the patient toil of the people themselves and under trying conditions.

For the Catholic people of this section the Church of St. Joseph in Medford Center, and the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Malden, served their spiritual needs for many years.

But in the growth of this district the increasing numbers of Catholics made a parish church a necessity. This need was supplied on June 13, 1921, when His Eminence Cardinal William H. O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, set off a part of Fulton Heights as a separate parish, and appointed Rev. Joseph P. Mahar, assistant at the Blessed Sacrament Church, Jamaica Plain, as first parish priest.

The lines of the new parish were determined as follows: in Medford parish on Forest street, just beyond Valley street, and thence north to the Stoneham line and west to Winchester; and in Malden parish at corner of Fellsway West and Park street, and extending in an air line to the end of Lookout road on hill; then by Lookout road to Fells avenue, by Fells avenue to junction of Watervale road; thence by a line running northeast to Malden city line, and by Malden city line north to Stoneham.

Thus the sections known as Fulton Heights and Forest Park became the territory of the new parish.

The name chosen as patron of the church that was later built was St. Francis of Assisi.

Without funds and even without land on which to build, Father Mahar set himself to the task of forming a parish and of locating within the district assigned for his spiritual labors.

It needed the joyous spirit of a St. Francis of Assisi, as well as his ardent loyalty to Lady Poverty, to carry on in this new adventure.

However, the loyal faith and generous co-operation of the people, including a great many Catholics of Medford who were not actually parishioners, rallied about the new parish priest and heartened him in his work.

For some months Father Mahar made his residence with Monsignor Neagle in Malden, and his people assembled in the Immaculate Conception Church on each Sunday for divine service.

Later, through the favor and vote of the Medford school committee, the then uncompleted Fulton school accommodated the people who gathered for Holy Mass on each Sunday. Finally the efforts of Father Mahar to secure land for building purposes were successful, and the Foster estate and a small portion of the Rennison estate adjoining Fellsway West and Fulton street, and also the Turner estate on the opposite corner were acquired by purchase.

Work was immediately started on a temporary church building, and on December 18, 1921, the first Mass was celebrated in the finished church. This is a long wooden structure of the Spanish type facing Fellsway West. A small tower at the southeasterly end has a bell which rings out each Sunday its invitation to the people of this north section of Medford to attend upon the worship of God in His house. The interior of the church appeals to religious devotion, and especially attractive is the sanctuary, with the altar of rich mahogany wood and background of paneled tapestry. On each side of the altar are two hand-carved colored wooden statues of saints.

The parish rectory, in remodeled form, is one of the landmarks of this section. It was built nearly one hundred years ago, and stood amid a real country scene. The opening up of the Fellsway has changed greatly the surroundings of former years, but the fruit trees and vines about it reveal the rustic setting of those old days.

At first St. Francis of Assisi Church was on the border line of the parish territory. But on December 18, 1922, Park street, Paris street and Almont street were added to the parish, and on August 5, 1923, more streets were included by the cession of some territory in St. Joseph's parish. In consequence of these additions the church is now almost in the center of North Medford, and is serving the Catholic people in the district between Almont street and Brookside parkway, from Salem street north to the Stoneham line and west to Winchester. In this extent of territory, however, is a portion of the Fells reservation.

The foundation of the parish and the first period of building was followed by the organization of parish activities and the further promotion of religious devotions.

In September, 1922, Rev. William J. Foley was appointed by Cardinal O'Connell as assistant at St. Francis of Assisi, and in November, 1922, Rev. Thomas J. Golding was made parish priest, succeeding Father Mahar who was transferred to the pastorate of Concord Junction.

During the past four years a noticeable increase in population in North Medford has brought many Catholic families into the parish, so that the spiritual care of the priests has added proportionate labor to their ministry. Sunday School attendance has almost doubled, and the Holy Name Society for men, and the Holy Family Sodality and Immaculate Conception Sodality for the married and single women, provide religious devotions for all the people.

The work of which the foregoing is an outline has been accomplished in less than five years.

The future is bright with hopes of a permanent church on the Fellsway, and a greater St. Francis of Assisi parish.

T. J. G.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE CALVARY EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

Seeing the great need of a church in this community, a few interested people began holding cottage prayer meetings from house to house twice a week, under the leadership of Mrs. F. W. Murray, a deep, spiritual Bible teacher. The interest and attendance continually grew, so that it became necessary to arrange for a permanent meeting place, so at the close of the prayer meeting, January 30, 1925, a committee was appointed to procure a suitable place where we could hold Sunday services, including the Bible school. The following week the committee reported that the auditorium of the Sarah Bradlee Fulton school could be procured, and it was voted to start our Sunday services there Sunday, February 8, 1925. The committee reported that the Rev. Thomas Laite, presiding elder of the New England Conference of the Evangelical Church, was willing to give his services, which offer was gladly accepted. At the close of the evening service, February 22, 1925, Brother Laite said that on account of the interest manifested in our meetings, likewise the divine approval, as lost souls were seeking and finding Jesus Christ and acknowledging Him as their personal Saviour, he felt the time had arrived when there should be a church organized to promote and advance the religious life of our community. He then read from the Church Discipline, after which twenty-five persons signed their names on a paper, signifying their willingness to live by and be governed by the Discipline. It was voted that we be known as the Grace Congregation of the Fulton Heights Evangelical Church. It became necessary later to change the name from Grace to Calvary. At this meeting church officers and a building committee were elected.

Two lots of land on Ames street were purchased for our new church home. On one lot was a small building which was used for holding our prayer meetings, also the meeting place of the Willing Workers. We found our-

selves cramped for room, and an addition was built which is now being used by the city as a branch library. On Sunday, June 14, 1925, at 3 P.M., the dedication service was held on the grounds, the pastor, Rev. L. W. Malcolm, presiding, and Rev. Thomas Laite preached the dedicatory sermon.

Work of excavation for the basement was immediately begun by the men. A building fund drive was launched and a goodly sum received. Plans were drawn up and the contract given to Mr. Dawson. In March, 1927, the basement was completed, and on Sunday, March 27, we held our first service in our new building. The vestry was filled to its capacity at these meetings, the members of our sister churches coming to rejoice with us in our new church home. Although we were glad to worship in a place of our own, we felt sorry to part with the school janitor, Mr. Titcomb, who had been so kind and accommodating at all times.

The men's class purchased a mimeograph and typewriter which were used for the printing of church bulletins.

On June 9, 1926, the church was organized, officers elected, and state charter received, and on July 14 the incorporation papers were received.

The church was very fortunate in having such a godly man as the Rev. L. W. Malcolm as pastor, and he has proved himself to be a true undershepherd of Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd of the sheep, and has led his flock out into rich, green pastures and beside the still waters of God's Holy Word. We are also greatly indebted to Brother Laite for his help and services whenever needed.

We are now looking forward to the time when we can complete our auditorium.

A. HESSE, Clerk.

February 22, 1928.

MEMORIAL DAY.

On Memorial Day, 1928, and also on the preceding Sabbath in Mystic Church, Medford people fittingly observed this day of remembrance.

We must refer to the local press for details, but we here record names and ages of the honored G. A. R. comrades who participated.

George L. Stokell, 83. George B. Marsh, 82.
Alvin R. Reed, 85. Winslow Joyce, 84.
William T. Elsbree, 83. Thomas D. Kelley, 86.
Benjamin Lewis, 82.

A SOLDIER'S CHARGE TO THE CHILDREN.

Strew the flowers gently, children,
On our Comrades' graves today.
They have earned the tribute paid them
On our Memorial Day.

Twine some laurel with the flowers,
It will of their victory tell,
How they left their home for Country—
Oh! the rest we know full well.

Raise the flags a little higher,
That the stars their watch may keep
Over our dear Soldier boys
Who are lying here asleep.

Year by year the ranks are thinning
Of the Boys who wore the blue,
And when the bugle calls us home
We shall leave this work for you.

Don't forget our Navy heroes,
They won victories just as grand,
And they're anchored safely, children,
God holds the waters in His hand.

Strew their flowers on old ocean,
They will float far down the bay,
Let some strains of soft, sweet music
Float beside them on the way.

And when the final roll call
Lines us up to march no more,
We shall meet as one "Grand Army,"
Over on the other shore.

MARY SOULE GOOGINS.

West Medford, Mass.

THE BUILDER OF THE MAGOUN HOUSE.

We wish to correct an apparent error in our recent story of the Magoun house (September, 1927), and can best do so by submitting the following letter, which we welcome and is self-explanatory: —

April 12, 1928.

MR. EDITOR: —

DEAR SIR: — I beg to inform you, after reading a copy in *Mercury* of April 6, taken from the MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER, that my grandfather, Charles Sumner Jacobs, remodeled the Thatcher Magoun house from plans by himself in fall and winter of 1869 and 1870. He also built, from plans drawn by himself, the Hamlin house at Winchester. His son, my uncle Henry B. Jacobs, who died last March 22, aged 83 years, 11 months, worked on the Magoun house and fell from the tower, but something broke the fall and his injury was not serious. There are a number of houses standing in Medford that were built by Mr. Jacobs, but the march of progress has taken many, like our town hall, which he rebuilt after it was destroyed by fire, the Swan school, and his own home at the corner of Salem and Washington streets, which he built in 1837. He was married on December 7, 1837, and lived there until he died, March 2, 1893.

Very truly,

MRS. G. ELMER CHAPIN.

We are also in receipt of a communication from another grandchild, which tells the same story, and information regarding Mr. Thomas' work, not far away, equally meritorious, which we hope ere long to present. Our old-time builders were worthy of the highest commendation. We wish their praises known, and welcome authentic data in preserving our city's history.

WAYMARKS.

In preparing this issue, the REGISTER has not the interesting address given at our December meeting which was expected for our pages. It told much of the recent development of Forest Park and Fulton Heights. We regret its non-receipt.

As we have referred often to the Walling map, we wish also to refer to another waymark in Medford's history, the map by George Sampson, C. E., in 1884. Probably not many of these are now extant, but issued because of the petition for division of the town. It followed a line drawn from crossing of Forest street at Stoneham bound to Somerville line on College hill, nearly straight, swerved enough to include Rural avenue, and followed along Winthrop street.

About two-fifths was colored yellow and called proposed new town. The remainder was blue, and streets and dwellings indicated, also river, brooks and hills. It is worth a careful study.

Across the northern end, in large capitals, is "Middlesex Fells," also in leaded type across both parts "Rocky, unimproved woodland."

Love lane and Elm street are shown, but the dwellings are very, very few. Now note this as a waymark —

DEAR SIR: MEDFORD, MASS., June 4, 1928.

In answer to your inquiry as to the number of houses north of Fellsway West in the territory of Boulevard Heights, Forest Park, etc., I have looked over the map and to the best of my knowledge there are in the vicinity of one thousand fifty-seven (1,057) houses included in these tracts of land, of which the greater number have been erected within the last twenty years.

If this information is of any use to you in preparing your article for the paper you are very welcome to it.

Yours very truly, FRANK B. BLODGETT,
Building Commissioner.

Note this also. Spot pond is now *nine feet higher*, and of course a little larger than before the big main was laid up Governors avenue through North Medford.

A REGISTER contributor (Vol. XII, p. 41) closed her story of the ancient town pump with this apostrophe to

SPOT POND.

O beautiful lake in Middlesex Fells,
Fair as thy sister of the north,
Lesser "Smile of the Great Spirit" art thou,
Spread o'er the face of Mother Earth.

Here the Editor's troubles came, and he phoned Miss Gill, "Will you court the muse a little more?" and she replied, "But why, Mr. Editor?" "Because in paging there needs two verses more to fill. *Just two, please do.*" The morning mail brought this:

The red man's canoe o'er thy waters blue
Was paddled for many a year;
Dusky Indian maids and stalwart braves
Alone to thy borders drew near.

Then the scene was changed and the white men came,
Winter held thee in fetters fast;
Winthrop gazed; and called thee a fair Spot Pond,
Fair may we keep thee to the last.

As we close our pages of this issue we are reminded of that February day when we carried to the REGISTER's editor our story of the first meeting-house in Medford, read before our society. He had issued but one number since taking the editorship and was planning good things for the future and recovering apparently from an accident. Knowing this we made but a brief call and retired wishing him speedy recovery. Next morning we were shocked to hear of his sudden passing away—a good man we have missed in many ways. It was a surprise that we were asked to take up his work and more so that this issue of the REGISTER is our eighty-first, a period of twenty years. David Henry Brown wrote no valedictory but he did his duty well. We can only say "we have tried to."

OLD MAN OF THE FELLS, FEBRUARY 27, 1908

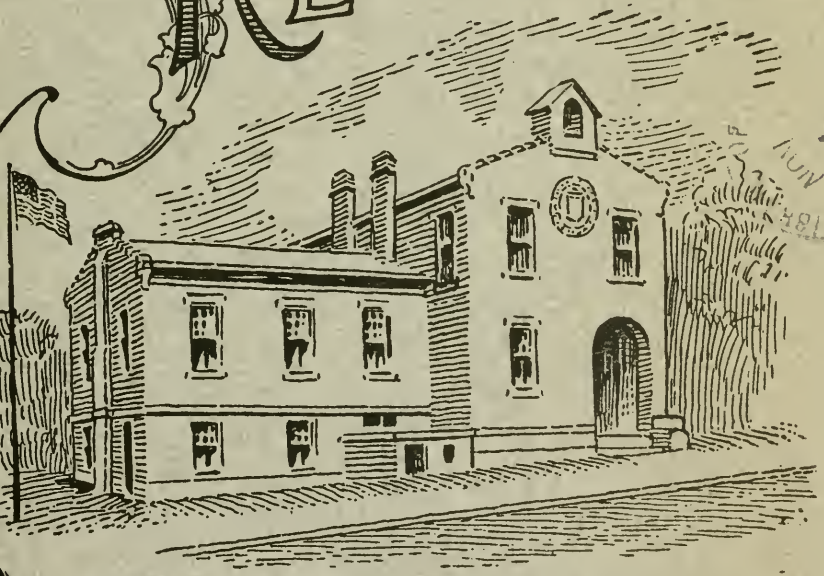
FORMER BUTTERS HOUSE, FOREST STREET, 1½ MILES FROM MEDFORD SQUARE

Andover Turnpike Toll-House Site

UPPER MEDFORD NUMBER

Vol. XXXI.] [No. 3.

HISTORICAL REGISTER



September, 1928

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MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

WINTHROP STREET—SUGAR-LOAF HILL
1910

WINTHROP STREET, LOOKING TOWARD THE SQUARE
1850, 1928

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXXI. SEPTEMBER, 1928. No. 3.

UPPER MEDFORD.

OLD MEDFORD, once colloquially known as East, West and Upper, *partes tres divisa est*—like ancient Gaul.

Who knows today where its *upper* crust was? Certainly not high "Rocks" told of in the REGISTER in last issue. To reach it we must swing around the circle from North Medford toward the old town of Woburn, first called Charlestown Village.

Charlestown, which municipally has ceased to be, in its earliest years entirely surrounded the *earlier* Medford and included Malden, Melrose, Stoneham, Woburn and the newer towns of Burlington, Wilmington, Somerville and Everett, besides part of later Medford and Arlington. The earliest Medford, which was only Mr. Cradock's farm of twenty-four hundred acres, extended westward to the "partings" between the two ponds. In 1634, when Charlestown granted three hundred acres of its outlying "wilderness" to its minister, the Rev. Zachariah Symmes, also various tracts to John Harvard, it had the habit of calling various localities *fields*, thus: Mistickfield, Pondfield, Linefield, Plainfield, Waterfield, and several Rock or Rockyfield. This last was in the corner of Mr. Symmes' farm, near our Border road of the Fells. Bordering the upper pond was a triangular plot of about three hundred acres that was early attached to that exclusive grant called Mr. Cradock's farm.

But prior to all this early history, there had been a visitation of white men in their unsuccessful search for the Squa Sachem. It was recorded that they liked the place so well "that they wished they had been there seated." So the "wilderness" was left for another to settle upon,

soon after his coming from England in 1634, and a portion of it is still called by his name, Symmes, and for nearly three centuries his descendants have continued there to live. The area of Mr. Symmes' farm and all the adjoining territory, including Charlestown wood lots and the "Rocks" (now North Medford) was a part of Medford's second acquisition of territory from old Charlestown in 1754.

So Mr. Symmes' farm constituted the larger part of the *Upper Medford* for nearly a century, till 1850. He must have been the first settler upon its area, soon after its grant to him in 1634. Six years later Charlestown expanded its settlement northward, which was surveyed in 1638, beginning its new settlement of Charlestown village a little further on in the *Water* field.

Through Mr. Symmes' farm (several miles farther north where was the first rise of the Mistick) flowed that stream increased by those from Indian hill, Horn pond and the hills of Stoneham. On some maps it is designated as Mistick, it being the upper reach of that stream, but it was and now is commonly called the Aberjona, perhaps because "the whole valley was inhabited by Indians, called Aberjinians" — we think *ab origine*. In other years it was called by some, "Symmes' river"; Mr. Symmes in his will called it his "farm near Woburn." Good authority places the erection of his first dwelling as very near the farther bound, beside the stream where is now a beautiful playground — Manchester field.

A little further down stream was a descent which was early "improved" as a water privilege, and so continued until 1864. Examination of the maps will show the various ponds and islands thus made in its upper reach into old Woburn, whose history was carefully written by Parson Sewall in 1860. But Mr. Symmes had a neighbor some three miles down stream in Charlestown Linefield who improved the tidal river district by building a dam across it just above its tributary, the Menotomy (*alias* Alewife brook). Over this went the old Woburn to Cambridge

road for some years. One Thomas Broughton had built "a corne and fulling mill in the river of Mistick" and Edward Collins was owner at the Medford end of the dam. Broughton had acquired title from Henry Dunster, first president of Harvard College. A bond (in the handwriting of Mr. Dunster), signed by him for Broughton, by Collins, again by Henry Dunster for himself, and by William Symmes for Mr. Zachariah Symmes, and lastly for himself, was of date of June 16, 1656. This bond named four men as referees (with one other who was to act if they could not agree) as to damage sustained by Mr. Symmes' meadows. Mr. Dunster drew it so carefully as to rule out *rooting of hogs* and improper *pounding of cattle.* The writer carefully copied this ancient document while on exhibition at the Boston Public Library, and the story may be found in REGISTER, Vol. XIII, p. 10.

We have called Broughton *neighbor* to Symmes, though three miles from his meadows, and farther from the dwelling of Symmes, the pioneer. And so was Collins, the agent of Cradock at Meadford house, near the "ford at Mistick," further away. And what sort of a structure was Symmes' *first* house in 1634? Certainly no two-story, forty-foot brick house such as Medford's educated historian would have a credulous people to believe was built by Cradock in 1634. The best we can think it to have been, was one of logs, notched together at the corners, with a fireplace of stone at the end and a catted chimney, or smoke flue, of smaller sticks well daubed with mud or clay. Its roof was of similar construction and thatched with sedge grass or reeds, and perhaps less substantial shelter may have sufficed at the first, for though Zachariah Symmes was the first Charlestown minister, he was a *pioneer* in a new, strange land. He was then thirty-five years of age, and with his wife Sarah and six children was "against a wilderness" indeed at their coming. If any want an object lesson by contrast today, let them take an auto ride up the Mystic Valley

parkway from Menotomy river, beside the lakes to Manchester field, and think of the pioneers and *their* coming. But don't think that Rev. Zachariah, his family and their associates or helpers got there over such road. They most likely came by the Indians' trail followed by Miles Standish in 1621, which we know as Grove street, as must have Charlestown exploring party in 1638.

Symmes had become a *frontier man*, when Edward Convers settled down and built his house in *Water*field and his mill and dam on the Aberjona, a half-mile up stream and became a near neighbor. Another of the "*Seven against the Wilderness*" was Edward Johnson, who located in Woburn farther away. He was the author of "*Paulisper Fui*" and the remarkable but *authentic* history he styled *Wonder Working Providence* of *Zion's Savior* in *New England.* As *historian* he was correct, but someone has said, "He hewed poetry out with a broad axe."

In his poetical effusion (in Woburn records) he mentions Symmes as one of the patrons of the Charlestown settlement, and also tells of his first sermon there and that when the church was organized Symmes exercised in prayer and preaching for the *space of about five hours.*

Librarian Evans in his "*Seven against the Wilderness*" says:

> One longs for the pen of a Parkman to clothe the dry bones with living flesh, put words into the mouth, the light of hope and flash of action into the eye, "for here is the skeleton of a romance."

We of today may well wish (but vainly) that some "Puritan, but minor poet" had been here in Meadford in 1628 and later, to write something more authentic than the unverified statement that "the celebrated Rev. James Noyes preached here a year."

Mr. Symmes' text was: "Break up your fallow ground and plant not among thorns"; and his hearers were engaged in a serious, strenuous undertaking. At a later time one of his parishioners was before the court for "defamatory speech"; and she was fined five pounds or be publicly whipped. She found it didn't do to talk

about the minister. The *evidence* was that she said she "would as lief hear an old cat mew as Zachariah Symmes preach." Perhaps she got *tired.* After a time he, or his son, "improved" the stream by building a dam and mill which had a long and varied history. They built new and better dwellings nearer it, and moved into them. And as the years went on, the Symmes family increased greatly in four generations, many of them becoming prominent in business and professional life. Time and space forbid enlargement on that line, but we refer interested ones to the "*Symmes Memorial.*"

But in those years, "Charlestown Village, called Woburne" had grown from the wilderness and became a rival of Medford, as notice the litigation about Mystic bridge.

Perhaps some readers may wish to take another way there, as did those of that time, up hill and down dale from Medford market place. They would find no Winthrop street on right or left, but go over Meeting-house brook, perhaps through it, up the hill to Brooks' corner, and turning to the right, a still more crooked up-hill road, then down over another brook and *around* another hill which was called Elbow corner, then more up-hill to where people had begun to call Symmes corner. This road had then become the stage route to Amherst, a tavern had long been beside Meeting-house brook and there was one just over the boundary of Symmes' farm, in the edge of Woburn, called the Black-Horse. It was built in 1724, and latterly was a well-known dwelling till about 1880. At about the time of its erection, one of the younger Brookses had purchased a corner off the old Symmes farm, on which to build and make a home. His name was Ebenezer, and his father, Caleb, was the first of the Brookses to live on the four hundred acres *his* father, Thomas, had bought of Collins, Cradock's agent. This Ebenezer (whose *father* was Caleb) had a son *Caleb;* and the notation of names was equally similar in the Symmes family of Zachariahs, Williams and Johns. To follow their times and locations one needs a

genealogy close at hand. And what of *their* houses? We have mentioned that first one of Zachariah. By the time he built a better one, or his son William did, the means, materials and facilities had improved. The first settlers "improved" their resources. They made their brooks and streams work for them — as witness the dams and race-ways on Meeting-house and Whitmore brooks. And so did Symmes on the Aberjona, and built their newer homes a little further down stream near their mill. Such as they then built have at least sixty years since passed away.

The writer remembers one, the like of which may yet be seen in Medford. But that which Ebenezer Brooks built was larger, of two stories, and remained until recent years. See REGISTER, Vol. XIV, p. 18. At the time of its erection it was probably the only one on "the country road to Woburn," between Elbow corner and the Black-horse, unless, perhaps, the farmhouse of Samuel Thompson may have been. This was another of the writer's remembrances, and was torn down soon after the Civil war. Here was the apple tree said by Historian Brooks to be the original Baldwin. See REGISTER, Vol. XIX, p. 43 — Medford's mythical apple.

Our subject, as in caption, is Upper Medford, but this locality along the highway to Woburn had not acquired that name at the time of Ebenezer Brooks' purchase from William Symmes (eldest son of Rev. Zachariah), who in his deed said, "I sell the land, the wood, the underwood, the rocks, brooks, the water-brooks and everything standing on or lying thereon,"— quite a comprehensive title. This was in 1715, and the corner of the Symmes farm thus sold to Ebenezer Brooks was in old Charlestown territory, with Woburn bound just south of Black-horse tavern. Ebenezer Brooks' son, Caleb, had a son, John, born in 1752, "who became eminent." (We quote from genealogy in Medford history).

In 1754, as already stated, the Symmes farm and the "Rocks" and Charlestown wood lots were annexed to

Medford by the General Court and the former came in time to be called *Upper Medford*. In the previous one hundred and twenty years, the increase of dwellings had been but few, as we have noted. But in 1783, just at the close of the Revolution, Captain John Symmes moved up to the highway and built a house at the end of "the road through the woods," as Grove street was called, and this stood until destroyed by fire August 17, 1864. In 1806 and in 1817 those of Deacon John Symmes and Marshall Symmes, Sr., (now standing) were built, and a few years later a new road (Bacon street) was made across the Aberjona valley to "drivers' lane," and the intersection of these roads came to be called Symmes' corner.

We have mentioned two ways of reaching this locality, both overland. In Captain John Symmes' time there were two others, both by water. By one, a boat might be rowed or canoe paddled up the Mystic river (it was well to go on the incoming tide) above the Great bridge. There was only the bridge at the Weirs, where was the overflow of the lower pond, very rapid at the tide's ebbing. Wooded hills rose from its shores and closely approached each other at the "Partings," so closely that crossing might be had on a fallen tree, and then expanse of the upper pond which the tide did not reach. Into this flowed the upper reach of the Mystic, which was called the Aberjona. In its flow it followed the line of least resistance and received the waters of another called Spring pond, and here was the western border of the Symmes farm. On the other side was Increase Mowell's grant in *Charlestown End*, as it was called, after "Charlestown Village is called Wooburne," in 1642. Note on the map how it doubled on its course, and a little further up stream was an island and Symmes' dam and mill, about which we will have Mr. Luther Richardson Symmes tell.

The Old Symmes Mill.

The old Symmes mill was located on the Aberjona river near where the Boston & Lowell railroad crosses this stream, just below

Mystic station. The Converse mill was about half a mile above on the same stream. When Rev. Zachariah Symmes came to this country in 1634, the church or town of Charlestown gave him a grant of three hundred acres of land in what is now Winchester. He called it "his farm near Woburn."

In his will dated 1670, he gave this land to his son William. He did not state what buildings were on the farm, but by a plan, 1705 (a copy of which belongs to this society), we find there were two dwelling houses and a dye house. The first mention of the mill was in 1693, after the death of William, called Captain William Symmes, when the commissioners gave "the old mill" to Nathaniel, his youngest son. Nathaniel was not of age and his mother was appointed guardian. She applied to the Judge of Probate, 1693, for liberty to improve the mill stream. The petition was not granted, or she changed her mind, for in 1705, when William, the eldest son of Capt. William Symmes, bought out the other heirs and came into possession of the mill, he found it was not worth repairing. So he built a new mill with a dwelling house attached, a little distance down the stream. This house Robert Bacon occupied, when he came to Medford. It was called a fulling mill. I suppose cloth was not woven there, as the power loom was not invented at that time, but the cloth was fulled and dressed. William Symmes in his will, dated November 27, 1761, gave his four sons, Zachariah, Timothy, Josiah and John, his dwelling house and barn, the mill and about eighty acres of land. The mill and mill pond was included in Josiah's portion. At his death it was given to his brothers, John and Timothy. In 1797, Timothy, son of Timothy, sold his share to his cousin Josiah.

The mill was now owned by the brothers John and Josiah of the fifth generation. Josiah sold his interest in the mill to John L. Sullivan in 1800 or 1801. Soon after, Mr. Sullivan and John Symmes, known as Capt. John Symmes, rebuilt the dam and built another mill on the same stream, which was used for grinding corn. Captain Symmes carried on a wheelwright's business, and he had a trip hammer and turning lathe at the mill. In 1823, Captain Symmes sold his part of the mill and water power for $1,000 to Mr. Sullivan, who was at that time agent for the Middlesex canal, and tried here the experiment of building steam propellers for boats on the canal, but it was not successful.

Mr. Sullivan also manufactured wood screws by a newly invented machine. He became involved and the whole enterprise failed. Afterwards he sold both mills and the mill privilege for $4,000 to Abel Stowell, who used them as a foundry and manufactory of wire.

In 1824 Mr. Stowell sold one factory to Robert Bacon, a manufacturer of hat bodies, feltings, etc.

In one year he formed eighty-three thousand hat bodies. This work was done by the use of Silas Mason's patent and T. F. Mayhew's improved machine. He also planked many thousands yearly by use of Macomber's patent and his own improvement." (Brooks' History of Medford.)

Mr. Bacon was successful in business and accumulated a large property. He built a new house on the west side of the stream.

John Bacon occupied the house attached to the factory after his father moved, and after some years bought Josiah Symmes' farm and moved into the house where Mr. Symmes formerly lived. The old factory was burned in 1843. The mill privilege was sold to Caleb Mills, who put up a large two-story wooden building for the manufacture of cotton batting. It was soon burned, however, and another of brick was built, which was also burned.

The mill (which was the newer building) was held by Mr. Stowell until 1833, when the Boston & Lowell railroad bought. This corporation afterwards sold it to Mr. Bacon, and it was fitted up for a sash and blind factory by Gould, Coats & Pierce. This building was burned in 1843, and replaced by Mr. Bacon with another which was occupied by Mr. Oderon [Odiorne] as a print works, and for making room paper.

In 1855, Sullivan Cutter leased the basement for sawing mahogany.

It was used successively by William C. Redfern for brass finishing and glass grinding; by Edmund A. Symmes and James Hatch, making hair felt; Mr. Schwartz, nail-works; Stephen Allen, carpet felt or fabrilla.

In 1863, both water privileges were taken by the Mystic water works. The buildings were moved, the dam destroyed and the land flowed.

The other water route was a little different, because in Captain Symmes' time (1793) a company of Medford men formed a company which completed its big ditch from Chelmsford to Charlestown millpond, and borrowed the water of Concord river at Billerica mills to fill it, in 1803, and levied toll on the people who used it. When they got to the Aberjona, which by courtesy was then called Symmes' river, they were *up against it*, so they built a wooden trough one hundred and eighty feet long and carried their *waterway* over, and away *over*, it. After twenty-four years this wooden aqueduct had to be repaired, and a new one of granite eighty feet long and one hundred

feet wide took its place in 1827. No one was sea-sick on those water trips, and if wrecked, a handy plank would allow a walk ashore. Much business was done on this line and the Symmes' meadow (look on the map for it) became a fine pleasure resort.

In those palmy days of the Middlesex canal there was a leisurely *quiet* in travel,— not even the rapid speed of the stage coach on the turnpike. But ten years had this new viaduct, built for all time, been completed, when other lines of travel were surveyed through Upper Medford.

Two interesting old plans drawn in 1816 are preserved in the Historical Society's files. One by Peter Tufts (of Medford) shows the various turnpikes and roads, also including the canal and rivers, also the millponds both sides of the Charles, the roads converging at Boston market, *i. e.* Faneuil hall. At the other end is Burlington meeting-house and Woods' tavern. A "*new intended road*" is shown leading from the old West Cambridge road at Gardner's across the canal and the Aberjona, across the Brooks' farm at Grove street to Elbow corner and the "Otis" place on old Woburn street. On this all distances are marked in rods and mile marks along the entire course. Wood's tavern is stated as thirteen miles from Charlestown bridges by Medford and Woburn. The (upper) Medford and Charlestown lines are clearly shown. Especially interesting is the outline of the *end* of the *upper pond* as compared with the present.

The other plan by James F. Baldwin is more elaborate (and with profiles), showing *two* proposed routes, one corresponding to that "new intended road" (never made), and the other route from Elbow corner to "Turell" house, which was developed as Purchase, now North Winthrop street. The Mystic Valley parkway and the Playstead road was the *locus* of both, and now, after one hundred and ten years, Medford is growing thereon.

We have mentioned Caleb Brooks' son John, born in his grandfather's house on a part of the old Symmes' farm, in May, 1752, *but who can tell the date?* It was in

province times, when we were under the king, and in Charlestown, too, as 1754 was the date of the Upper Medford accession. But the boy John had attained his majority, studied medicine with Dr. Tufts, married, and begun practice in Reading, when the day at Lexington came, and the more tragic one of Bunker hill, in which he had a part,— notably a part, too, in the years of strife that made good the Independence Declaration; and he came back, not to Upper Medford, but to Medford, and succeeded his old teacher as its physician. The population and dwellings about his birthplace had but slowly increased, but down in the valley by the Aberjona was something more notable beside the river.

John Brooks had been seven times chosen Governor of the Commonwealth, as the Plantation of Massachusetts Bay had come to be known, these roads had become turnpikes, and the leisurely travel of the canal and more strenuous stage ride were still the ways of transit.

But in 1829 another way to travel was proposed and after six years was completed, the railroad, opened on June 24, 1835. The manufacturing village of Lowell had sprung up at Pawtucket falls, two miles below the "Head of Middlesex" canal in Chelmsford, and that canal's old rival, the Pawtucket Canal Co., which found their canal more valuable as water power than for transportation, carried the railroad project through. In its layout the village centers were avoided; it was built *between* towns all the way. It wound around hills but it crossed the millponds of the Aberjona, especially Symmes, at that time owned by Robert Bacon. There an embankment was built to carry the track *between* his mill and house, and a bridge *over* his roadway that led down from Grove street. A road had been built from Symmes' corner to Huffmaster's bridge on driver's lane, which was at the corner of Woburn, Medford and Charlestown. This road was bordered by the quick-growing willows (as was College avenue in Medford), but that road had to be elevated on both sides to avoid a grade crossing. Notice it now,

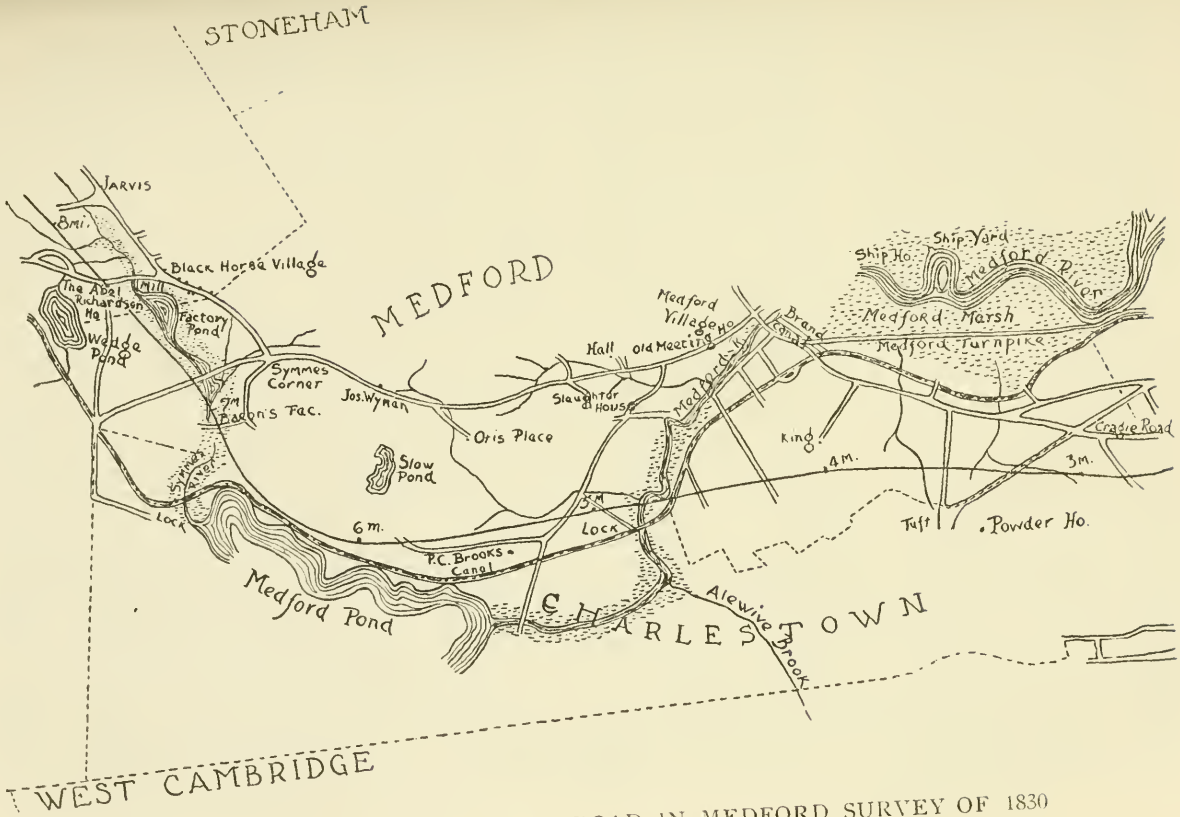
where the parkway crosses the railroad at Wedgemere. The Aberjona has been moved eastward to a different channel, and the high bridge in the road also. By-and-by the railway had a station-house there, and called it Bacon's bridge, later, Symmes' bridge, then Mystic station. After the coming of Robert Bacon and his sons, and a dozen or more houses and mills and shops the neighborhood was called *Baconville.* He came there evidently before Bacon street was opened, as that *private way* from Grove street was his convenient access to his newer property.

An interesting pamphlet of eight pages, we found in our society's library entitled "Statement of Facts, Relating to a Private and Town Way in the Town of Medford," was issued over his name by Robert Bacon, "who respectfully submits to his fellow citizens the facts in the case." It appears that the selectmen of Medford had given notice over date of March 22, 1841, that "they proposed to lay out a town way from Grove street to the southerly branch of Symmes river, so called, near the sash factory of Joseph Gould, nearly in the route of the private way leading to Robert Bacon's hat factory, and would meet for that purpose on Monday, the 29th day of March, inst., at two o'clock P. M. in Grove street at the entrance of said private way," etc.

The pamphlet shows the petition of Robert Bacon to the selectmen "to lay out a way from his said establishment, beginning a little below the dam at or near the great gate opening from the highway into the land of Josiah Symmes," this on September 30, 1828.

About October 30, 1828, the selectmen recorded that the prayer was reasonable and "we have laid out a private way for the use of said Bacon." (There was quite a Bacon *vs.* Symmes controversy.)

March 20, 1841, Mr. Bacon made affidavit before B. Rand, J. P., that Deacon Symmes said he had no right to build on his [Bacon's] premises, and a reference to some disinterested person suggested by Bacon. Here we quote literally: —



MAP OF CANAL, AND LINE OF RAILROAD IN MEDFORD SURVEY OF 1830

"One morning as I was in conversation with him, I invited him to come to my house that evening with his wife, or I would come to his with mine, and talk over the subject of our rights, observing that our wives would keep us cool. I agreed to call on him with my wife. I came home and told my wife on my return from Boston she must go with me in the evening to Deacon Symmes' and told her what for. In about one hour I started for Boston. When I got near the blacksmith's shop [at the corner] John and Marshall Symmes accompanied by a gentleman I did not know came out and forbid my building, in presence of said gentleman . . . I consulted my professional friend and he advised me to build as I have done."

Probably the advice of his professional friend prevented the evening interview and cooling influences of those good wives. As Bacon street is shown on the canal plan of 1831, as well as the branching road from Grove street across the island, it is evident no town way was made there, and it has changed but little to present day, save that the detritus from its slope has raised it enough to preclude driving under the railroad as formerly.

Ten years before the railway's building, the agent and manager of the canal undertook to propel the boats by steam power, and acquired this mill property to make his "patent revolving engines," and doubtless his hopes of success ran high. But we who think of steam power as used in turbines or engines of today must go back a long way from them to that kind of motor Mr. Sullivan built and used. It was designed and first used by a man in the backwoods of New Hampshire, whose patent was signed by President George Washington, long before Fulton's time. The Symmes memorialist said, "Mr. Sullivan was somewhat given to scheming." His *scheme* in this was to be an "engine within the boat" to propel it instead of horses on the bank to haul it; in fact, his was the precursor of the later steam tug or tow-boat,—*and he did it, too*, through the canal and Merrimack river to Concord, N. H. See REGISTER, Vol. XVII, p. 92.

"Canals of Winnepesaukee" says the exhaust of the

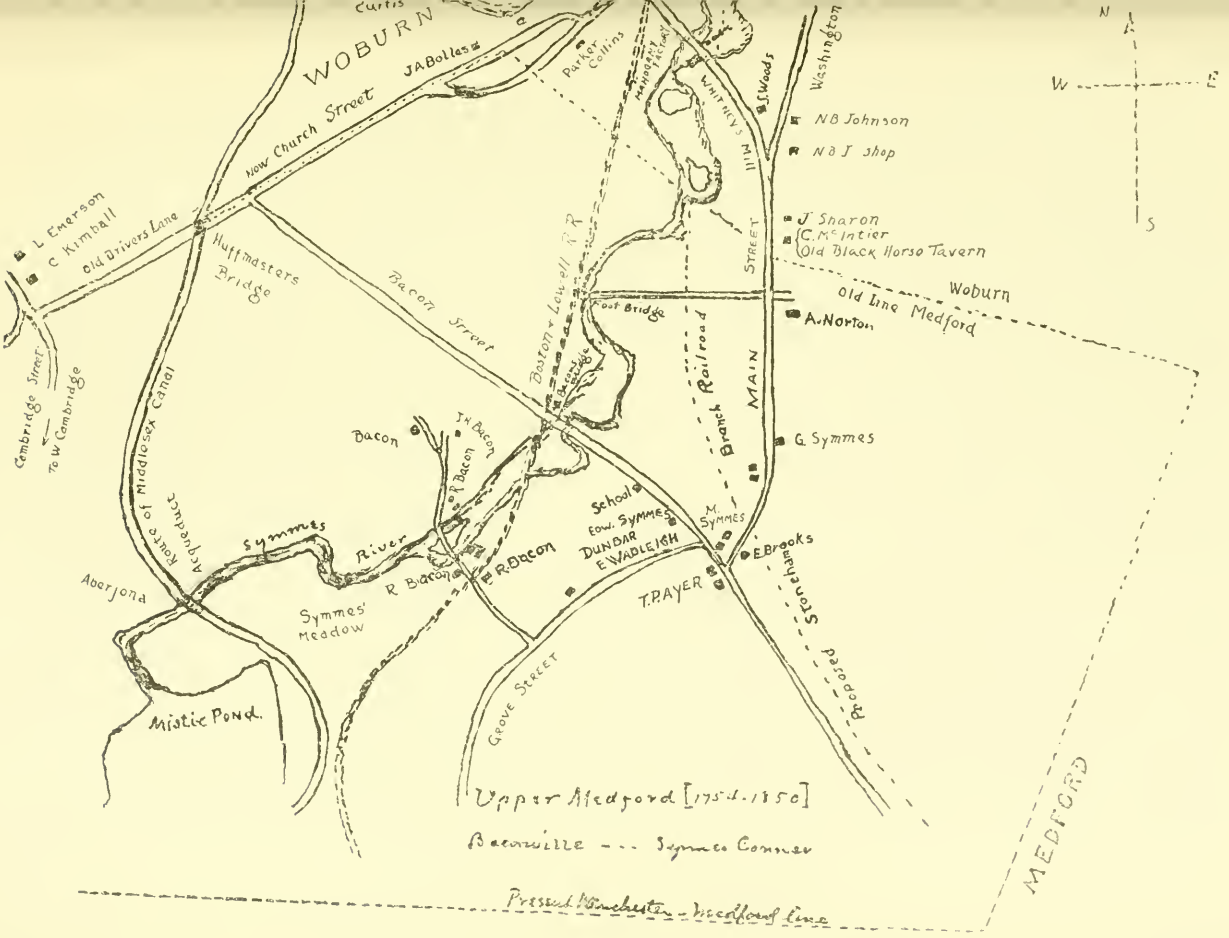
first steamer (Belknap) there could be heard for miles, also that the clank of machinery of the horse boats was like a floating blacksmith's shop.

We might add that Sullivan's "*Merrimack*" was like a tar factory let loose. A venerable Woburn lady who saw it passing in the canal's deep cut beside her home, told the writer of "the noise and smoke it made," and that one hundred and ten years ago. A clear description of that engine and its boiler would be a noteworthy addition to literature of mechanics. The stream of tar that partially fed the fire and the *entire engine that revolved*, so long before the use of gasoline, is well worth a study. Later writers tell of it as unsuccessful, but at that time Uncle Sam had one in use at Charlestown navy yard.

But if steam was unsuccessful on the canal boats, it won out on land, not yet a hundred years, but it did not materially develop the growth of Upper Medford. Old Woburn had grown in dwellings and population about the *Woburn Gates*, as the railroad crossing was called, and southward toward the tavern, and was styled Blackhorse village and in 1845 South Woburn, when a meeting-house was built and a Congregational church branched off from that of Woburn, which in the religious divide of 1820 had remained Trinitarian.

In 1850 the South Woburn people, one hundred and eighty in number, petitioned the General Court for incorporation as a new town under the name of Winchester. The selectmen and ninety-two Medford citizens, about the same number from West Cambridge, and about eighty from Woburn made remonstrances, but to no avail. The petition was granted and received the signature of Governor Briggs on April 30, 1850. Thus Upper Medford (formerly Charlestown), mainly Symmes' farm, became the southern part of the new town of Winchester, and *Medford's Lost Suburb*.

The southwestern part beyond the outlet of the Aberjona was latterly called Charlestown End. After the



REPRODUCED FROM WALLING MAP OF 1854

incorporation of Somerville in 1842, which cut what was left of ancient Charlestown in two, the people in the *End* petitioned to be annexed to old Menotomy, which was incorporated as West Cambridge in 1807, which was done. It was from this part that Henry Putnam (who was killed at Menotomy April 19, '75) came to Medford. It was the writer's experience to become acquainted in and with that new town in its earlier years, and knew of one of the contestants who one day had his fling: A locomotive was built in the railroad shop and one of the new townsmen desired to have it named "Winchester," and was told, "We will wait till we get parts of three old ones and put *them* together and call it Winchester."

The corners of the three old towns and Symmes' farm were at Huffmaster's bridge over the canal at present Church and Fletcher streets. From there the line of Church street nearly to the Congregational church and in an obtuse angle across the plain and Aberjona, crossing Main street below present Black-horse terrace (note the dotted lines upon both maps). Note, also, how few dwellings are indicated on map of "Upper Medford," which includes Symmes' corner and Baconville, which we have traced from Walling's map of Winchester, 1854. Careful search and inquiry leads to the conclusion that in 1850 there could have been no more than fifteen houses in all built on what was the old grant to Symmes, in the two hundred and sixteen years. Take that into account and ride over the territory today. We will find still some *unoccupied* land awaiting next coming residents.

Note on this map the Aberjona and its islands, the course of the canal, then just discontinued, the line of the railway, and the dotted line showing the proposed Stoneham branch, which was graded into Medford as far as Sugar Loaf hill. You can go over there and find its cut through the ledge, the embankment near Winthrop street, its stone bridge over Whitmore brook, and the cut in hill side at present Medford-Winchester line.

A relic of those last days of Upper Medford may still

be found just beside the Mystic Valley parkway. A block of granite and a bronze tablet mark the remains of the canal embankments, which extend to the Aberjona, where was the stone aqueduct of 1827, which the agent reported was built "within the estimate and would require no repairs for a hundred years." February 21, 1855, came, and a winter flood, and here we quote Dr. Youngman's (town clerk) account of it: —

THE FLOOD AT WINCHESTER, 1855.

On the morning of the 16th inst., I arose at three o'clock and found my cellar full of water and running over. (Note 1). I started for my store, fearing the cellar there might be full also. In attempting to cross the street, the water was found to be over my long rubber boots, and running at a rapid rate. I then passed on to the railroad, where it was also quite difficult to walk against the strong current. The water was fourteen inches deep on the rails in front of the depot.

At daylight, our village presented to the eyes of the astonished citizens a very novel and imposing spectacle. A large and rapid river was foaming down Main street, the current of which was so deep that boats were rowed up and down without difficulty (Note 2). From the depot, northerly, Main street was completely submerged to Cutter's village, covering, in some places, the tops of the fences. Carriages and horses were in requisition to convey persons to their usual places of business.

The water was at its height between three and five o'clock A.M., after which it began to subside; and during the day most of it was drained from the streets. Several families living near Thompson's tannery were taken from their windows and conveyed away in vehicles which were themselves almost afloat.

A large amount of damage was done by washing roads and undermining bridges. A bridge at Bacon's village was carried away, and another under a railroad was so much injured as to endanger and detain trains during the day. Nothing save the frozen ground prevented many other bridges from being injured, and a still greater extent of damage from the unusual flood.

Nearly all the cellars in the village were filled with water (Note 3). That under the store of Taylor and Merrill presented a very motley collection of coal, molasses, butter, potatoes, cheese, apples, salt pork and pickled fish somewhat freshened, onions, turnips, wood and cabbages, all mixed together in a very unexpected and heterogeneous compound. Five engines and common

pumps have been in requisition to drain the cellars, yet few of them are dry at this date.

Those who have known this place for fifty years have never seen the water so high as on February 16, 1855. It may be proper to add that the causes of this unprecedented flood were heavy rains combined with melting snow and ice on the surface of Wedge pond, producing an unusual overflow, together with obstructions of ice in the culverts under the railroad, which prevented the regular discharge of the water.

Winchester, February 21, 1855.

Note 1. The writer was then living in a house owned by the late James Bridge, now owned and occupied by P. W. Swan.

Note 2. The late Francis H. Johnson actually rowed a boat up and down Main street from Harrison Parker's mill to Cutter's village, between six and seven o'clock, after the water began to subside!

Note 3. The water in the writer's cellar kitchen was over two feet deep, and almost everything, except his coal and stove, was floating about promiscuously.

The flood of 1886 was of lesser depth though a serious one, because soon after that of '55, the canal aqueduct, three years disused, was removed. Its great blocks of split granite are in the foundations of the late Shepherd Brooks' house and stable and the walls of the Brooks farmhouse on Grove street. There is nothing lost when you know where it is. Look in the nearby field for them, and in the water where the Aberjona used to flow, for the bottom course; but remember that the Mystic dam built at the "Partings" in the early 60's has raised the upper lake *six feet*, making *another* "upper pond" with the mouth of the Aberjona under a bridge where Robert Bacon had to cross to get to the new house he built and which is the *only* structure of those days there remaining.

By that flowage by the Mystic (Charlestown) Water Works some of his land became *islands*. But one day something else happened. The brick mill building (itself on an island) was occupied by a concern called the *Fibrilla Mills* (such was the name stencilled on the door). Flax was used as a substitute for cotton — Civil War time of '64. The manager, suspecting his visitor's

purpose, started for the dam, but was seized and led safely away, while a powder keg was exploded beneath it and the Symmes-Bacon dam was wrecked. Soon after, a steam engine was installed, but used little, if at all. The writer saw that removed on July 4 next after, and had previously worked in and about the old mill, which was next torn down. The Bacon felt factories were removed or rebuilt at the present site across the railway, two houses moved to where the old canal banks remain, and after a time done away with (perhaps by the park commission).

Robert Bacon's old house was torn down and only his newer one beside the parkway remains of old "Baconville." The modern Wedgemere has all been built since 1880. The palatial Ginn estate, the Rangeley grounds and adjoining residence, the church of Epiphany and the colonial brick (Methodist Episcopal) church all are within the bounds of that old Symmes grant which we have now described.

Probably at the time of Winchester's incorporation, there were but two dwellings on Grove street, and not a dozen now, all near the Symmes' corner end—no others till the stone farmhouse of Brooks.

A similar condition on the other road to Medford—only one Russell residence in Winchester and the other Russell near Oak Grove, and none across the road from Governor Brooks' birthplace to Franklin avenue in Medford, near old Elbow corner.

Our space forbids detailed mention of a fire-engine, the "Grasshopper," once located in Upper Medford, the men that ran with the machine and carried leather water buckets—Robert Bacon was one. In time Medford provided one school; Pamela Symmes was teacher. John Symmes was the well-known deacon of the First Parish and Church of Medford. In *earlier* days they went through Charlestown End to meeting at old Menotomy, barefooted and carrying their shoes till after fording the Aberjona, so the story goes.

One of the Reverend Zachariah's descendants became "first lady," though for but a brief month — she that was the wife of President William Henry Harrison.

One John Cleves Symmes was prominent in the Western Reserve settlement, and another, Capt. John Cleves Symmes, in 1827 became noted in promulgating his theory that the earth was a series of *Concentric Spheres* with polar openings and inhabited inwardly. Mention is made of this in our old school (Sargent's Fifth) reader of 1857. He sought a government expedition, thereabout, to the poles. As neither Peary, Amundsen nor even Dr. Cook have reported them, we can only refer the curious to Vinton's *Symmes Memorial.*

Marshall Symmes, Jr., bought the birthplace of Governor Brooks, the Le Bosquet house, in 1865. He was the last survivor of the "1818 Boys" in Medford. Alexander Symmes and son Arthur of Medford were his near relatives.

Much might be said or written geologically about the territory of Upper Medford, especially its moraines and kettles, Mystic lakes and Symmes' mill pond. There are several of these still unfilled with water on either side of Grove street. Note one partially filled by a driveway within forty years. We mentioned Rock field. It was well named. Present Highland avenue is through it. Higher up is another rocky ridge and farther east is another, a continuation of "the Medford rocks" recently described. The intervening depression, a half century ago, was known as Turkey swamp, and there in that rocky wild lived Hannah Shiner, the last Medford Indian. Impounded there are the three beautiful ponds of Winchester's water supply. The larger parts of the north and middle reservoirs are in Stoneham, the south reservoir, with its island "gem," entirely in Medford's present bounds. To see them best, ascend the Lawrence tower and appreciate the wonderful outlook. Return by Whitmore road, take note, in the old pond site, of the great boulder and cedar tree growing upon it for four hundred

years — still there — then note how the road was cut through the dam's embankment, and trace the raceway, with Whitmore brook under the proposed railway, its bridge still unused, though built in 1850.

Or the curious one may come down, through a deep cut in the ledges from the south dam, and follow the course of the water main to Main street, then by "Bettys field," which long ago was devoted to the education of John Brooks; note on one side, the growing "Symmes park," on the other a new street southward and up hill, where the residences have a *backward* look toward the old "country road," with their modern garages in the hillside. At Symmes' corner note the two Symmes houses which were there at Winchester's incorporation, 1850, and one other near the edge of the Brooks estate. From there on for three-quarters of a mile, take in the beautiful view across the Mystic lakes, of Interlaken and Morningside and think what may be ere long when this now vacant farm land is developed beside Grove street, "the road through the woods to Upper Medford."

CAPTAIN JOHN LE BOSQUET.

[By Luther Richardson Symmes].

Captain John Le Bosquet was born in 1761. At the age of sixteen he entered the Continental army at Cambridge as piper. In 1777 he joined the northern army under his uncle, Lieutenant-Colonel John Brooks, and was in the movements and battles which terminated in the surrender of General Burgoyne. He was in the battle of Ticonderoga and brought away as trophy a fine field glass which he presented to the Brooks Phalanx, when that company was formed in Medford. On the surrender of Burgoyne in 1777, John Le Bosquet went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, and shared the hardships and privations of the army. His uncle, Lieutenant-Colonel Brooks, was with the army that winter, but the nephew said that being so ragged and dirty he

was ashamed to see his uncle. When he was a boy he had a great desire to see other countries. So, after his term of enlistment was up, he went as cabin boy on a merchant vessel; the vessel was captured as a prize by a British man-of-war and taken into Halifax. One day the captain sent a boat crew up the river for fresh water, after putting the prisoners down the hold, leaving only the captain on board; when the boat was gone the prisoners thought they would like to change places with the captain, which they accomplished, after a good deal of hard work, by putting the captain in the hold and piling wood over the hatchway to keep him safe; then they took a small boat and started for Boston. They found the boat too small for so long a voyage, and meeting a market boat coming into Halifax harbor, compelled an exchange of boats on the principle that exchange is no robbery. Le Bosquet's party kept as much food as was needed to carry them to Boston and put what was left, with the crew of the market boat, into their small boat, and passed on. After a tedious voyage they arrived safely in Boston.

Captain Le Bosquet was in France at the time of the revolution in 1792, and was indignant at the bloody work of Robespierre. To show his indignation, he took a brush dipped in red paint and drew it across the throat of a portrait of Robespierre, which hung in his cabin. Thus marked, he brought the picture home with him.

In the war of 1812 he was captain of a vessel and was taken prisoner again by the English and carried into Liverpool and detained more than a year. He visited almost every port in the East Indies and brought many valuable cargoes into Boston. In 1821 he was stricken with paralysis, which made him very lame, but he lived many years to be a pleasant and entertaining neighbor. He had a good farm, now owned by Marshall Symmes, Jr. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery once made a call at his house on their way to camp at Woburn and spent a pleasant hour, partaking of his good cheer. Captain John Le Bosquet died in April, 1844.

WAYMARKS.

The two we present have been at the roadside to Upper Medford for many years, but may not much longer be. In the present rapid development of the "Lawrence estates," the Chardon (pronounced Sherdon) Hall farm is built upon closely to Sugar-loaf hill. In old times a "wood road" from old Woburn street turned obtusely by the southern slope of the hill, and crossed a brook and extended up-hill into the forest. When the new road from *Elbow corner to Furness' corner* (now Winthrop square) was cut through the western base of the hill (which got its name from its shape), it crossed the angle of the wood road, which was called Lily pond lane. There is a hint as to John Albree's lost mill pond. At this point in recent years has been a sign, "Ledge Turnout": the loop in the Eastern Mass. R. R. track.

Note now (in lower view) the embankment built in 1850 for the Stoneham railroad, which was to connect with the Medford branch. Nature has been kind to it, as the growth of trees witness, also by their shadows upon the ice (at right). This was *not* on the old Middlesex canal, as has been erroneously said by some *who thought so*.

A pleasant ride through *present* Upper Medford may still be taken by comfortable trolley, not yet displaced by modern autobus; or the leisurely stroller can find the clean rock cut in the backward slope of Sugar-loaf hill, through which the Stoneham cars never came. But he will find that within the opposite *mile* of old Purchase street, where till within three years were only *two* houses, a new Upper Medford has come.

54,971 PEOPLE LIVE IN MEDFORD

The Fastest Growing City in the State

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, INC.

EBENEZER BROOKS—LE BOSQUET HOME

OLD CEDAR TREE

CURRENT EVENTS.

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of the organization of Post 66, on the afternoon and evening of August 21. Eight surviving members were present to participate: Alvin G. Reed, aged eighty-seven years, being the only living charter member. He, with his fellow "Comrades," welcomed many of Medford's oldest residents. The other seven were: Commander George L. Stokell, aged 83; Winslow Joyce, 84; Benjamin Lewis, 83; Charles O. Burbank, 84; Thomas Kelly, 86; Herman Green, 84; William J. Elsbree, 85. In the interim of reception the veterans enjoyed the social supper provided by the Woman's Relief Corps. Honor to our veterans!

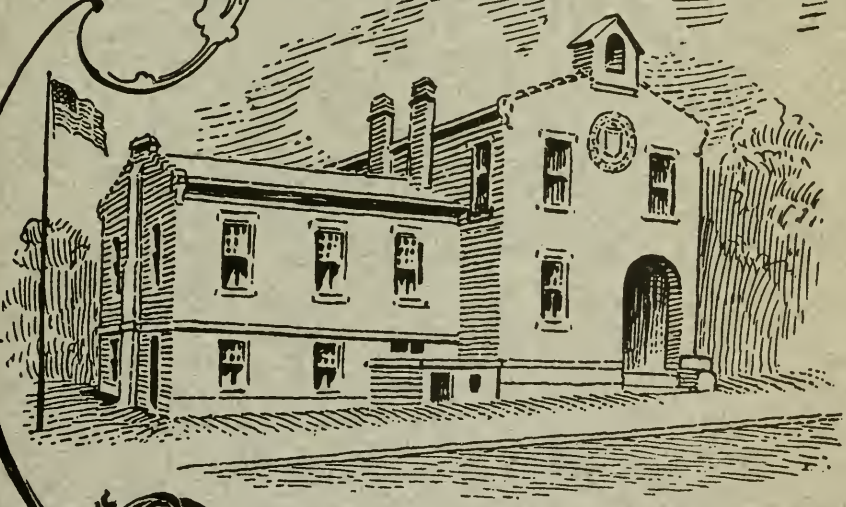
An enthusiastic welcome was given July 10 to Miss Amelia Earhart, well-known Medford girl, residing on Princeton street, when she returned to this city after flying across the ocean in the airplane "Friendship," being the first woman ever to cross the Atlantic in an airship. Over twenty thousand of Medford's residents, young and old, attended the reception which was given to her by this city at the Fulton Street Athletic Field. All along the route of the parade from Magoun square to Fulton street she was cheered and congratulated by thousands, who stood for over an hour waiting to see Medford's own girl flyer.

George D. Cummings, aged seventy-eight years, 209 Main street, first city auditor of Medford, passed away June 30, 1928, in the house where he was born. He was appointed city auditor on February 12, 1904, holding that position until 1920, during Mayor Benjamin Haines' administration. Mr. Cummings was well known in this city and was a member of Mt. Hermon Lodge of Masons.

—R. A. S.

Vol. XXXI.] [No. 4.

HISTORICAL REGISTER



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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

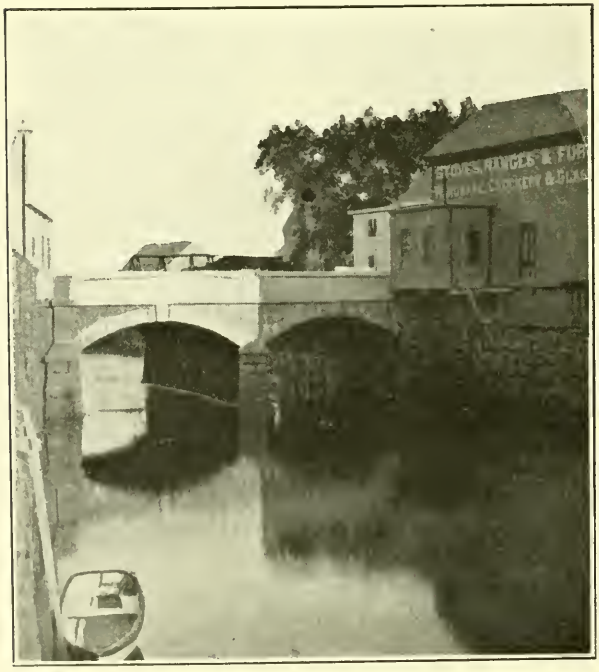
(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

OLD DRAWBRIDGE BEING DEMOLISHED

NEW ABUTMENT
(Cofferdam with pier begun)

NEW COMPLETE BRIDGE
(Looking up stream)



NEW COMPLETE BRIDGE
(Looking down stream)

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXXI. DECEMBER, 1928. No. 4.

EDWARD JOHNSON, THE PURITAN REPORTER.

THIRTY years ago the late James Hervey closed an interesting address with these words: —

I have tried to give you a glimpse of the Medford of sixty years ago. If you could find somewhere, in some way, a diary or journal of some Puritan Samuel Pepys, dating, say, back to 1650, recording the story of the building up of Medford — telling of the people, their ways and manners, their thoughts and experiences — what would we not give for it! The lack of such information leaves us in the dark as regards the earliest history of Medford. We only know, there was a Mr. Davison who represented Governor Cradock. Who his coadjutors or companions were and what they did — of this we know nothing, and never shall. They had no reporter.

We hardly think Mr. Hervey, in saying "never shall," was like the one reported to have said "I *will* drown, nobody *shall* help me." Instead he would have welcomed the help of the writing of one Edward Johnson, one of the "mixt multitude" who came over with Winthrop to Charlestown in 1630, and who wrote some of the earliest New England history. Read what he said in that early book of his (Chapter VII, "*Wonder Working Providence of Sion's Saviour*").

For richest gems and gainful things,
most merchants wisely venter
Deride not then New England men
this corporation enter
Chust calls for trade shall never fade
come Cradock's factors send
Let Mahue go and other mor
spare not thy coyne to spend
Such trades advance did never chance
in all thy trading yet
Though some deride thy loss abide
here's gaine beyond man's wit.

Rough "meeter" "rude verse" indeed, but cotemporary with earliest Medford, for Mayhew was Cradock's first agent who used so much "Red Wyne and Sack" which Cradock complained of to Governor Winthrop.

After a year's trading with the Indians, Johnson went back to England, returning with his family in 1636. During that time he had become a "religious man," a Puritan indeed, and after two years in Charlestown was one of the seven that traversed the little settlement, already called Meadford, up the valley of the Aberjona called Waterfield and later Woburn. He was its first town clerk. His habit of "dropping into poetry" is seen in his record's initial page, which is true to its Latin caption, telling the town's brief history.

RECORDS FOR THE TOWNE OF WOBURNE
FFROM THE YEAR 1640 THE 8 DAY OF TH 10 MONTH.

paulisper fui.

In peniles [pennyless] age I Woburne Towne began:
Charls Towne first mou'd the Court my lins to span:
To vewe my land place, Compild body [to] reare,
Nowell, Sims, Sedgwick, these my patrons were.
Sum fearing I'le grow great upon these grounds,
Poore I was putt to nurs among the Clownes,
Who being taken with such myghty things
As had been work of Noble Queens and Kings,
Till Babe gan crye and great disturbance make,
Nurses Repent they did her undertake:
One* leaues her quite; another† hee doth hie
To foren lands free from the Babyes crye:
To [two] more‡ of seamen seeing nursing prou'd so thwarte;
Thought it more ease of following the Carte.
A neighbor by§ hoping the Babe would bee
A pritty Girle, to rocking her went hee.
Too [two] nurses‖ less undaunted then [than] the rest
Ffirst houses finish, thus the Girle gane drest
Its rare to see how this poore Towne did rise

* Ezekiel Richardson.
† Thomas Graves.
‡ Samuel and Thomas Richardson.
§ Edward Johnson.
‖ Edward Convers, built at the mill; John Mourall, on Hilly Way.

By weakest means: two [too] weake in great ones Eys:
And sure it is, that mettells deere Extraction
Had neuer share in this poore Town's Erextion;
Without which metall and some fresh Supplys
Patrons conclud she neuer upp would rise,
If ever she amonst ladys haue a station,
Say 'twas from her Parents, not her education.
And now conclud the Lords owne hand it was,
That with weak means did bring this work to pass;
Not only Towne, but Sister Church to [too] ade [add]
Which out of dust and ashes now is had.
Then all inhabit Woburne Towne, may make
The Lord, not means, of all you undertake.

Like James Hervey we say what would we not give for a like description of Cradock's men coming into this nearer wilderness, and of their first house's finish. Perhaps as did Johnson, "Here 's gain beyond man's wit." When we read his account of the "Could bridge" and "Long bridge" where it was "soe boggy that it swallowed up much wood," we think of that Mr. Davidson had built in the previous year, over which the seven against the wilderness crossed, and of some of whose wood another Johnson (named Cleopas) secured.

It is told that Captain Johnson drew a plan of his town, and a certain speaker said: —

Would that we had it today. We could easily spared his "paulisper fui" and subsequent poetical effusion if he had substituted this first plan . . . left to perish.

A needless lament. That plot has been reproduced from Charlestown records, and also that part of the old town known as the Stinted pasture, now in Medford. See Register, Vol. XV, No. 2.

We give a short extract from Johnson's account of their first exploring experience: —

Like Jacobites laying them down to rest where night drew one, were presuaned by the good hand of the God with cherfull sperits though the heavens poured down raine all night uncessantly. Sum of the company lying under body of a great tree when the dayelight appeared, noe sooner was the last man come from under it, but it

fell doune to their amasment, being forced to dige out their food caught under it, it being soe ponderous that all the strength they had, cold not remove it.

And another of their first house's building: —

After they thus found out a place of abode they burrow themselves in the Earth for their first shelter under some Hill-side, casting the Earth aloft upon Timber; they make a smoaky fire against the Earth at the highest side, and thus these poore servants of Christ provide shelter for themselves their Wives and little ones, keeping off the short showers from their Lodgings but the long raines penetrate through — yet in these poor Wigwames they sing Psalmes, pray and praise their God till they can provide them houses, which ordinarily was not wont to be with them till the Earth, by the Lord's blessing, brought forth Bread to feed them — every one that can lift a hawe to strike it into the Earth standing stoutly to their labours and tear up the Rootes and Bushes, which the first year bears them a very thin crop — and they have been forced to cut their bread very thin for a long season.

But the Lord is pleased to provide for them great store of Fish in the Spring time and especially Alewives about the bignesse of a Herring many thousands of these they used to put under their Indian Corne — and assuredly when the Lord created this Corne hee had a speciall eye to supply these his peoples wants with it, for ordinarily five or six graines doth produce six hundred.

As for flesh they look not for any in those times — unless they could barter with the Indians for Venison or Rockoons whose flesh is not much inferiour unto Lambe, the toile of a new Plantation being like the labours of Hercules never at an end.

Oh, shade of Edward Johnson! Would that you had stayed at Mr. Cradock's farm and been chronicler of Meadford house as it then was, even in Mayhew's time, when Deputy Governor Dudley had quarrel with Governor Winthrop over your Indian trade.

"*A little while I have been.*"

We are thankful Johnson recorded what Woburn's *short time* history had been in his rude English and quaint baby conceit, rather than in classic Latin for us to struggle with. We had to dig out the old Latin grammar of our school days of 1857 to successfully get there.

A BIT OF A BEAM.

In 1879 a middle-aged man, christened Cleopas Johnson, stood gazing nonchalantly at a crew of workmen as they dug at a portion of an ancient structure embedded in the mud on the north side of the Mystic river. Slowly before his eyes the original foundation of Cradock bridge, which Governor Cradock's men laid in 1637–38, was unearthed. The method of construction became more clear as the mud was drawn forth, and the onlooker pondered seriously over the beams which the workmen were removing, for in addition to a quantity of brush one foot thick and four to five feet long laid at right angles with the river below water-mark, there lay large elm logs. On these was built an abutment of roughly hewn and squared logs, some oak, and laid in alternating rows.

A log was tossed aside on the marsh. Quietly the observer picked it up and raised it to his shoulder and walked on towards his house. "What are you going to do with that, Cope?" was asked of this carpenter, shipbuilder and friend. "I don't know," was the reply, but the result of his concentration was fruitful, for there was moulded a treasure box 13" x 10½" x 4½", which not only holds interest today as an heirloom, but also as an interesting piece of wood whose knots and grain are very detailed in the preserved state.

This box, or at least its wood, has been a silent server in history for many years. In 1631 the General Court gave Governor Winthrop a grant for Ten Hills farm, and as early as 1631 a bridge over the Mystic was under consideration, and this was to be considered as a private enterprise of Matthew Cradock. Its realization came in 1637–38. Following that time, and on until 1805, the bridge was ever under the court's observation, in that having become a public expense many problems arose in regard to taxes, tolls and repairs. Due to the soft bottom of the river on the west side, there was a serious weakness in the bridge's construction base, thus many and frequent repairs were necessary. The first records

of the General Court which mention this bridge are those of the 22d of May, 1639, wherein it was decreed that the county finance the final charges for the construction, thus making it a public expense. As a reimbursement, Cradock was freed from county rates for one year. Records of October 10, 1641, October 17, 1643, May 6, 1646, March, 1647–48, October 27, 1648, indicate decrees for repairs, as well as sanctions for the final steps necessary in making this bridge and its construction costs a public charge.

On May 18, 1663, there arose the problem of collection of tolls: "If any person or persons shall appear that will engage sufficiently to build, repair and maintain the bridge at Mystick, at his or their proper cost and charges, it shall be lawful, and all and every such person or persons so engaging, are hereby authorized, and have full power to ask, require, and receive of every single person passing over said bridge one penny, and for every horse and man sixpence, for every beast two pence, and for every cart one shilling, and this to continue so long as the bridge shall be sufficiently maintained as aforesaid."

There is no record of such a benefactor's appearance, as the County Court had jurisdiction over the bridge, and December 30, 1656, a committee was appointed to consider defects in the bridge, and to recommend methods for repairing.

Not until July 17, 1668, does there come further mention of the bridge, thus indicating a state of apparent calmness in the valley town. At that time there arose a consideration of measures for dividing the expenses of maintenance of the bridge between the towns of Woburn, Reading, Medford and Malden. These towns, it was agreed, were to pay to Charlestown five pounds in corn or the like for mending offerings. Charlestown was to mend the south half of the bridge (the whole being $77' 2\frac{1}{2}''$). From June, 1672–1715, there was a continual unrest in the court, due to the lack of actual support for maintenance by the neighboring towns, each desiring to be rid

of the burden. In 1725 Charlestown sold to Aaron Cleveland and Samuel Kendall a piece of upland, including the way to the bridge. In 1736 Charlestown was fined five shillings and ordered to pay fees and costs of thirteen pounds, eight shillings and two pence as due on repairing. In 1754, by the annexation of Charlestown (part adjoining the south bridge) Medford assumed this share of expense. Then late as 1766 there was an attempt to get aid from Woburn, Reading and Malden. July 7, 1761, for twenty-six pounds, thirteen shillings and four pence of lawful money Woburn was freed of her burden. Little did the inhabitants realize that one loose bridge plank might have been fatal not only to Paul Revere, but also America and the United States which were to be.

By 1794 there were plans for the rebuilding of the bridge, this time a drawbridge. It was to be thirty feet wide, four pairs of seven spoils, to have an arch in the center of the twenty-six-foot clearing, and a draw of like width (individuals at the expense of it). The south abutment was to be taken up so as to make a sixty-six-foot water course, and the whole new bridge was to be three feet higher than the old one. Private parties gave initial subscriptions of $280.00, and May 3, 1805, the town instructed that the construction go on with town support.

May 20, 1807, it was decided that a toll of twelve and one-half cents be charged for opening and closing the draw. On May 20, 1809, the price of opening was set at ten cents a lighter and twenty cents a vessel or schooner, such as were being built at Yards 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, all of which were located above the draw; in fact ships of more than one thousand tons were built above the bridge. James A. Hervey tells of one of Paul Curtis' (Yard 7) ships grounding while going through the draw and being forced to stay till the next tide. Prior to 1829 some thirteen vessels had been built above the bridge. However, by May 12, 1817, there came a report from a town committee decreeing that the draw was no more to be raised

"until a sufficient sum be raised by individuals and paid over to the agent or agents of the town" for repairs. From May 4, 1829, to 1834 there was a continual discussion as to whether or not a new drawbridge should be constructed. In 1838 a report advocated widening the draw, and due to an 850 tons burden ship of Mr. Curtis the draw was necessarily altered in 1845. From then on ship building above the bridge ceased, and no further discussions arose until the final grant was given for the building of the present stone bridge, which was built in 1880.

Thus from a small, inconspicuous wooden structure spanning the Mystic, its entrance hung with drooping branches of the trees by the water's edge, to the stone structure of today, over which the flow of humanity in buses, autos, electric cars and frequent wagons is limitless and undeterminable, this bridge grows. And too, we have the locks which open, especially during the summer, to allow proud motor-boat owners to waver through in their tour of the basin from the lakes, on around "Labor in Vain point" and thence to the open sea, passing only under the Malden (Wellington) bridge, which was the first to be built after the Cradock, and which also served as a draw.

Could "Cope" have realized the changes which would take place before this article might appear? If he did his thoughts and prophecies are probably stowed up in this "treasure box."

—ELIZABETH C. SONIER, Jackson '28.

THE DRAWBRIDGE AT MEDFORD.

As a Medford boy my recollections of the old drawbridge are quite vivid. As I remember, on crossing it, walking, one noticed that it was slightly higher at the center, sloping off gradually to the abutting sides. The flooring was of heavy planking, and the foot-walks along

the sides of planking that left little spaces between each plank so one could look down and see the river glisten. A rail fence separated the foot-walk from the roadway, and a picket fence on the outside protected from falling into the river. Four strong posts, very high, two of these at each of the abutting ends, held heavy chains which were attached to riveted rings in the flooring near the middle, and passing up through pulleys in the top of the posts, sagged down to the boxed machinery for lifting. When the flooring had been lifted outward to vertical it allowed a clear passage through for a vessel. The whole of the woodwork was a red-brown, freight-car color. In 1880 a new stone bridge was built here to replace the old. The need for a drawbridge became obsolete; the building of vessels up the river had ceased. The bridge had long served the purpose for which it had been built.

An interesting reminiscence to me was the view up and down the river. Often I went over and climbed the inner fence and watched the vessels and tow-boats coming up at high tide — vessels loaded with coal and lumber, having been towed from Boston up the Mystic. The scene was indeed a lively one, and picturesque.

— F. H. C. W.

"CRADOCK BRIDGE — 1637-1880."

Such is the legend deeply cut in the granite parapet on either side of Main street between the city's offices and Mystic Valley parkway. Theoretically, these tablets mark the boundary line between old Charles'-Town and the *older* Medford. In saying *older* we speak advisedly, and historically correct, because in 1628 a company of seven men took a walk through the wild woods from the newly settled Naumkeeke, and here beside the river found a company of Mr. Cradock's at work in their new plantation. Leaving them, they passed over the stream, into "an uncouth wilderness full of stately timber" which had been the dwelling place of barbarous

"Indians called Aberginians." Two years later there came a fleet of ten vessels from England, and around the coast from Naumkeeke, to colonize "the Massachusetts," and settled first in that uncouth wilderness, calling it by the king's name, Charles' Town. In process of time the government they established decided that "Charlestown bounds should extend eight miles out into the country," so it entirely surrounded the settlement those explorers found in 1628, and which the all-governing court had in 1634 defined as Mr. Cradock's farm. These granite blocks mark what was the boundary line of two old New England towns for over a century, but are now near the civic and business center of the "fastest growing city in the state."

We have mentioned its beginnings, and leaving to others the telling of its interesting history of two centuries, tell something of a more recent time. We are told that some kind of provision was made for passage of vessels *through* this bridge in 1804, but in 1829 the selectmen made contract with Samuel Chitenden at an expense of $1,500.00 for a suitable draw as good as that at Warren bridge in Charlestown. This was of the bascule variety, as the contractor was allowed the use of the pig-iron used for ballast on the former draw, and was to build half at a time, so as not to interrupt travel. Ten years later the town report shows that Enoch Plummer widened the draw to Great Bridge, as per agreement, three feet for $400.00. There was additional expense of $42.20, which included "1257 lbs Pig Iron for ballast and *two dollars* for putting on same." We think he earned his money, as did Nathan Wait the previous year, "June to December hoisting draw to Great Bridge $6.75." So the name Cradock bridge is of a later time in its history.

After fifty years of service, *i.e.*, in 1879, Medford, in town meeting, voted to build a permanent bridge of stone instead of continuing the drawbridge, ship building having ceased upon the Mystic river. And now, after the lapse of another half century, the multitude that pass to

and fro over it scarcely know or notice that they are crossing a bridge, and very few can remember its erection.

At various times during that work photographic views were secured, some of which we reproduce. Looking up stream we see the draw being demolished, and note the four tall posts through whose sheaves the lifting chains passed downward to the windlass which raised each leaf to its nearly vertical position. Below, on each side, are seen the "spoils," *i.e.*, piling with white-oak caps that supported the pivotal edge of each leaf of the draw. Note also the intervening space that was between this piling and the abutment, and under that section of the bridge floor was the counter-balancing section weighted with pig-iron. Lower down and a little up stream is shown the temporary bridge used during the construction. The selectmen secured the services of W. W. Blaisdell as engineer, and contracted with Nicholas White to construct the bridge for $10,200.00 in seventy calendar days from the opening of the temporary bridge. This was a narrow structure, and required watchmen at either end to keep it safely an open way, and over it were water-pipes for temporary use, also.

Work on the central pier and southern abutment was much delayed but at last completed, and the segmental arches turned and the new Main street and sidewalks laid between the parapets which we see today. These were designed by Marshall Tidd, the eminent engineer of Woburn. Owing to delay and some litigation and suit of contractor, it was not till the annual report of the selectmen for 1883 that it was found the total expense of this was $16,353,68.

We are presenting views of the completed work, as then seen from both directions, that are well worth examination after the lapse of forty-eight years, as it looks differently there today. First came the improvements along the Mystic valley, made by the Metropolitan Commission. The Mystic river has, with its upper reach of the Aberjona and various other tributary streams

above Cradock bridge, a water-shed of forty-five square miles. Some of its remote corners are in North Woburn, Stoneham, Belmont, Arlington, North Cambridge and the nearer *appendix* of Somerville. Through the latter flowed (to and fro) the serpentine and sluggish Menotomy river, commonly called Alewife brook. In this latter the sanitary conditions were bad and rapidly growing worse. For a full and technical as well as enlightening description of these we refer the reader to Engineer Freeman's report of 1904, in which is outlined the remedy planned and since executed by the Commission. We find a new channel, the river widened and another span added to the bridge, a dam 16 feet high across the old channel above the bridge, and four others 100 feet long and 6 feet high above the first. At the end of the new channel and below is a lock 40 feet long, with gates, and beside it the inclined planes over whose rollers small boats may also be carried. Enclosed in the higher and main dam is a group of automatic gates which close securely when the in-coming tide reaches an elevation of 6½ feet above "Boston base." Soon the overflow of the river ceases at the four upper weirs and rises but little in the recurrent interval of tide. When it is noticed that at the time of the "Portland storm" (1898) the water at the Jerome street bridge was at an elevation of 14.80 and usual spring tides at about 13, it will readily be seen that the engineer's figures and plans resulting in the restraining and improving work have been much worth while and successful. Medford people of today hardly realize the conditions of that time and would be surprised at photographs then taken.

After a time the lock gates were provided with electric motors and suitable shelter constructed upon the wall of the lock. As a later improvement, Main street was widened and consequently the bridge, and its up-stream parapet moved over to its edge.

We must not enter further into the building of the parkway, or the dredging of the upper river to a uniform depth up to Wear bridge; our space forbids. Having

told the story of the bridge through its recent evolution we commend a view from it in either direction, or a motor-boat trip thereon to Mystic lake, or a ride up the parkway.

WAYMARKS.

We closed "WAYMARKS" in last issue thus: —

"54,971 PEOPLE LIVE IN MEDFORD."
"*The Fastest Growing City in the State.*"

quoting from Chamber of Commerce issue.

Now that Medford is three centuries old we quote others from one of its earliest printed annuals (1839), when its people were about 2,400. This ninety-year-old pamphlet of twenty-four pages, with several of long-ago years, has come to our Society from some unknown donor, to whom thanks are due (and here expressed). It is clearly printed on substantial paper, and only on its blue cover is its title.

The fiscal year closed on February 15, so this was ready for the old-time "March meeting" of 1840.

The year 1837 is reported to have been one of "hard times" and financial depression, but in 1839 Medford had more than doubled in population since the ship-building industry came with Thatcher Magoun, who in 1839 was the largest tax payer. No *reports* of various town officers (save the auditor's certificate) are given. Those began a few years later, by special vote of the town. The title of the book is "Statement of Receipts and Expenses of the Town," etc. Its first page gives the entire receipts of the treasurer, George W. Porter, to have been $9,949.52, which included his opening balance, $231.07, from previous year. His first receipt (in March) shows that Jotham Stetson paid $1.00 for rent of beach on South street. Here is a way-mark. Mr. Stetson began his ship building there in 1832, but there was no Winthrop street or bridge there till years later, and $1.00 looks like a nominal rent for a ship yard, even ninety years ago.

Next is $1,500.00 from Phebe Porter on note of four months, probably in the usual way of "borrowing money in anticipation of taxes." The collector was D. Lawrence, who turned in the "net amount of taxes," $7,648.36. Sale of fish rights; two payments from the state, $64.97; school fund, $84.98; pauper account; the rent of stores and reading-room in town house, and several items of J. Q. Adams' engine, watering ships, complete the list.

Then follows the disbursements, which are itemized under the following heads: —

Public Schools	$2,848.50
Support of Poor and Almshouse	1,324.47
Highways, Bridges, etc.	1,765.09
Fire Department	784.58
Notes Payable and Interest	2,428.38
Salaries, Fees, etc.	300.18
Miscellaneous Accounts	223.64
On Account of Lawsuits	274.99
	$9,949.83

The names of the selectmen do not appear, but Oliver Blake was town clerk, and he with John Clough and Joseph James as auditors, after reporting "Probable amount of outstanding demands on the town, exclusive of cost of new engine and hose, $1,200.00," certify that the foregoing account is correctly entered and cast, papers vouched, and balance of fifty-one cents due the treasurer.

Oliver Blake was paid for a previous year's service $50.00; for recording 156 births and deaths, $10.38. He also prepared this annual statement and superintended its printing. His services for this and being auditor was $16.00, and the other auditors together, $23.00. It cost $27.50 for paper, printing and binding 350 copies of the previous year's statement, and $2.00 for a "notification box," probably a little glass-front closet beside the town-house door for posting the town warrants.

The Great bridge had repairs of $62.04, and its draw widened three feet for $442.20, and there was $60.00 expense for a stone trough and drain at the town pump, not to mention the usual repairs on the pump.

Darius Wait was surveyor of highways, which cost, from March to June, $1,036.74. George Porter furnished ten pounds of powder, $2.00, and oil for street lamps, February 6 to November 14, $14.06. Medford streets couldn't have been very well illuminated then, even for part of the year.

It is said statistics are dry reading, but these we have quoted are certainly illuminating.

Thatcher Magoun had already built his unique palace (now the library), and a few years before was erected the fine mansion of Billy Gray. Down High street and close to the river was the "Orthodox Church," built in 1824, a new departure in architecture for Medford, and in 1833 came another classic structure, called the town hall, at an expense of over $10,000.00.

In the account of disbursements only that $1,500.00 note appears in payment of principal, leaving a balance of $928.38 that Medford paid for interest on its current debt. How much of this was for that structure that got the name of Medford Parthenon we cannot say, and hereby hangs a tale.

In the account of lawsuits, $90.00 was paid to A. W. Austin for three years' fee as attorney, and $75.00 to Rufus Choate on January of 1839; besides to Sheriff Abiel Holden $109.99 for cost of "Writ of Possession in favor of First Parish *versus* Town" on July 23.

The published account of Steward Aaron Blanchard is interesting, and indicative of what the town hall was used for beside the town's meetings. Formerly these had been held in the same place where Medford's people came for public worship, *i.e.*, the *town's* meeting house, but after the organization of the First Parish the selectmen found that closed against them, and Thomas Pratt, who opened that house for a town meeting on May 17,

1826, was sued for trespass, and on trial the chief justice maintained the right in law of the parish to the property, so these lawsuit items are the aftermath of much rancor and the differences of the time. In 1830 another church society had been formed, the "Universalist," and soon erected its meeting house on Forest street. The First Parish had also built a house for its minister on High street, and in this same year of 1839 erected a new and stately edifice after the demolition of the "old third meeting house."

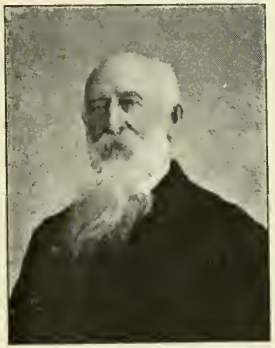
Read what Parson Stetson's son Thomas (then nine years of age) said in REGISTER, Vol. XVII, p. 77: —

> I saw it pulled down. It had a high pointed spire above its open belfry. At the belfry carpenters sawed the upright posts through, and by a rope attached high above, the crowd below pulled and swayed. The spire trembled, tottered and fell with a loud crash. The great brazen rooster left its pintle, flew its first and last flight and fell at the feet of Sam Swan, who captured it and carried it home.
>
> Where is that bird now? It ought to be in the headquarters of the Historical Society. Sam was the son of Mrs. Peggy Swan who lived in the west half of the Bartlett house. Maybe some Swan knows of it.

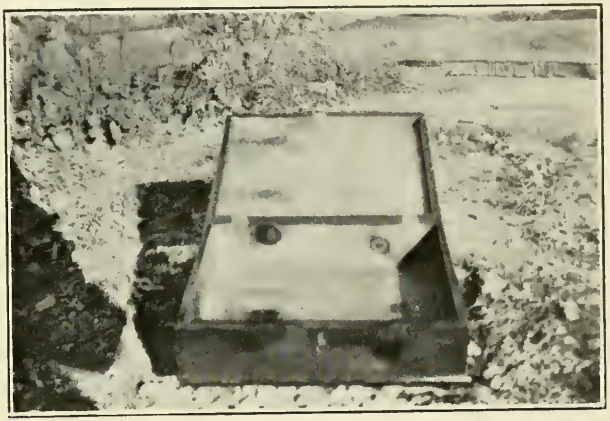
Who the architect of the new building was we cannot say, but the builder was Oakman Joyce, whose work was remarkably good, and its destruction by fire much regretted.

The old bell, cast by "Revere," and Medford's first town clock, presented to the town by Mr. Brooks in 1810, were carefully removed and installed in their new places ere its completion. These at last shared in the general conflagration.

Eight pages give 756 taxpayers' names (123 non-resident). Collector's fee $94.71—about 12½ cents each. Of the tax rate then we cannot tell. Medford does a several million dollar business today.



CLEOPAS JOHNSON



HIS TREASURE BOX

OLD TOWN HALL IN CIVIL WAR TIME

THE

MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER

VOL. XXXII, 1929

PUBLISHED BY THE
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MEDFORD, MASS.

MEDFORD
J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER

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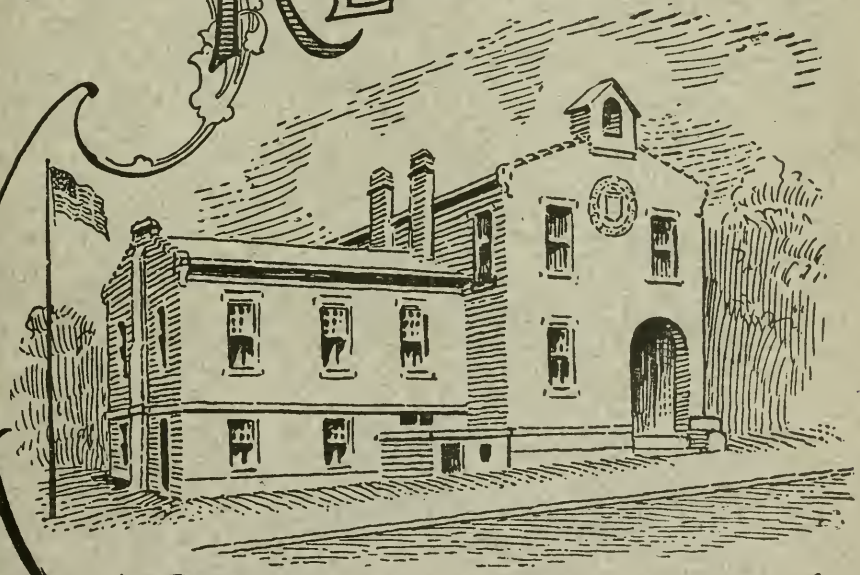

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

Fred A. C. Woolley
1904

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXXII. MARCH, 1929. NO. 1.

EDITOR'S FOREWORD.

AS we write Vol. XXXII, we realize it to be a new year of our Society's publication and that this issue completes our twenty-first year of unexpected service — we have "become of age." Looking at the Society's seal we note that 1896 shows its age to be thirty-three years — what was in former days considered an average of human life. During those years eight men have served as our presidents, five of whom are still with us, though our membership has greatly changed.

At our organization, interest in Medford's history was at a low ebb, but by our pageant presentation "On the Banks of the Mystic" it became awakened. Then, in our exuberantly successful days, a historical quarterly was suggested.

Forty years had elapsed since the publication of the "Brooks' History of Medford" and then there was much regret that it had not been issued sooner, and in the reprint by Usher public expectation was disappointed, as but little was added for the thirty ensuing years. Our REGISTER does not claim to be a history of Medford, but has been fortunate in its earlier years in the preservation of papers and addresses by Judges Wait and Harlow, James Hervey, John H. Hooper, Schoolmasters Cummings, Dame, Cushing, Morrison, Doland and Morss; and of "honourable women not a few": Wild, Gill, Sargent, Plummer, Wait and Saxe — how we might extend the list! They must excuse us and be sure of our thoughtful regard. But during the thirty-one years the REGISTER has devoted itself to the preservation as well as the gathering of such matter as makes Medford's history and has laid stress on the correctness of its published articles.

And now Greater Boston is planning for its Tercentenary observance in 1930, and the nearby surrounding towns and cities (including Medford) are expected to, and probably will, join, though in several were a few scattered settlers prior to the coming of Governor Winthrop's colony. We heartily wish we could furnish a clear, authentic account of the settlement made here beside the Mistick which the three Sprague brothers found in 1628, when they journeyed from Salem to the "uncouth wilderness" to which Winthrop came in 1630 on the "Arbella." Coming at their own charge to that earlier colony first called by the Indian name Naumkeeke, they went with four others by the approbation of Governor Endicott "on foot S. W. through the woods," by Indian trail, — the advance scouts of the new colony.

We trust that the "old Boston" celebrators will remember that there had come these *earlier* settlers that had "pallisaded houses" and orchards near them that had required years to grow when Winthrop moved over from Charlestown at William Blaxton's invitation, and we may well remember that Samuel de Champlain explored the coast of "New France" from Nova Scotia to Vineyard Sound, and noted the confluence of the Charles and Mystic rivers and mapped it before Captain John Smith called it New England.

Several years ago a series of descriptive articles relating to Medford were in our local paper. When completed the writer preserved *ten* copies, one of which is in our Society's library. Recent requests have been made by other libraries for the same and for their reproduction in the REGISTER. To the latter we are partially acceding in the following, which is number thirty of the series. We call especial attention to the reproduction of Mr. Woolley's view of the Second meeting-house and to Mr. Hooper's instructive map—well worth examination and frequent reference.

LITTLE WALKS AND TALKS ABOUT MEDFORD.

We had gone over Meetinghouse brook when we closed our last walk, and the talker trusts that his hearers have carefully looked at the map he gave them. Now, before we proceed, turn and take a look backward at the meeting-house beside the brook that used to be called Marrabel's from the name of a near resident. Perhaps you have heard it called Marble brook, but Meetinghouse is the name that has clung to it. The boys used to call it Smelt brook, and with good reason. It was a Medford boy that made our picture, too, for he loved to stroll beside the brook and up into the woods. You can see the gathering people, and Parson Turell's house at the bend of the road. Notice the fording place beside the bridge, and the horse block where riders dismounted. But for the headgear worn, we might think the one beside it was one of the young women of the present year, instead of one of the sober citizens of 1755—deacon, perhaps.

Now we will resume our walk, not stopping for any refreshment at the tavern at the right, one of the earliest in Medford. We know that, because a traveller in 1686 wrote that he once "took sanctuary there, where was some extraordinary good Cyder." Very likely there was something stronger — "aquavitæ," perhaps, for another described it as "a groggy old hole." We will take their word for it and walk up the hill which has long been called "Marm Simonds." Whether school marm or not, we do not say, but the road was steeper to climb in 1754 than now. In our walks we have been here before and seen the first meeting-house, not so stately as this we have just left. A few houses have been built since that time which we pass by and nearly reach the top of the hill as the road lies. Here it divides, but we notice no guideposts. Squarely to the left is a lane leading to a landing place on the river at the foot of the rocky eminence we of today call Rock hill. Directly ahead is

another, apparently more used, but the country road here turns to the right. At the left, beyond the lane, is a two-story square house, that of John Bradshaw, where the first church in Medford was gathered on February 11, 1713. This house is standing today, moved a little way and somewhat enlarged. It is, perhaps, the only one of today that dates back to 1754, as the few old ones now left are of later construction. Just across the way and on the left of the country road were houses then, but they are long gone. In time this locality came to be known as Brooks' corner. But earlier, the middle way was called the "way to the weare." Conditions changed a century ago and this way became the continuation of High street, but for our present walk we will continue up the old "Obornrode," i. e., Woburn street. A little way on, note on the map Sugar-loaf lane and the brook beyond the Sugar-loaf hill, which is a branch of the one we crossed. Our Wyman street is at this point. We continue to walk a little up hill and winding to and fro to avoid the outcropping ledges, and then down hill again till we cross another brook called by the name of the pious deacon, Whitmore. Having crossed it, the road follows the course of the brook around another hill on the left. At a point where is now the entrance to Oak Grove cemetery, road and brook part company. Were we to follow the brook to its source, we would come to Bear meadow, and even now, a hundred and eighty years later, find the remains of the dam and raceway of an old mill which was once on Whitmore brook. Farther on, beyond the old mill pond, is a great boulder, on the top of which, with no sign of earth about it, is growing a red cedar tree which scientific men say is over four hundred years old. A half mile more of the old road and we come to Symmes corner where were a few houses, the center of Upper Medford, as this section of Charlestown was called after the annexation. Then, its residents were relieved of the journey to Charlestown to church service and town meeting. Another half-mile,

near the Black-horse tavern, the boundary line of Woburn crossed the road, and also crossing Aberjona river, extended westward and turned at an obtuse angle, near the present site of the Episcopal church in Winchester. Then the line, by two turns, enclosed an almost square tract and reached the Aberjona again at present Wedgemere.

Near that point were the mills of William Symmes, his mill dam just above the present bridge of the Mystic Valley parkway. There in later years were factories of various kinds, and at the time the Medford history was written was known as "Baconville."

Now let us retrace our steps through the Upper Medford that was created by the annexation in 1754. Blackhorse tavern was a famous one, just across the line in Woburn. Up hill from it was the Thompson farm where historian Brooks climbed the Pecker apple tree and thought it the original Baldwin — but was mistaken. At Symmes corner were the homes of several brothers of that name, descendants of the Reverend Zechariah Symmes. Another was that of Caleb Brooks. Here his son, John Brooks (governor of Massachusetts for seven years), was born; but before the annexation, while the locality was in Charlestown. A good view of this house is in the Usher history of Medford, then the home of Marshall Symmes, the last of the 1818 Club of Medford. Leaving Symmes Corner, let us return by another road, shown on the map as Grove street, and still so called. It is one of the oldest roads we have, being that from Cambridge to Woburn, and connecting with that from Medford at this point. There were probably no houses in 1754 along this road, for a mile and a half; nor are there today, saving only the stone house of the late Peter C. Brooks at the top of the hill, and his stone farmhouse in the turn of the road. We regret that Mr. Hooper did not show these two roads beyond the original Medford line. A comparatively straight line continuing the "Woburn road" and another somewhat curved like the

Aberjona's course, would enclose a triangle; its apex at Symmes corner.

In 1850 the town of Winchester was incorporated. Note on map that part of Medford's acquisition of 1754 which was given to Winchester and also that a little of Medford's original territory (Mr. Cradock's farm) also was taken. The boundary line passes through the Brooks estate between the house and stable, the latter in Winchester.

We are back in the old early Medford again, but will finish this walk by and by.

— M. W. M.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Early in March a fire damaged the building on Canal street, West Medford, now used as a dwelling but which was originally the fire station for that part of the city. We are indebted to the *Medford Mercury* for the following facts regarding this building. It was built in 1873, from a city appropriation. At that time there was only one piece of apparatus, a reel mounted on wagon wheels and drawn by hand. As there was then no alarm system, whoever discovered a fire had to give the alarm by ringing the church bell or the station bell. The company, of twenty men, were volunteers, and often so much time was consumed in giving the alarm and collecting the men that by the time the fire fighters arrived the property could not be saved.

When the new station at the corner of Harvard avenue and Bower street was built, in 1913, the old building was abandoned and was then made over into a dwelling house. After the fire an examination of the house showed that it had been substantially built of the best materials.

Captain Frank H. Walker, who is in charge of the West Medford fire station, has been connected with the department since 1882.

The Historical Society has received the gift of a settle. On February 7th and 8th the senior class of the high school gave as its class play "The Rose o' Plymouth Town." Many old-fashioned furnishings were needed, one of which was a settle. As there was none available, the boys of the wood-working department of the school made this settle, which is copied in a modified form from an illustration in one of Wallace Nutting's books.

It has been given to the society with the understanding that it will be loaned to any responsible person or organization that may need it to use in a play or pageant. —KATHARINE H. STONE.

WILLIAM BADGER LAWRENCE.

At the meeting of the Medford Historical Society held January 28, 1929, the following memorial having been read, it was, by rising vote, unanimously voted that the same be adopted and ordered printed in the REGISTER.

William Badger Lawrence, who died in Medford, December 13, 1928, bore a family name that has been prominently identified with his home city. He was the son of General and Mrs. Samuel C. Lawrence, who, with their kinsmen, will long be remembered as leaders in the life of their community, and its generous benefactors.

Born in Charlestown, November 16, 1856, he was descended on the maternal side from Giles Badger, who, with his two brothers, came from England in early days of the colony, and died in Newbury, January 11, 1647. His maternal great-grandfather was John Taylor, a captain in the Revolutionary War. His grandfather was the Reverend William Badger, a well-known Free-will Baptist minister of Maine, for whom he was named.

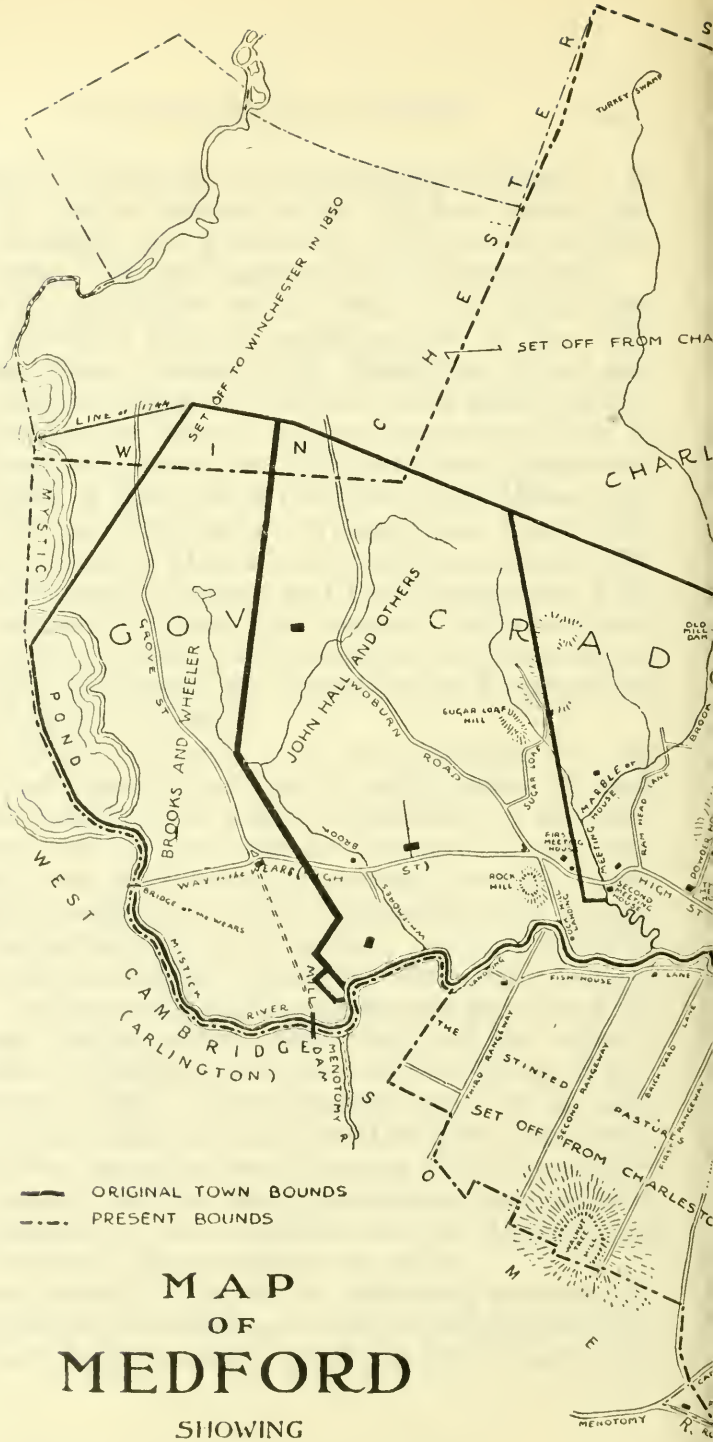
Mr. Lawrence was educated in the Boston Latin School, at Harvard College, and the Harvard Law School, from which he graduated in 1882. At the Latin School he was a Franklin Medal scholar, and in 1874–75 was colonel of the Boston school regiment at the two hundred

and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Boston. In college he was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa and Signet Societies, and graduated with honors with the class of 1879. In later years he traveled extensively.

After his admission to the bars of the State and Federal Courts in 1883, he began practice in the office of Nathan Morse, a leader of the Boston bar of that day. In his practice, which he carried on for many years at 18 Tremont street, Boston, he gave special attention to railroad and corporation law. He was for many years clerk of the board of directors of the Boston and Maine Railroad and of the Corporation. He was also a director and clerk of the Central Massachusetts Railroad, clerk of the Danvers Railroad Company and the Newburyport Railroad Company. He was also trustee of various estates. He always maintained a keen interest in the law, and was a member of the Boston Bar Association and a proprietor of the Social Law Library.

While busily occupied with his profession, he had time to participate actively in the public affairs of Medford. He served on the Board of Selectmen of the town, and from 1888 to 1890 was an Overseer of the Poor. In 1890 he was instrumental in securing from the Legislature the passage of the original appropriation of $50,000 for the suppression of gypsy moths. In 1891 and 1892 he represented Medford in the lower house of the General Court. In 1893 and 1894 he was senator from the First Middlesex District, which then comprised the cities of Somerville and Medford, and the towns of Arlington and Winchester. While in the House he served on the committee on the judiciary, probate and insolvency, and drainage. In the senate he was chairman of the committee on the treasury, and the joint committee on expenditures, and a member of the committee on the judiciary and floor chairman of the committee on rules.

He was especially active in promoting measures for the betterment of conditions in this municipality and the district, and against strong opposition gave notable sup-



MAP
OF
MEDFORD

SHOWING
TERRITORY ANNEXED TO AND SET OFF
THEREFROM, TOGETHER WITH ANCIENT
ROADS AND LANDMARKS

SET OFF FROM MALDEN
AND ANNEXED TO MEDFORD IN 1817
SET OFF FROM EVERETT
AND ANNEXED TO MEDFORD IN 1875
SET OFF TO MALDEN IN 1877
ANNEXED TO MEDFORD IN 1754
MALDEN
MEDFORD
EVERETT
WOODLOTS
PETER TUFTS
WADE
WILSONS FARM
MALDEN RIVER
(NORTH RIVER)
STONEHAM ROAD
FOUNTAIN HOUSE
SPOT POND
N

port to the passage of the Metropolitan Sewerage Act which has proved of such benefit in abating the sewage nuisance in the Mystic river and lower Mystic pond. He was a defender and supporter of Medford. In 1885–1889 he was largely instrumental in averting the threatened division of the town. Later he was a sponsor of the movement which secured the grant of the city charter.

In politics Mr. Lawrence was a Republican and active in the party organization, serving in 1891–1892 on the state committee. His ability as an organizer was shown in the canvass of the new Congressional district of that time. It was largely through his personal direction of the canvass that the enrollment of additional voters made the district Republican and assured the continual election of Samuel W. McCall to Congress. While a member of the General Court he took a large part in securing the election of Henry Cabot Lodge to the United States Senate. He secured, with others, a written agreement of a majority of the House and of the Senate—a majority of the whole General Court sitting in joint convention—to hold a caucus for the purpose of selecting a representative Republican candidate and to abide by the result. This was an innovation requiring courage and persistency. In 1904 he represented the Eighth Congressional District in the Republican convention which nominated Roosevelt and Fairbanks.

He was active in the Masonic Fraternity, and since 1896 had been a Thirty-third Degree Mason. He had been Past Master of Mount Hermon Lodge, Past High Priest of Mystic Royal Arch Chapter, Past Thrice Illustrious Master of Medford Council, Royal and Select Masters; Past Commander of Boston Commandery, Knights Templars; Past District Grand Master, Past Junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts; Past Deputy Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Massachusetts; Past Most Illustrious Grand Master of the Grand Council, Royal and Select Masters of Massachusetts, and also its Grand Treasurer.

Among other local affiliations he had served as trustee of the Medford Savings Bank, trustee of the Veteran Association of the Lawrence Light Guard, charter member and organizer of the Medford Club, and member of the Medford Historical Society. He had been a member of the University Club almost since its beginning, and was president of the Cape Cod Pilgrim Monument Association.

He married, on October 2, 1883, Alice May, daughter of J. Henry and Emily Nickerson Sears of Brewster, a lineal descendant of Richard Sears, who settled in Plymouth in 1623. He was survived by his wife and daughter Ruth, who live at the family home, Rural Avenue, Medford; by his daughter, Marjorie, wife of Melville T. Nichols of Gordon, Ga.; by two sons, William B. Lawrence, Jr., of Mount Dora, Fla., and Samuel C. Lawrence of Savannah, Ga.; a sister, Mrs. George L. Batchelder of Boston; and six grandchildren.

Such, in brief outline, was the life of William Badger Lawrence. In his death Medford lost a foremost citizen. He inherited and upheld the traditions of his family. He set his own standard of excellence, both in private practice and in public service. His was a full and useful life.

—RICHARD B. COOLIDGE.

OLD SHIPS AND SHIP-BUILDING DAYS OF MEDFORD.

By Hall Gleason.

CHAPTER IX.*

Later Clipper Ships.

After the California gold rush the demand for extremely quick passages ceased, as the prices for their cargoes declined, and the clipper-ship type was modified to increase their capacity. They were not as sharp, both forward and aft, as the California clippers, and consequently they were not as fast, especially with head winds. They were splendid vessels, however, and there were

* The names of Medford-built ships are italicized.

some fast records made to San Francisco from Boston and New York.

Among the owners of these vessels was Henry Hastings, who lived in West Medford for many years and whom many of us remember. A number of his ships were built in Medford, among them being the *Cutwater*, *Nellie Hastings*, *John Worster*, *Cashmere*, *Springfield*, *Madawaska* and *Pilgrim*, which was the last ship built here.

The *Cashmere* was built by James O. Curtis in 1869. She was a ship of 937 tons. An interesting account of her record and fate is found in the Henry Hastings room in the old State House and is as follows: —

First voyage, Capt. S. K. Kingman, sailed from Boston July 3d, 1869, for Batavia where she arrived Oct. 11, '69. Passage 100 days. This ship was changed into a bark in 1881. She encountered a typhoon in Van Dieman's Straits Sept. 12, 1885, and the seas, after all the masts were cut away, broke over the ship constantly and about midnight on the 12th Capt. Alexr. Nicolls and the 1st and 2nd mates were washed overboard and lost. Only one boat was saved; a part of the crew started for land, the remainder stayed by the ship for nine days, when they managed to make a raft of some broken spars and deck planks. When they left the vessel all the stores and provisions had been washed overboard with the exception of some pilot bread and a barrel of vinegar. The water tanks on deck were washed away, and many holes cut in the main iron tank, allowing the salt water to enter, thus spoiling the fresh water. Had it not been for the vinegar and pilot bread they would have starved. The crew however managed to reach shore, and after many days of hardship arrived in Nagasaki, Japan. Owing to the vessel being loaded with oil in cases the ship did not sink, although full of water, the air in the cans being sufficient to keep her afloat. The U. S. Naval ship at Nagasaki at that time, left for the wreck after learning of the disaster, but did not find her.*

Ship Yards.

1. Yard at the foot of what is now Foster's court, off Riverside avenue. It was first used by Sprague & James. The first vessel built here was the brig *Bocca Tigris*,

* The Bostonian Society Henry Hastings Collection.

180 tons, launched in 1816. This yard was afterwards used by John Taylor, Foster & Taylor, and finally by J. T. Foster. There were one hundred and thirty-three vessels built here.

2. Yard on Riverside avenue, opposite the end of Park street. Established in 1803 by Thatcher Magoun. (The first ship yard in Medford.) It was afterwards used by Curtis & Co., Paul & J. O. Curtis, Waterman & Ewell, and Hayden & Cudworth. B. F. Delano built two vessels here. One hundred and ninety-three vessels in all were built at this yard.

3. Yard on Riverside avenue, opposite the end of Cross street. Occupied first by Turner & Briggs in 1805. Later used by Calvin Turner, E. & H. Rogers, S. Lapham and George Fuller. There were sixty vessels built here.

4. Yard off Swan street, site of present city stables. Here James O. Curtis commenced ship building in 1839, and here he launched seventy-eight vessels. B. F. Delano built the pilot boat *Wm. H. Starkey* here in 1854.

5. Yard on the north side of the river, opposite the old high-school house on High street. Here George H. Briggs built the schooner *Fawn*, 100 tons, in 1845.

6. Yard on South street, opposite the end of Walnut street. Occupied first by James Ford, where he built the ship *Persia*, 372 tons, in 1815, and the brig *Abaellino*, used as a privateer in 1814. This yard was afterwards used by George Fuller. Twenty-nine vessels were built here.

7. Yard on South street, at the end of Curtis street. Here Paul Curtis established himself in 1839 and remained here until he removed his business to East Boston. Here he built twenty-seven vessels.

8. Yard on South street, just above Winthrop street bridge. Jotham Stetson built thirty-two vessels here between 1833 and 1853. Luther Turner built the bark *Elmwood*, 387 tons, here in 1854.

9. Yard on Auburn street, on land adjoining the Boston and Maine Railroad in West Medford. Here Peter

Lewis built the schooner *Charles Alston*, 98 tons, in 1845. The yard was known as Samuel Teel's yard.

10. Yard at Rock hill landing, at the foot of the hill. Probably used for the building of lighters.

CHAPTER X.

The following history of Medford-built vessels was compiled from the records of the Boston Marine Society, Boston, "History of Medford," MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER, and other sources: —

1803. **Mt. Aetna.** Brig, 187 tons. Owner, Melzar Holmes. Built by T. Magoun.
1804. **Medford.** Ship, 237 tons. Owner, John C. Jones. Built by C. Turner and E. Briggs.
1805. **Eclipse.** Ship, 343 tons. Owners, Thomas H. Perkins, James Perkins and James Lloyd, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by T. Magoun. One ship *Eclipse* of Salem sailed coast of Sumatra, cargo pepper, July 12, 1849, and never heard from.
1806. **George Augustus.** Ship, 247 tons. Owner, Nathaniel Goddard. Built by C. Turner and E. Briggs.
Pedlar. Brig, 224 tons. Owner, Timothy Williams. Built by T. Magoun.
Gulliver. Brig, 247 tons. Owner, Joseph Lee, Jr. Built by T. Magoun.
1807. **Eliza and Lydia.** Schooner, 100 tons. Owner, John Banister. Built by C. Turner and E. Briggs.
Commerce. Ship, 377 tons. Owners, John Holland and Nathaniel Howland. Built by C. Turner.
Creole. Brig, 147 tons. Owner, John Williams. Built by T. Magoun.
1808. **Reaper.** Brig, 284 tons. Owners, Andrew Cabot and Isaac Hinckley. Built by T. Magoun.
1809. **Ariadne.** Ship, 382 tons. Owner, Nathaniel Goddard. Built by C. Turner.
Gilpin. Brig, 209 tons. Owner, Andrew Leach. Built by T. Magoun.
Charon. Brig, 238.2 tons. Owner, P. P. Jackson. Built by T. Magoun.
Gipsy. Brig, 283 tons. Owner, Joseph Lee. Built by T. Magoun.
1810. **Mary and Frances.** Ship, 438 tons. Owner, Nathaniel Goddard. Built by C. Turner.
Cordelia. Ship, 425 tons. Owners, Pascal P. Pope, William H. Boardman, *et al.* Built by C. Turner.
Iris. Ship, 264.5 tons. Owner, Nathaniel Parsons. Built by C. Turner.
Sachem. Ship, 397 tons. Owners, John Holland and Ozias Goodwin. Built by T. Magoun.
1811. **George.** Brig, 177 tons. Owner, John Holland. Built by T. Magoun.
Margaret. Brig, 172 tons. Owner, Francis Welch. Built by T. Magoun.
Dolphin. Brig, 236 tons. Owner, Edward Cruft. Built by C. Turner.
Norfolk Packet. Ship, 360 tons. Owners, John C. Jones, *et al.* Built by C. Turner.
Marcellus. Ship, 385 tons. Owner, C. D. Coolidge. Built by C. Turner.
1812. **Emily.** Ship, 361 tons. Owners, Herman Leroy and William Bayard, *et al.*, of New York. Built by T. Magoun.
Tom Thumb. Brig, 133 tons. Owners, William Oliver and Thatcher Magoun of Medford. Built by T. Magoun.
Bob Short. Brig, 135 tons. Owner, ——. Built by T. Magoun.
Edward Foster. Brig, 184 tons. Owner, Edward Cruft. Built by C. Turner.
Ventrosa. Brig, 195 tons. Owner, Nathaniel Goddard. Built by C. Turner.
Rambler. Brig, 268 tons. Owners, Benjamin Rich, *et al.* Built by C. Turner.
Argonaut. Ship, 306 tons. Owners, Thomas W. Ward and Samuel Gray. Built by C. Turner. Registered Salem, November 5, 1817. One *Argonaut*, New York to Bremen, totally wrecked on Sand Reef off Heligoland, January 21, 1849.

1813. **Lark.** Brig, 175 tons. Owners, Lee & Cabot. Built by T. Magoun.

Griffin. Brig, 190 tons. Owner, ——. Built by T. Magoun.

Monkey. Brig, 193.5 tons. Owner, William Oliver. Built by T. Magoun.

Peacock. Schooner, 95.5 tons. Owner, Benjamin Rich. Built by C. Turner.

Paragon. Schooner, 157 tons. Owner, John Peters. Built by C. Turner.

Brant. Schooner, 65 tons. Owners, Joseph Freeland and Nathaniel R. Sturgis. Built by C. Turner.

Rambler. Brig, 317 tons. Owner, Benjamin Rich. Built by C. Turner. Letter of Marque. Built in thirty-six days for privateering.

1814. **Reindeer.** Brig, 381 tons. Owners, Benjamin Rich, *et al.* Built by C. Turner. Built in thirty-six days for privateering.

Abaellino. Brig, 144 tons. Owner, Joseph Lee, Jr. Built by James Ford.

1815. **Persia.** Ship, 371 tons. Owners, Henry Austin, *et al.*, New York. Built by James Ford.

Panther. Brig, 429 tons. Owners, William Ropes, *et al.* Built by T. Magoun.

Falcon. Brig, 236 tons. Owners, Winslow Lewis and T. Magoun. Built by T. Magoun. Rerigged to a bark. Condemned and sold at St. Thomas, March, 1833.

Pedlar. Brig, 125 tons. Owners, Joseph Cabot and Samuel Cabot. Built by T. Magoun. Capsized and lost at sea in 1828.

Courier. Ship, 388.5 tons. Owners, William Ropes, William Appleton, *et al.* Built by T. Magoun.

Ship. 320 tons. Owner, Joseph Lee. Built by T. Magoun.

Augusta. Ship, 344 tons. Owners, E. Brigham, J. D. and W. Williams, and Moses Williams. Built by C. Turner.

Avon. Brig, 388 tons. Owners, Benjamin Rich, *et al.* Built by C. Turner. Privateer in War of 1812. Built in twenty-six days for privateering.

Caton. Ship, 372 tons. Owners, Benjamin Rich, *et al.* Built by C. Turner.

Amsterdam Packet. Brig, 178 tons. Owners, Philip Marett, John Bryant, William Sturgis, *et al.* Built by C. Turner.

Adriana. Brig, 148 tons. Owner, Amos Brown of Duxbury. Built by C. Turner.

Paragon. Ship, 350 tons. Owners, Simpson, Clark, Bixby, Valentine, *et al.* Built by C. Turner. Sold to Salem. From New York, via Isle of May, wrecked, January 11, 1830, on the English bank, River Platte.

Swiftsure. Brig, 192 tons. Owners, J. Belknap, *et al.* Built by C. Turner.

1816. **Cadmus.** Ship, 319 tons. Owners, Benjamin Rich, *et al.* Built by T. Magoun.

Triton. Ship, 344.5 tons. Owners, David Hinckley and Edmund Monroe, *et al.* Built by T. Magoun. Warren, R. I., whaler in 1846.

Mexican. Brig, 264 tons. Owner, John Pratt. Buit by T. Magoun.

Orleans. Brig, 283 tons. Owners, John Pratt and Thatcher Magoun. Built by T. Magoun.

Governor Brooks. Brig, 244 tons. Owner, Nathaniel Goddard. Built by T. Magoun.

Telegraph. Ship, 391 tons. Owners, W. and N. Appleton, *et al.* Built by C. Turner.

Bocca Tigris. Brig, 180 tons. Owner, Joseph Lee. Built by Sprague & James.

1817. **Falcon.** Ship, 273 tons. Owners, Winslow Lewis and Thatcher Magoun. Built by T. Magoun. Whaler, New Bedford, 1846. Last report, 1884.

Adriatic. Brig, 145 tons. Owners, Caleb and William J. Loring and John A. Cunningham. Built by T. Magoun.

Ant. Schooner, 30 tons. Owners, Jacob Amee, *et al.* Built by Sprague & James.

Lascar. Brig, 207 tons. Owner, Joseph Lee. Built by Sprague & James.

Orion. Sloop, 100 tons. Owner, E. Cary. Built by George Fuller.

1818. **Java.** Ship, 295 tons. Owner, Benjamin Rich. Built by T. Magoun. Sold to New Bedford for a whaler. Abandoned in the Arctic Ocean, September, 1876.

Arab. Brig, 225 tons. Owners, Joshua Blake and Thatcher Magoun and Francis Stanton. Built by T. Magoun. Sailed from Boston in 1820 and never returned.

Mercury. Ship, 304 tons. Owners, Norwood & Nichols. Built by T. Magoun. Sold for a whaler (Stonington, 1846). Burned at island Oahu, Sandwich Islands, November 9, 1849.

Jones. Brig, 271 tons. Owners, George G. Jones and T. Magoun. Built by T. Magoun. Registered Salem, November 2, 1827. Rigged a bark, November, 1835.

George. Brig, 260 tons. Owner, John Pratt. Built by T. Magoun.

Archer. Brig, 261 tons. Owner, Joseph Lee, Jr. Built by Sprague & James.

Palmer. Brig, 307 tons. Owner, Joseph Lee. Built by Sprague & James. Lost at sea, December, 1835.

1819. **Halcyon.** Brig, 253 tons. Owners, L. Cunningham & Co. Built by T. Magoun. Condemned at Key West in 1830.

Sicily. Brig, 163 tons. Owners, Joshua Blake and Francis Stanton and Thatcher Magoun. Built by T. Magoun.

Truth. Sloop, 35.5 tons. Owner, Israel Lombard of Truro. Built by Sprague & James.

1820. **Tamahourelanne.** Brig, 163 tons. Owners, Josiah Marshall and Dixey Wildes. Sold to natives of Sandwich Islands in 1830. Built by T. Magoun.

Jones. Brig, 163 tons. Owners, Josiah Marshall and Dixey Wildes. Built by T. Magoun.

Governor Pinckney. Steamer, 90 tons. Owner, Sullivan. Built by Sprague & James.

Rasselas. Ship, 307 tons. Owners, Joseph W. Lewis, Samuel Austin and D. P. Parker. Built by Sprague & James. Sold foreign, November, 1842.

1821. **Danube.** Brig, 235 tons. Owners, Joshua Blake, Francis Stanton and T. Magoun. Built by T. Magoun. Altered to a bark in 1834.

Patent. Steamer, 98 tons. Owners, J. S. Sullivan and Richard D. Tucker. Built by T. Magoun.

Curlew. Brig, 181 tons. Owners, Joshua Blake, Samuel and Daniel Parkman. Built by George Fuller. Sold and Registered Salem, June 23, 1834. Salem for Havana, driven ashore on Bakers Island, Salem, by heavy swell and went to pieces on December 10, 1837.

Champion. Ship, 367 tons. Owner, Stephen Glover. Built by Sprague & James.

1822. **Nile.** Brig, 193 tons. Owners, Joshua Blake and Francis Stanton. Built by T. Magoun.

Cadet. Brig, 206 tons. Owner, Nathan Bridge. Built by T. Magoun.

Medford. Brig, 248 tons. Owner, Robert Roberts. Built by T. Magoun.

Topaz. Ship, 363 tons. Owners, Boston and Liverpool Importing Co. Built by T. Magoun.

Edward Newton. Ship, 312 tons. Owner, Samuel G. Perkins. Built by T. Magoun. Burned at sea about 1823.

Talisman. Brig, 241 tons. Owner, Enoch Silsbee. Built by E. and H. Rogers.

Creole. Brig, 230 tons. Owners, Henry Hall and John W. D. Williams. Built by E. and H. Rogers.

Niger. Brig, 205 tons. Owners, Henry Hovey and Francis Stanton, *et al.* Built by George Fuller.

Israel. Ship, 355 tons. Owner, Israel Thorndike. Built by Sprague & James. New Bedford whaler, 1846. Lost in Table Bay, South Africa, 1847.

Lucilla. Ship, 369 tons. Owners, D. P. Parker and Stephen Glover of Boston, and John Chandler, Jr., of Marblehead. Built by Sprague & James.

1823. **Mogul.** Ship 388 tons. Owners, Daniel P. Parker, Stephen Glover, George G. Jones and T. Magoun. Built by T. Magoun. New London whaler in 1846.

New England. Ship, 380 tons. Owners, D. P. Parker, Boston, and Arthur Berry, Gardiner, Me. Built by T. Magoun.

Clarion. Brig, 165 tons. Owners, Isaac Hall, Philip and Thomas Curtis, *et al.* Built by E. and H. Rogers. Marsala via Holmes Hole to Boston; in collision, January 5, 1826, and abandoned about eight leagues N. E. from Cape Cod. The brig Hyperion, the colliding vessel, was also sunk.

Lucretia. Schooner, 72.5 tons. Owner, Ebenezer Hayward. Built by E. and H. Rogers.

Tremium. Schooner, 62 tons. Owner, Robert Ripley. Built by E. and H. Rogers.

Hannibal. Ship, 317 tons. Owners, Samuel Austin, Jr., and Joseph W. Lewis. Built by Sprague & James. Struck by lightning and burned to the water's edge at sea, summer of 1823, while on a voyage from Charleston, S. C., to Liverpool. Lost part of crew.

Grecian. Brig, 244 tons. Owners, R. D. Shepherd of Boston and James Shepherd of New Orleans. Built by Sprague & James. Burnt at wharf in New Orleans and destroyed on April 14, 1832.

Pheasant. Brig, 170 tons. Owners, Henry Hovey, Francis Stanton and Francis Fisher. Built by George Fuller.

Spy. Schooner, 98 tons. Owners, Stanton, Fisk and Nichols. Built by George Fuller. Registered Salem, August 7, 1832. Sent to Feejee Island in 1832 and sold later in Manilla.

1824. **Suffolk.** Brig, 261 tons. Owners, Francis Stanton, Joshua Blake and T. Magoun. Built by T. Magoun.

Henry Tuke. Ship, 365 tons. Owners, Daniel P. Parker and John Chandler, Jr. Built by T. Magoun. Warren, R. I., whaler in 1846.

Tarrier. Brig, 155 tons. Owners, Thomas H. and James Perkins, John P. Cushing and Samuel Cabot. Built by T. Magoun. Sold at Canton, China, November, 1830.

1824. **Sapphire.** Ship, 366 tons. Owners, Stephen Glover and Joseph W. Lewis, *et al.* Built by E. and H. Rogers. Sold to Salem, November, 1832. Salem to Mobile. Foundered, March 8, 1842, in the West Indies.

John Gilpin. Brig, 270 tons. Owner, Daniel P. Parker. Built by E. and H. Rogers.

Eleanor. Ship, 301 tons. Owners, R. D. Shepherd of Boston and James H. Shepherd of New Orleans. Built by Sprague & James. Mystic, Conn., whaler in 1846.

Virginia. Brig, 172 tons. Owners, Ebenezer Parker and Isaac Stevens, *et al.* Built by Sprague & James.

Griffin. Brigg, 177 tons. Owners, Bryant & Sturgis, P. P. Pope and William H. Boardman. Built by Sprague & James. Totally wrecked November 1, 1838, during a hurricane at Mazatland. Captain lost his life.

S. Carolina. Brig, 100 tons. Owner, R. D. Shepherd. Built by Sprague & James.

America. Brig, 170 tons. Owners, Ebenezer Parker and Isaac Stevens, *et al.* Built by George Fuller.

Congress. Brig, 270 tons. Owner, William Goddard. Built by George Fuller.

1825. **Magnolia.** Ship, 395 tons. Owners, George G. Jones and Thatcher Magoun. Built by T. Magoun. New Bedford whaler in 1846.

Agnes. Brig, 206 tons. Owners, John A. Bacon and Hiram Harding. Built by T. Magoun.

Trescott. Ship, 341.5 tons. Owners, Nathaniel Goddard and John Bishop. Built by T. Magoun. Mystic whaler, 1846.

Eliza. Brig, 280 tons. Owners, Samuel B. Wadsworth, Agent, of Eastport, for John B. and James B. Murray, *et al.*, of New York. Built by E. and H. Rogers.

Magoun. Brig, 180 tons. Owners, Andrew Bradshaw, *et al.* Built by E. and H. Rogers.

Pilgrim. Brig, 180.5 tons. Owners, Joshua Blake, Francis Stanton and George Hallett. Sold to Bryant & Sturgis. Built by Sprague & James. Lost at sea by fire off the coast of North Carolina.

Ivanhoe. Brig, 182 tons. Owners, Joshua Blake, Francis Stanton and George Hallett. Built by Sprague & James. Lost on Grand Caicos, April 6, 1827.

Shepherdess. Ship, 274 tons. Owner, R. D. Shepherd. Built by Sprague & James. Sold and registered at Salem September 25, 1832. Sold in Boston in 1841. A whaler, hailing from Mystic, Conn., in 1846.

Eugene. Ship, 302 tons. Owners, John and George Pratt. Registered Boston, January 6, 1836, John T. Coolidge and Robert C. Mackay. Built by Sprague & James. Stonington, Conn., whaler in 1846.

Chalcedony. Brig, 215 tons. Owners, Ebenezer Parker and Isaac Stevens of Boston, and Orris King of Brewster. Built by George Fuller. Rerigged bark. Registered Salem, September 3, 1836. Condemned in California in 1858. One bark *Chalcedony* from Boston, January 1, 1850, for California, wrecked at Talcahamio, Chili.

1826. **Corvo.** Ship, 348 tons. Owners, Thatcher Magoun and George G. Jones. Built by T. Magoun. Sold for a whaler in 1836. Stonington whaler in 1846.

Brookline. Ship, 376 tons. Owners, Henry T. Oxnard and T. Magoun. Built by T. Magoun. Lost about April, 1831. Papers surrendered at Havana, April 25, 1831.

Apthorp. Brig, 242 tons. Owners, Nathaniel Goddard and Benjamin A. Gould. Built by Sprague & James.

Martha. Ship, 294 tons. Owners, E. E. Bradshaw and Timothy Walker, *et al.*, of Charlestown. Built by Sprague & James. Fairhaven whaler in 1846.

Henrietta. Brig, 233 tons. Owner, Samuel C. Gray. Built by George Fuller.

1827. **Talma.** Ship, of Boston, 298 tons. Owners, John Brown of Boston, T. Magoun of Medford and Richard Soule of Duxbury. Registered Boston, September 12, 1850, Emery B. Fay of Boston. Built by T. Magoun.

Bashaw. Ship, 392 tons. Owners, George G. Jones and T. Magoun. Built by T. Magoun. Lost, January, 1846.

Courser. Ship, 300 tons. Owners, George G. Jones, H. Oxnard and T. Magoun of Boston. Built by T. Magoun. From Cronstadt and Elsinore to New York. Wrecked, October 18, 1830, on N. E. bar, Sable Island.

Beta. Brig, 253 tons. Owners, Nathaniel Goddard and Benjamin A. Gould of Boston. Built by Sprague & James. Matanzas for Hamburg. Passed Dover, England, October 11, 1838, and was never afterwards heard from.

William Gray of Boston. Ship, 297 tons. Owners, R. D. Shepherd of Boston and James H. Shepherd of New Orleans. Built by Sprague & James.

London. Ship, 368 tons. Owners, David A., Jonathan, Nathan W. and William H. Neal of Salem. Built by Sprague & James. New Orleans for Boston. Went ashore on Nausett Beach, Cape Cod, May 29, 1849, and became a total wreck.

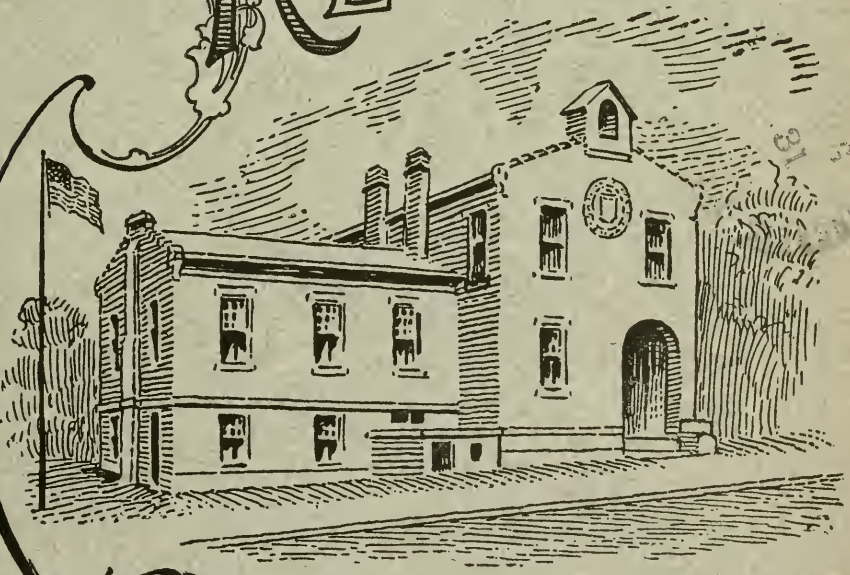
Sappho. Brig, 100 tons. Owner, R. D. Shepherd of Boston. Built by Saragues & James. Repaired at an expense of equal to the value of 100 tons.

James Perkins. Ship, 385 tons. Owners, Stephen Glover, Thomas Curtis, Isaac Hall, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by George Fuller.

To be continued in June number.

Vol. XXXII.] [No. 2.

HISTORICAL REGISTER



June, 1929

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

THE DISCOVERERS OF MEDFORD — September 21, 1621

" Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village,
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXXII. JUNE, 1929. No. 2.

EDITOR'S FOREWORD.

AS recently intimated, we present some of the historical *Walks and Talks*, trusting they may prove of tercentenary interest. We are prefacing these with another, which might well be under the same caption—an address given at a special meeting of the Medford Historical Society on the evening of September 21, 1921, as a tercentenary commemoration of the discovery of Medford.* On that occasion a large (framed) lithograph, entitled *The March of Miles Standish*, was loaned to the Society for a time. This was given as a premium to subscribers to *Zion's Herald*, the weekly paper published by the Boston Wesleyan Association, in 1872. By permission we are now reproducing it as our illustration under the title of *Discoverers of Medford.*

LITTLE WALKS AND TALKS ABOUT MEDFORD.

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH,

OR THE DISCOVERY OF MEDFORD.

Stories of travel and discovery are always of interest. Such ought to be the one we recall tonight, because its scene is that of our own homes.

Can we "roll back the tide of time" and, in thought, obliterate the changes that have come in the three centuries, and form any idea of this Mystic valley and these surrounding hills as they appeared to the first explorers? From ancient time the sun had shone thereon, the storm had raged, the seasons come and gone, forest had grown,

* This meeting was referred to in REGISTER, Vol. XXIV, pp. 60, 61, 62, and Vol. XXVII, p. 20.

and the winding river found its way to the sea, ebbing and flowing with the pulsating tides. People of another race lived here from time unknown, but the land had been *terra incognita* to a world which called itself civilized.

Leif Ericson and Gosnold coasted the shores, John Smith tried his skill at mapping it, but the first reliable record we have of actual visit and exploration is of the expedition from Plymouth under Captain Miles Standish, the story of which has been read tonight. In reading it we are struck with the boldness of its conception and the interest of its details.

The first summer of the Pilgrim colonists was over. It was the time of the autumnal equinox. A month had elapsed since Captain Standish's return from a successful expedition (to the Indian lodge at Namaskett), which had overawed the jealous Corbitant and strengthened the friendship of Massasoit. A little time lay before them ere the final harvest was to be gathered and preparation made for the coming winter. The rigor of that first winter had reduced their number one-half, the mortality being in larger proportion among the elder ones. Just here we may wonder at the daring of such an expedition, taking probably half the male adults, leaving the defence of the little settlement, with its women and children, to the weaker portion, and going into an unknown land, whose people were said to be overrun by their own enemies. But listen to Governor Bradford's account:—

(The 18 of September they sente out ther shalop to the Massachusetts, with 10 men, and Squanto for their guid and interpreter, to discover and view that bay, and trade with y^e^ natives; and which they performed and found kind entertainment.)

The people were much afraid of the Tarentins, a people to y^e^ eastward which used to come in harvest time and take away their corne & many times kill their persons.

They returned in saftie and brought home a good quantity of beaver and made reporte of y^e^ place, wishing they had ther been seated; (but it seems y^e^ Lord, who assigns to all men y^e^ bounds of their habitations, had apoynted it for other use) And thus they

found y^e^ Lord to be with them in all their ways, and to bless their outgoings and incomings, for which let his holy name have y^e^ praise forever, to all posteritie.

It was a longer voyage than they thought, and though starting at about midnight, it was late, probably sunset, when they arrived off shore at what we know as Squantum. Perhaps the locality got its name from their Indian guide, thenceforward. Staying aboard their boat, the shallop brought over in sections and put together on the *Mayflower's* deck, they waited the dawn of another day to go ashore. On landing, they found material for a shore dinner (or rather breakfast) in the quantity of lobsters there gathered. With them finding was having, and they were soon disposed of, whether salad or "broiled live" we may not say; probably the latter, as they "made ready under a cliff." But it is really refreshing to read that, opportunity offering, they "contented" the owners for their feast.

Perhaps their *crustacean* banquet prepared them for a coming experience, for they certainly had a lot of assurance (called in modern parlance *cheek* or *crust*) that day, in offering the Indian sachem "to be his safeguard" and making him "King James his man."

But prudence or military discipline they showed in posting sentinels to guard their shallop during their absence from it, and also in remaining on board during the nights on either side the bay.

As they crossed, the island now East Boston lay to the right, while a peninsula with three hills was on the left. Just where they landed cannot be told, but it is reasonable to conclude that they followed the direction of Obbatinewat, who "went with them to bring them to the 'Squa Sachem.'" On landing they, as the story runs, "marched in Armes up in the Countrey." With an Indian guide, the most natural thing to do was to follow the Indian trail. It was the line of least resistance, likely enough over the Bunker hill and Winter hill that we know today. Many of our highways are the ways the

red men traversed through the forest, as witness the Mohawk trail.

After going three miles they came out into the open and found a cornfield, but they got no breakfast from that. It had been harvested, and the Indian wigwam which had been there had been transported elsewhere. This may have been in the vicinity of the present Lincoln school.

Next they came to a more permanent Indian dwelling, unlike others that could be taken apart, moved, and reassembled. This was a mile further on and on top of a hill, and was one of the homes of the Indian king of the Massachusetts, *Nanepashemit.* We are informed somewhat of its construction, built of planks and poles (*i.e.*, timber construction), its floor was six feet up from the ground. From another source we learn that Nanepashemit chose that location because of the view (both up and down the river) it commanded. A visit to Rock hill will readily convince one that there "he could watch for the canoes of his enemies both ways." That scarred and rocky promontory was well adapted for his purpose.

Perhaps someone may ask, "Where and how did they cross the river?" We are not told in the story. Doubtless the trail they followed led to the fording place the aboriginal natives had long used. If the early Medford settlers could wade across (and they did for several years), and these same men often waded ashore at Plymouth, the channel of the river Missituk, as their Indian guides called it, was no great obstacle to them.

But thus far we have no account of their meeting with any Indians. So they continued their march and came into a "bottom" or clearing in the forest. Here they found another house, a framed structure. This was a fortified place of some extent. Poles, they styled them, *i.e.*, straight trees thirty to forty feet tall, were "stucke," *i.e.*, set into the ground closely together, and enclosed a circular plot of about fifty feet. A trench "breast high" (about four feet deep) was both inside and outside this

"pallisado," through which there was but one gateway, with a bridge leading thereto. So here was the castle of the king, with moat and drawbridge. It was more than that, it was his mausoleum, "wherein being dead he lay buryed."

"Where was this place?" you ask. There can be little doubt that present Sagamore avenue in West Medford is the locality, and that the monument erected there in 1884 by Mr. Francis Brooks marks the spot. It was there that his workmen, on October 21, 1862, found the remains of the Indian burial place and a pipe with a copper mouthpiece, which from its superior appearance was thought to be that of the king.

As yet they had encountered no Indians, and they marched on up an easy slope, on which were great oaks, some of which remain today, and whose branches are now well toward fifty feet.

At the top of the hill, nearly a mile away up Grove street, they came to another similarly constructed, where in 1619 the king was killed, and in which no one had since made his abode. There they halted, and sent out a reconnoitering party of two of their Indian friends. Evidently the signs were good, for about a mile further they found the women of the place together, with all preparations made for a departure such as they had at first found. And here again is seen the wonderful *assurance* of Captain Standish and "his valorous army" in sending the Indians ahead, that these simple "salvages" might not be alarmed at sight of the invaders. By the time they had covered that last mile and got to that somewhat exclusive section of Winchester now known as Wedgemere, the Indian braves had all disappeared, and only the women, the working force, remained. Now read from the *Relation*: —

> With much fear they entertained us at first, but seeing our gentle carriage toward them, they took heart and entertained us in the best manner they could, boiling cod and such other things as they had for us.

If they had a shore breakfast at Squantum, they had a country fish dinner this next day up there near the Aberjona. It appears that "after much sending for" one of the red men came in, a sort of sorry specimen, who exhibited much perturbation, but after a time became assured of the peaceful intent of the strange visitors and agreed to trade with them.

To their inquiry about their ruling queen, the Squa Sachem, all the reply he could (or would) make, was "Shee not here," which they took to mean "Shee far from thence." Failing thus in one object of their expedition, they began to think of the return march. But here the evil counsel of their guide and interpreter (and who knows but that it was the advice of treachery) was given. But the reply, "Were they never so bad we would *not* wrong *them*," shows up well and makes a closing scene worth remembering.

Then began their return, under escort of these primitive "Daughters of Pocahontas." It is perhaps better imagined than described. We have read frequently of people selling "the coat off their back," but the "skins" this escorting party literally sold were not cuticle or epidermis, but deerskin or beaver. As to the comparison made in the *Relation* and the improvised substitutes, we can't help wondering what its writer would say to some costumes we see displayed today. We greatly fear they would not have been tolerated in Plymouth in those days.

It appears from Bradford's account that the Pilgrim explorers were favorably impressed with this territory, and wished they had settled here. Having secured a promise of "trucke" or trade of the only Indian man they here saw, they promised to come again for that purpose, and Bradford tells that they did so, though no specific places are named in his story.

Such was the discovery of Medford, the first coming of white men to the Mystic valley that we have authentic account of, nearly nine years before the coming of Win-

throp "up the Mistick six miles," which has been wrongly reputed as the settlement of Medford.

Such was the march of Miles Standish "with eight of his valorous army" "in armes up in the countrey," led by Tisquantum the Indian, three hundred years ago today. Taking everything into account, we cannot help thinking it quite an achievement, though they failed to find Squa Sachem, the "Queene of the Missi-tuk," or secure her allegiance.

As we read the account of this trip of threefold objective in all its details, there arise in our minds a variety of questions, the discussion of which must prove of interest, though some are not easy to answer.

But one thing is certain. Present conditions and circumstances are vastly different this twenty-first of September than on that equinoctial day three centuries ago. Then "here lived and loved another race of beings," the owners and lords of the soil. But "across the sea came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seed of life and of death." To the red man, "the simple native" (his race already reduced by a pestilence), across his path were sown the latter. Their harvest has been the Indian's extermination. Those for whom the seeds of life sprang up, the Pilgrim of 1620 and the Puritan of 1628 and '30, what of them?

Much has been said of the compact signed in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, and of the stern virtues of the fathers. A theocracy for a hundred years, a successful rebellion fifty later, it took fifty more to bring real religious liberty, and then — yes, and what then? After two centuries from Forefathers Day came an immigration from the east, from overseas, and an emigration to the west; came a century of wonderful inventions, of unparalleled progress in what makes for man's betterment — some of the fruit of the seeds of life.

The seeds of death did not disappear with the red man, and a fresh supply has been imported and nurtured by the carlessness and indifference of our modern democ-

racy — safe neither for itself or the world. In our civic affairs they are springing up, as witness recent occurrences and our latest tax bills. It is well to look carefully and consider what the harvest will be.

Medford is an old place, so old that we know comparatively little of its beginning. It had no "stern and rock-bound coast" on which "breaking waves dashed high," no poet to spread its fame, and its first settlers left no written records to which we may turn. Its original territory was the exclusive holding of a London merchant who never came across the sea. His employees, under direction of his agents, were its first white inhabitants, a sort of "squatter sovereignty" for two years, when the General Court of the Massachusetts colony confirmed to him the title of a farm "four miles along the river and a mile back in all places," the latter a somewhat impracticable boundary. The court was the assembly or meeting of a trading company chartered by King Charles I, of which this merchant, Matthew Cradock, had been a leading man and first president, or as he was then styled, governor. When, as a business venture, settlements came to be made here in the wilds of a new, almost unknown land, it was his suggestion that the king's charter be brought overseas with the settlers' belongings, which was done in 1630 by his successor, Winthrop. And so it comes about that our chief magistrate is still called Governor, and the charter of a business concern the basis of a state government.

But white men had been on the ground nine years before Cradock's men came. Captain Miles Standish, with his Indian guides, didn't explore the crooked river with the Indian name of Missituk, but came overland, forded the stream, marched up over the hills and by the ponds, saw the Indians' "pallisadoes," held a parley with the Indian women, ate a fish dinner, traded for some

furs and promised to come again, and perhaps did, a few times.

Cradock's men came from Salem. Instead of settling on a commanding eminence, as did the Indian king and sagamores, they located beside a sedgy pond on a sandy plain, near the fording place, and put up a rude dwelling, thus establishing "Mr. Cradock's Farm," which was sometimes called Mistick (from the Indian name of the river) and later came to be styled Medford, though often spelled Meadford.

Other municipalities of Massachusetts can point to the record of incorporation by act of the General Court, brief as some of them are, but Medford never.

Wood, who wrote in 1634, called it Cradock's plantation, and it continued thus a proprietary until his death, and after, when his latest agent, Edward Collins, purchasing of the Cradock heirs, sold it in various parts to various purchasers. Some became residents, and descendants of others still there reside.

On a farm or plantation there was little incentive to growth, and after fifty-six years a traveler visiting it recorded that "there was nothing remarkable to be seen at Meadford, which is but a small village with but few houses."

Territorially it remained the same for a century and a quarter, when a portion of Governor Winthrop's farm across the river in Charlestown, and some of Reverend Zachariah Symmes' on the opposite side, to the northwest, was added to it by act of the court. The former included the well-known Royall estate, and the effort for its annexation is contemporary with the coming there of the first Colonel Isaac Royall.

Much has been said or written of John Winthrop being one of the founders of Medford. As governor of the colony he perhaps exercised some oversight, but the only record we have of his ever having been in the Medford

of his day, which was entirely Mr. Cradock's farm, was of his going over the river and up among the rocks to a great pond. It was in February, and the rocks protruding from the ice gave it a spotted look as the party gazed down upon it, so they called it, as we do today, Spot pond. After walking over the ice they came to a big rock on Bear hill and sat down to a one-course lunch of only cheese, for the "governor's man," in their hasty starting, had "forgotten to put up some bread." And so Cheese rock got its name, and the governor got safely home to his farm in Charlestown, which lay farther down the river than Cradock's, its northwest corner being the ford at Mistick, and contained six hundred acres. In time it came to be known as Ten-hills, because that number could be seen therefrom. It embraced a part of Winter hill, on the eastern slope of which he built a house, probably several, ere he finally settled down in Boston. He had probably more to eat than cheese that October night when he walked out after supper and took a gun along with him. It grew suddenly dark; he got lost, and so made a night of it. He piously observed, "It was by God's mercy a warm night," yet he gathered wood and made a fire, sung psalms and kept his powder dry. But like other October nights, it proved rainy at the last, and he climbed into a vacant Indian wigwam, and was ungallant enough to refuse admittance to the squaw that later sought its friendly shelter.

There was a great commotion at the farm house that night because the governor got lost, but daylight got him back safely. But he had a calamity a fortnight later. He was erecting a stone house when a rain storm washed down two sides of it. The quarries of Winter hill to this day have ever furnished good building stone, but his builders being without lime, were using clay, instead, for mortar; hence the disaster. The settlers' first dwellings must have been rude structures of logs and roofed with thatch, the coarse sedge grass from the marshes along the Mistick; and in such was the first great and general

court of the colony held in Charlestown, August 23, 1630. Before adjournment it was "ordered, that the next session be held at the Governor's house on the seventh day of September next, being Tuesday, att 8 of the clocke." At that time penalties were exacted for those dilatory or absent, and also one laid *ex post facto* on those then absent. It might be well to renew the same for the solons of today.

It was also provided that the court should meet on the "third Tuesdays at the house of the Governor for the tyme being." It is not at all improbable that the stone structure before named was a prospective Colonial capitol, not in Medford, however. Another action of the court was in relation to the support of two military teachers, *i.e.*, drill masters. Of the fifty pounds appropriated, three were levied on Medford, and this is the first mention of Medford by name in the colony records. It was a recognition of Mr. Cradock's purpose to call his plantation by the old English home name, and as he was the only landed proprietor, and non-resident, his business interests, including payment of taxes, were attended to by an agent.

It is said two things cannot be escaped, death and taxes. The order was not reversed in Medford, and that within three months of its reputed settlement — three pounds in the lump then, three per cent today.

Were we today to perambulate the boundary of that earliest Medford, the most feasible way would be to take a motor boat at the farthest corner down stream and come up "the thread of the river" into the lake. Thence to the point of beginning, "a myle back in all places," even today would be a woodland walk in many parts, and end, as it would have there centuries ago, in the remains of a primeval pine forest the like of which is unknown, the stump marsh beside the Fellsway, and extending toward the river. The farther half of the water

boundary, with a part of its beginning, remains the same today, but the opposite is even more sylvan, taking in a corner of the

> . . . , beautiful lake of Middlesex Fells,
> Fair as thy sister in the north,
> Lesser "Smile of the Great Spirit" art thou
> Spread o'er the face of Mother Earth.
> The redman's canoe o'er thy waters blue
> Was paddled for many a year,
> Dusky Indian maids and stalwart braves
> Alone to thy borders drew near.
> Then the scene was changed, the white men came,
> Winter held thee in fetters fast;
> Winthrop gazed and called thee a fair Spot pond.
> Fair may we keep thee to the last.

The wish thus expressed by a Medford lady is realized by the care of the beautiful lake and great natural park, and its healthful water has been Medford's supply for half a century.

But the early Medford settlers found little time for poetic reflection, or admiration of natural beauties. The stern task of subduing the wilderness was before them. Three thousand miles of stormy ocean lay between them and the homes they had left. An equal distance of wilderness lay before them and their associates, settled at first only in Salem, Dorchester and Rock-Borough. We have said that they left no written record behind them to which we may turn. We have been asked already, "Where do you get this stuff?" We reply, from contemporary sources, and chiefly from the original colony records and those of the chartered company under whose direction they came. These it is the privilege of any citizen to examine in the State archives. We know of no better authority. True they are difficult, often perplexing, for the casual or superficial reader to decipher, and one needs to understand something of "old and new style" of chronology. But the State, seventy years ago, had numerous copies carefully made by an expert and the clearly printed results are accessible in any good public

library. "Stuff" it may be to a taste satisfied with cheap novels and the sensational trash all too prevalent, but if "documentary evidence" that stands the "acid test" is wanted give us the colony records every time.

Who were these first settlers in early Medford, and when did they come to the banks of the Mistick?

We answer, men in the employ of Matthew Craddock, and sometime in 1628. In addition to his proportional company interest in the colonization, he was conducting a private adventure equal to fifty per cent of the former, and as already shown, was considered to be six per cent in the first colony tax levy. We have previously mentioned the reputed settlement. Medford, in 1905, held a grand frolic for several days (and quite successfully, too) over its 275th anniversary, on the assumption that because Winthrop came up the Mistick six miles on June 17, 1630, such was the date of Medford's beginning. We have shown that Winthrop did not settle in Medford at all, — a minor matter is that they forgot about the calendar change.

Medford's historian must have been in error (in 1855) in saying "The English eyes in that boat were the first eyes of settlers that looked upon these fields in which we now live." He himself quotes the account of an exploring party of seven men (including the Sprague brothers) sent out by the local Governor Endicott from Salem in the summer of 1629, who "found the farm Mr. Craddock's servants had planted, which the Mistick river led up into," etc. With the explanation that the word planted was used in the sense of locating or settling, and not the depositing of seeds or setting of trees, we reserve the remainder of our proof for another walk and talk.

The first ship to sail from England in the Massachusetts Company's service may have been the *Talbott*, Henry Gordon, master. Her bill of lading was of "June 20, 1628, 46½ tuns . . . besyde ye chardge of Captain John Ende-

cott, his wiffe" and persons of "his company, theire passage & dyett." The destination was "Nahumkeeke," now called Salem, and the schedule of "Apparel for 100 men" is certainly interesting. Among their number desiring to go were "a saylor, ffisher, and a couper" combined in the person of one man. Another was a cooper and cleaver, and both wanted big money and were "boeth held to deere for the Comp to be at chargs withall." Evidently they were put on the retired list. But there went those of varied occupations, including ship carpenters, iron workers, saltmakers and "vyne planters." For a "vioage," then was provided "45 tuns of beere, 6 tuns water, two ten gallon runletts Spanish wyne," a varied list of provisions and "20 gallons aquavite."

The *Lyon's Whelpe*, John Gibbs, master, soon followed with more colonists and supplies, and in one or the other, perhaps in both, came Cradock's men, the first settlers of Medford. These latter, as well as those that remained at Salem, found plenty to do in "preparing howsing" and security for approaching winter. They probably sent little lading in the first returning ship, which carried Endicott's letter of September 13, 1628, to Governor Cradock, and which was just five months in reaching him. He, like a good correspondent, and more like an interested corporator and proprietor, immediately replied (on February 16, 1628–9), telling of the enlargement of the company since the departure from England of the first colonists, the purchase of a second ship, and the hiring of two more of two hundred tons each, with the possibility of a fourth to come with them. Of the upward of three hundred persons and one hundred head of cattle he mentioned, some must have reinforced his proprietary settlement on the north bank of the Mistick. He alluded to his former letter "of November, sent by Mr. Allerton of New Plimouth."

Plymouth, Salem and Medford were nearest neighbors then, — unless indeed we include the Dorchester settlers, who abandoned theirs at Cape Ann; but Ply-

mouth was not of the "Bay Colony." Of this letter we may say more later, and in relation to its recent quotation before a Medford audience. A little later written (April 21) was the first general letter of the governor and council (remember the charter and government was still in England), and sent from Isle of Wight, May 4, 1629, three ships then and there sailing. The second general letter (of May 28) came by the next fleet of three vessels, one of which bore the name of *May Flower*. One thing, among the many it contains, is especially interesting. After directions that these three vessels might go to the "banck" with "29 waigh of salt," "lynes, hookes, knives, bootes and barvells, necessary for ffishinge," it was directed that if the ships were not expected to come back (to the colony), "that then you send our barke, that is already built in the country, to bring back our fishermen and such provision of salt (if any remainder bee), and also of hookes, lynes, etc., of use to you upon all occasions." Note this: The company writes of a bark already here built, which for them to know of must have been an accomplished fact, prior to the writing of the letter of September 13, 1628, else how could they have given such explicit directions? It thus appears that ship building was early begun, and the first launching took place three years (or nearly) prior to that of Winthrop's *Blessing of the Bay* on July 4, 1631, said to have been "the first in this western world." This may, or may not have been the one mentioned by Wood, in his "New England Prospect," who was one of the earliest comers, returning to England in August, 1633, after a stay of four years. Probably it was not, but smaller and earlier than Cradock's *Rebecca* (his wife's name), which was of sixty tons, and the one Wood saw was of one hundred. The timber was here to build with. Does any one ask about metal work and rigging? To such we say, consult the earliest record of the company (now extant) for iron, steel, copper and sail cloth. In the light of this record, the tradition found in our history of Medford

that "Winthrop's bark of 1631 was built in the north shore of the river, and thus within the limits of Medford" vanishes. The old ways and timbers, found when nineteenth century ship yards were established, must have been the relics of those earliest days. These were the days of the transplanting of a little of Old England into a new world; into one whose highway was our river, its roads the Indian trail, and the only dwelling the red man's wigwam. Can we conceive what the place looked like, and the beginnings of the settlement, the erection of the dwellings that sheltered the first comers? Certainly it was not that massive and substantial brick structure that for forty years was said to be the oldest in the country. We really wish it could be so proven. If so, it would then indeed be an "historical jewel." Cradock's employees, "servants" the record styles them, were on the soil of the coming Medford very soon after Salem's settling, and before the settling of Charlestown and Boston by the company under Winthrop. Their earliest dwellings, we may safely say, were similar to those at Plymouth, and long since gave way to more durable ones, which in their turn are gone. —MOSES WHITCHER MANN.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The campaign to save the old Cradock-Tufts house on Riverside avenue, by the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, has been successful. Two special meetings of the Historical Society were held in July to consider a proposal made by the Preservation Society to give the house to our society. After full discussion the society decided that it was not in a position to accept the gift at this time and the disposition of the property is still undecided.

The Medford tercentenary committee, of which Mr. Frank Neill is chairman, is making plans for the celebration not only of the founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, but also for the three hundredth anniver-

sary of the settlement of our own city. Three principal events are already decided on. On April 19th, 1930, a civic dinner will be given, with speakers of note. In June a pageant is to be given. Mrs. Ruth Dame Coolidge is writing the text and it will be staged under the direction of Mr. Leslie Carey, assisted by Mr. Edward Finnegan, both of High School faculty. In September a parade will be held which will illustrate the past and present of the city. Other plans will be announced later.

The wall around the Salem street cemetery was rebuilt last spring by the city. It was beyond repair in places and a new wall seemed to be a necessity. The old wall is copied as closely as possible. In tearing down the old wall it was found that some graves extended under Salem street, showing that the area of the cemetery was originally larger than it is now. Several years ago River street was widened and doubtless there are graves under part of that street. This cemetery dates back to about 1720.

On July 18 work began on the additions to the High School building on Forest street, so long needed. The city took the Bigelow property adjoining the school grounds for the purpose of enlargement, and the old Bigelow house, built in 1834, was torn down to make way for the new wing on that side. This is only one of the many changes taking place in the vicinity of Medford square whereby the old Medford is giving place to the new. The G. L. Batchelder house, on Bradlee road is being torn down to give place to an apartment house. In the last two or three years the old Boston and Maine station, on Main street, has given way to a business block; the Medford House and stable, at the corner of Main and South streets, have been taken down. The house was over a hundred years old and had long been a landmark; the distillery on Riverside avenue, which

had of late years been used for a garage, has been replaced by the Riverside theatre. Vacant land near the square is also being utilized. A large apartment house is being built on Governors avenue, opposite the Historical society building, and the parochial school on the old Magoun property on High street is nearing completion.

June 24th was the ninety-fourth anniversary of the opening of the old Boston and Lowell railroad for business. In Vol. 12 of the HISTORICAL REGISTER Mr. Mann had a very interesting article on the building of this road entitled "A Pioneer Railroad."

—KATHARINE H. STONE.

MEDFORD'S ROBOTS.

Five streets converging in Medford square have presented a complicated traffic condition. For its direction a new "Officer Robot" is now in continuous service and we look into his eyes of red, green or amber and find our way through this modern Medford maze.

In re, we quote the following from "News of the World" (*Zion's Herald*) as descriptive, and also show on our closing page a most recent view of the modern square with its crossings and parking spaces. We venture the assertion that while Officer Robot is said to have "brains," motor drivers should have them, and pedestrians should do no jay-walking there.

ROBOTS DIRECT TRAFFIC IN MEDFORD.

Medford, Massachusetts, on Saturday of last week was the first community in the world to install two mechanical policemen to direct and regulate the flow of traffic. The inventors of the machine, a group of Yale engineers, acclaim it as the greatest step yet advanced for handling traffic on an efficient scale. They proclaim that the robots will handle jams of traffic like speed demons. The machines are called electromatic controls and are operated by motor-cars as they pass over sensitive plates in the street pavements adjacent to the intersection. Vehicles passing over these sensitive

plates register their presence and movement. Drivers are not aware of their presence in the pavement nor do cars stop at them. They merely indicate the arrival and passage of vehicles, the speed at which they arrive at the intersection, the length of time and any other features that may be of use to the control mechanism, or "brain" of the robots. An interesting item to the motorist is that no car need wait when there is no opposing traffic at these points where the robots are on the job. If the right of way is clear, robot will flash green. When two cars approach an intersection at exactly the same time, right of way is accorded to the one that is on the more heavily traveled artery and then the right of way is switched at once to the other street, thus eliminating practically all needless waiting.

Our illustrations are views extreme in Medford's history.

The first is ideal, the artist's conception of the toilsome march in arms into the country— up Rock hill in search of the Squa Sachem,— the first recorded coming of the white man here.

The other is an up-to-date view of Medford square, seen by the camera's eye. It looks like a triangle, though its street convergings form an irregular pentagon. Old residents visiting it exclaim "Can this be our Medford square, which we knew as the market place of older time, and our fathers knew and told of!"

But this converging point, though close by the place of Medford's first settling, and known as the market place, did not become the civic center until the building of the town hall a century ago. Prior to that time it had been, with the erection of the first meeting-house, up the slope of Rock hill, then beside the brook and by Powder-house road. By and by, a water trough and a town-pump became needful and were provided at the crossing of the ways. This became the radial point from which the selectmen named the old roads they called streets.

The fire department engineers were particular to report the pump in working order and there were two pumps put in side by side and worked with a swinging

brake. All these disappeared with the introduction of Spot pond water.

Then came a big iron vase with a central lamp post, and later the heavy circular granite trough. Finally all the various water troughs were abolished as being unsanitary and the horse-drawn vehicles are fast diminishing from our streets.

A safety island was marked out and a traffic officer stationed there. By and by a big umbrella was set up over his head and later a little sheltering pen made around him.

We have no pictures of the Buel home that stood on the town-house site, but since 1850 various views have been made and preserved.

And now comes the square's latest occupant, Officer Robot, the mechanical policeman.

What will succeed him? —M. W. M.

OLD SHIPS AND SHIP-BUILDING DAYS OF MEDFORD.

By Hall Gleason.

(Continued from Medford Historical Register, March, 1929.)

1828. **Boston.** Ship, 428 tons. Owners, Boston and Liverpool Packet Co. of Boston. Built by T. Magoun. Struck by lightning and burned, May 26, 1830, when but a few days out from Charlestown on her way to Liverpool.

Liverpool. Ship, 429 tons. Owners, Boston and Liverpool Packet Co. of Boston. Registered, February 17, 1836, William C. Barstow, *et al.* Built by T. Magoun. Sold for a New Bedford whaler. Struck on reef on the east coast of Behring's Strait, put into St. Lawrence Bay and condemned in 1853.

Coliseum. Ship, 299 tons. Owners, John Brown, Richard Soule of Duxbury and T. Magoun of Medford. Built by T. Magoun.

Timor. Ship of Boston, 298 tons. Owner, Daniel C. Bacon of Boston. Built by George Fuller. Sag Harbor whaler in 1846.

Paris. Ship, 356 tons. Owners, David A. and Jno. and Nathan W. and William H. Neal of Salem. Built by Sprague & James. New Orleans, for Bordeaux. Went ashore in a gale at Basque Roads, January 26, 1847, and became a total wreck.

Lucilla. Brig, 287 tons. Owner, Daniel P. Parker of Boston. Registered Salem, May 14, 1840, Williams & Daland. Built by Sprague & James.

Louisa. Ship, 323 tons. Owner, Nathaniel Goddard of Boston. Registered Boston, March 7, 1851, William F. Parrott of Boston. Registered Boston, August 24, 1853, John Clifton, and hailed Salem. Registered, September 3, 1853, Cyrus Washburn and William Kelley, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by Sprague & James.

1829. **Margaret Forbes.** Ship, 383 tons. Owners, Bryant & Sturgis, Thomas H. Perkins and John P. Cushing of Boston. Built by T. Magoun, New York, for Hull, England. Arrived at St. Thomas, W. I., in distress, leaky, etc., prior to December 14, 1845, and was condemned.

Coliseum. Ship of Boston, 302 tons. Owners, John Brown and Thatcher Magoun of Boston. Built by T. Magoun. Bound St. Petersburg for St. Ubes. Totally wrecked, November 26, 1837, on Kentish Knock; twelve lives lost.

Flavius. Ship, 302 tons. Owners, John Brown of Boston and Thatcher Magoun of Medford. Built by T. Magoun.

Edward. Schooner, 57 tons. Owner, George B. Lapham of Medford. Built by George Fuller.

1829. **King.** Schooner, 62 tons. Owner, John Bishop of Medford. Built by George Fuller.

Mystic. Schooner, 75 tons. Owners, John Bishop, *et al.*, of Medford. Built by John Sparrell.

Gibraltar. Ship, 298 tons. Owners, E. E. Bradshaw, *et al.*, of Charlestown. Built by Sprague & James. Sumatra for Boston, cargo of pepper. Sailed April 2, 1840, spoken on the 17th, and never afterwards heard from. Supposed to have foundered in hurricane in Indian Ocean.

1830. **Roman.** Brig, 268 tons. Owners, Elisha Hathaway, George A. Sampson, *et al.*, of Boston. Registered August 11, 1851, E. Lombard, *et al.* Registered February 6, 1852, E. Lombard, *et al.* Registered May 19, 1854, Daniel Deshon. Built by T. Magoun. Rerigged a bark. Sold May, 1855, by ——. Sold February, 1861, to ——.

Nahant. Brig, 236 tons. Owners, Barker, Cofran & Wade of Boston. Built by T. Magoun.

Nabob. Brig, 309 tons. Owners, Stephen Glover and George B. Lapham of Medford and Benjamin Moore of Boston. Built by Samuel Lapham.

Lintin. Ship, 318 tons. Owners, Robert B. Forbes of Boston. Built by Sprague & James.

Homer. Ship, 243 tons. Owners, Hartshorn & Homer. Built by Sprague & James.

California. Ship, 369 tons. Owners, Daniel C. Bacon, John Bryant and William Sturgis, *et al.*, of Boston. J. P. Gardner, owner, 1854. Built by George Fuller. Sold to Gloucester parties, April, 1855. Parted chains at Gloucester, Mass., during a gale, drifted across Massachusetts Bay and was wrecked near Cohasset, January 19, 1857.

1831. **Forum.** Ship, 302 tons. Owners, John Brown and T. Magoun. Built by T. Magoun.

Tasso of Boston. Brig, 162 tons. Owners, John Brown of Boston and Richard Soule of Duxbury. Built by T. Magoun. Wrecked in the Gulf of Finland, July, 1832.

Brookline. Ship, 349 tons. Owners, Henry Oxnard and William Appleton of Boston. Registered Salem, June 29, 1833, Stephen C. Phillips. Built by T. Magoun. Sold Boston, May 9, 1844. Whaler out of New London, 1857. Sold at Buenos Aires about 1861 and broken up.

Tusker of Boston. Brig, 248 tons. Owners, Isaac Hall, Thomas Curtis, Stephen Glover of Boston and George B. Lapham of Medford. Built by Samuel Lapham. Boston, to S. F. Arrived at Honolulu, March 13, 1850, dismasted and otherwise damaged. Condemned.

Lion. Ship, 325 tons. Owners, Benjamin Rich, Samuel H. Rich and John Rich of Boston. Built by Samuel Lapham.

Groton. Ship, 360 tons. Owners, E. E. Bradshaw of Charlestown, and Robert Edes, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by Sprague & James for above. Owned by Shelton Brother & Co. of Boston when burned. Destroyed by fire at Brooklyn, N. Y., July 23, 1839, where she arrived with a cargo of cotton, tobacco, etc., from New Orleans.

Marengo. Ship, 440 tons. Owners, Henry Pettet, *et al.*, of New Orleans. Built by Sprague & James. Sold to New Bedford for a whaler before 1846. Abandoned in the Arctic Ocean, September, 1876.

Florence. Ship, 307 tons. Owners, Samuel C. Gray and Atkins Adams, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by Sprague & James. One bark, Florence of S. F., foundered November, 1875, Port Discovery to S. F. One bark, Florence, whaler of S. F., wrecked, September, 1878.

Monsoon. Ship, 380 tons. Owners, D. C. Bacon and A. Richardson. Built by George Fuller.

1832. **Boston.** Ship, 663 tons. Owners, Francis G. Shaw, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by Paul Curtis for above. Wrecked on Alguada Reef, October 28, 1861, while bound for Hong Kong with rice from Bassein. Jenkins, master. All hands saved. See Boston Shipping List, February 15, 1852.

Regulus. Ship, 418 tons. Owners, John Brown and T. Magoun. Built by T. Magoun.

Trenton of Boston. Ship, 429 tons. Owners, Boston & Liverpool Packet Co. of Boston. Built by T. Magoun.

Lowell. Ship, 430 tons. Owners, Boston & Liverpool Packet Co. of Boston, 1832. Registered Boston, September 15, 1851, Charles B. Fessenden, *et al.* Registered December 10, 1852, George W. Robinson, James S. Wiggin and Bradley N. Cummings of Boston. Built, Medford, Mass., 1832, by T. Magoun. New London whaler in 1846.

Tiber of Boston. Ship, 303 tons. Owners, William Eager of Boston and Sprague & James of Medford. Registered Boston, January 18, 1850, Benjamin D. Thaxter, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by Sprague & James. Bernicia to San Francisco in ballast. Wrecked on a rock about one mile below Bernicia in 1851.

Dalmatia. Ship, 358 tons. Owners, Seth and Phineas Sprague, and Henry and George Winsor of Boston. Built by Sprague & James. Repaired in 1837 at expense equal to 100 tons. At Callao from China, condemned in 1856.

1832. **Mozart.** Ship, 447 tons. Owner, Russell Glover of New York. Built by Sprague & James.

Tartar of Boston. Bark, 322 tons. Owners, Bryant & Sturgis and Samuel Hooper of Boston. Built by Sprague & James.

Susquehanna. Brig, 207 tons. Owner, Henry Oxnard of Boston. Built by Sprague & James.

Arno. Ship, 299 tons. Owners, Benjamin A. Gould and Christopher Williams of Boston. Registered Boston, March 12, 1851, Elias E. Davison. Built by George Fuller. Abandoned July 15, 1852, in a sinking condition, lat. 34° S., lon. 52° W., while bound for Valparaiso from Boston.

Lycoming. Brig, 203 tons. Owner, Henry Oxnard of Boston. Built by George Fuller.

1833. **Aurelius.** Ship, 388 tons. Owners, John Brown and Isaac Schofield, Jr., of Boston, and Richard Soule of Duxbury. Sold to Christopher Hall of Dennis. Built by Thatcher Magoun. New Orleans for Havre with lard, tallow and cotton. Went ashore on Cat Key, Bahamas, February 18, 1848, and became a total wreck.

Propontis. Ship, 334 tons. Owners, Henry G. and Henry Chapman, *et al.*, of Boston. Registered December 22, 1852, A. Cunningham & Sons. Built by T. Magoun. Registered Salem, December 11, 1841.

Plymouth. Ship, 425 tons. Owners, Boston & Liverpool Packet Co. of Boston. Registered November 22, 1851, Nathaniel Winsor, *et al.* Registered May 10, 1852, Nathaniel and Charles F. Winsor. Built by T. Magoun. Sold to New York, September 9, 1852. Sag Harbor whaler in 1846.

Timolean of Boston. Ship, 422 tons. Owners, T. Magoun & Son of Boston. Registered Boston, August 10, 1853, Capen & Bangs of Boston. Built by T. Magoun. Wrecked, January, 1855. See *Boston Advertiser*, January 5, 1855.

Emily Taylor. Ship, 387 tons. Owner, Daniel P. Parker of Boston. Built by Samuel Lapham for above. Later rigged a bark. Sold to Philadelphia. Leghorn for New York. Arrived at St. George, Bermuda, and was condemned about January 10, 1859.

Omega. Ship, 304 tons. Owners, Daniel P. Parker and Samuel Lapham of Boston. Built by Samuel Lapham. Fairhaven whaler in 1846.

Victoria of Boston. Ship, 394 tons. Owners, William Eager of Boston and Sprague & James of Medford. Built by Sprague & James.

Unicorn of Boston. Ship, 397 tons. Owners, R. D. Shepherd of Boston and Sprague & James of Medford. Registered Boston, January 22, 1850, Charles T. Savage and Pliny E. Kingman, *et al.*, of Boston. Registered Boston, January 26, 1852, Henry B. Rice, Bryant T. Henry, *et al.* Registered Boston November 1, 1855, Samuel R. Allen and George Pollard, *et al.* Built Medford by Sprague & James. Liverpool to Boston. Abandoned at sea, sinking, June 7, 1856, in lat. 39 N., long. 5 W.

Austerlitz. Ship, 415 tons. Owner, Eleazer E. Bradshaw of New York, 1833. Registered Boston, December 26, 1850, George T. Lyman and P. M. Parkman of Boston. Built by Sprague & James. S. F. for Calcutta in ballast. Abandoned at sea, sinking, November 19, 1851, lat. 22° 40 N., long. 15° E., having been disabled in a typhoon. Crew saved and landed at Shanghai by Ship N. B. Palmer.

Herald. Ship, 455 tons. Owner, George Pratt of Boston. Built by Sprague & James.

Orozimbo. Ship, 440 tons. Owners, R. D. Shepherd and S. C. Thwing of Boston. Built by George Fuller.

Ruble. Bark, 300 tons. Owners, Rich & Son, Boston. Built by J. Stetson.

1834. **Jessore.** Ship, 461 tons. Owners, William Appleton, H. Oxnard, Jonathan I. Bowditch of Boston. Built Medford by T. Magoun for above. Sold to New York. Sold to Philadelphia parties. New Orleans for New York. Put into Bermuda in distress and was condemned. Her sails, rigging, etc., were sold March 25, 1854.

Archimedes. Ship, 452 tons. Owners, T. Magoun & Son. Built by T. Magoun for above. New York, February 10, 1838, for Liverpool, cargo of cotton. Found to be on fire when three days out and burned to the water's edge.

Chatham Ship, 452 tons. Owners, Boston & Liverpool Packet Co. of Boston. Built by S. Lapham for above. Liverpool for New Orleans. Abandoned at sea, sinking, on September 2, 1845, about 1,100 miles from land.

Bazaar. Ship, 490 tons. Owners, Henry Oxnard, William Appleton and John E. Lodge of Boston. Built by Samuel Lapham.

Argo of Boston. Ship, 449 tons. Owners, Robert Farley, Sprague & James, *et al.*, of Medford and Boston, 1834. Registered Boston, July 21, 1851, Robert G. Shaw & Co. Built by Sprague & James. Manila for Boston. Put into Cape Town, C. G. H., May 19, 1852, in distress, and was condemned. Cargo forwarded by bark Springbok.

Aguetnett. Ship, 342 tons. Owners, Robert Rogers and William H. Mosher of Bristol, R. I. Built by Sprague & James. Was run on the beach at Monty's, Panama, early in January, 1855, to prevent from sinking with a cargo of pearl shell and lumber. Was condemned and sold.

1834. **Eli Whitney.** Ship, 532 tons. Owners, Josiah Whitney and Josiah W. Blake, *et al.*, Boston, 1834. Registered October 3, 1855, Ephraim Harding, *et al.* Registered November 7, 1856, William H. Wilkinson. Built by Sprague & James.

Ellen Brooks. Ship, 464 tons. Owner, R. D. Shepherd of Boston. Built by George Fuller for above. Sold in S. F. February, 1852. Honolulu for New Bedford. Put into Tahiti March 20, 1853, in distress, was condemned and sold.

Nantasket. Ship, 461 tons. Owners, Ignatius Sargent and P. C. Brooks. Built by J. Stetson. New London whaler in 1846. Sold to New York parties. Newcastle, England, for New York with coal. Put into Fayal in distress November 30, 1847, and was condemned previous December 25, 1847.

Franconia. Ship, 499 tons. Owners, Henry Hall, Thaddeus Nichols, Francis Stanton *et al.*, of Boston. Registered Boston, February 14, 1851, Minot & Hooper. Registered January 23, 1854, William F. Conant and Isaac P. T. Edmands, *et al.* of Boston. Built by J. Stetson. Sold to New York.

Luconia. Ship, 550 tons. Owners, Daniel C. Bacon, Thaddeus Nichols, Francis Stanton, R. B. Forbes, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by Curtis & Co. for above.

1835. **Levant.** Ship, 480 tons. Owners, Thomas H. Perkins, Thomas G. Cary and Samuel Cabot of Boston. Built by T. Magoun for above. Sold to Philadelphia.

Molo. Ship, 492 tons. Owner, T. Magoun of Medford. Built by T. Magoun. Cronstad for Boston with Russian goods and nearly 800 tons of iron. Went ashore on the island of Faro at northeast end of the island of Gottland during a gale and snowstorm October 30, 1836, and became a total wreck.

Rubicon. Ship, 488 tons. Owners, William Eager and Sprague & James of Boston. Registered April 27, 1854, Smith Dowe & Co. of Andover, Mass. Built by Sprague & James.

Elizabeth Bruce. Ship, 586 tons. Owners, William Eager of Boston, Galen James and Isaac Sprague of Medford. 1835, Tucker, Daland & Co. Built by Sprague & James. Liverpool for Mobile. Wrecked near Carysfort Light about December, 1853, and was dismantled and sold.

Noddle. Sloop, 75 tons. Owner, A. C. Lombard. Built by George Fuller.

Fawn. Schooner, 34½ tons. Owner, R. B. Forbes. Built by George Fuller.

Guinare. Bark, 273 tons. Owners, Joseph P. Wheeler, Boston, William A. Rea, Salem, *et al.* Built by J. Stetson for above. Sold to New York parties August, 1854, Kingston, Jamaica, for London. Put into Key West in distress and condemned in January, 1855.

William Goddard. Ship of Boston. Owners, William W., Benjamin and Nathaniel Goddard of Boston. Sold to Charles B. Fessenden of Boston March, 1854. Registered Boston, April 20, 1855, Charles B. Fessenden and William Perkins. Registered Boston, May 10, 1856, Charles B. Fessenden & Co., Boston. Built by J. Stetson.

Mercury. Ship, 354 tons. Owners, Benjamin Bangs, George P. Bangs and Isaac Bangs of Boston. Built by J. Stetson. Lost at sea in 1837.

Denmark. Ship, 550 tons. Owners, George and John Pratt and John E. Lodge of Boston. Built by Curtis & Co. for above. Sold to Warren, R. I., April, 1855.

1836. **Deucalion.** Ship, 513 tons. Owners, T. Magoun & Son. Built by T. Magoun for above. Sold to S. F. parties. Abandoned April 15, 1852, in lat. 44° 11′ N., long. 45° 58′ W., while bound for Boston from London.

Colchis of Boston. Ship, 421 tons. Owners, Samuel Lapham and Benjamin Moore of Medford, 1836. Registered, September 7, 1852, Frederick W. Capen and William and George P. Bangs of Boston. Registered February 6, 1854, Robert B. Williams, Horace D. Hall, Franklin Perrin and Benjamin W. Gilbert. Built by Samuel Lapham. Wrecked on the Ginger-bread Grounds, Bahamas, August 7, 1856, while bound for New Orleans from Boston.

Bombay. Ship, 482 tons. Owners, Robert Hooper, Boston, and John Hooper, Marblehead, 1836. Registered September 17, 1853, John R. Lee and Stephen Cabot. Registered July 19, 1855, Samuel R. Allen. Sold to James H. Prince, *et al.*, February, 1858. Built by Sprague & James. Wrecked on the Gingerbread Grounds, W. I., June 18, 1858, while bound from Las Palmas for Matanzas.

Theodore. Brig of Salem. 156 tons. Owners, David A. and W. and William H. Neal of Salem. Built by Sprague & James, Singapore to Macao. Wrecked in a gale at Cape Bolina, Island of Luconia, E. I., November 24, 1837.

Adrian of Boston. Ship, 588 tons. Owners, William Eager and Sprague & James of Boston. Built by Sprague & James.

Carolina. Ship, 396 tons. Owners, Ephraim and A. C. Lombard, *et al.*, of Boston, 1836. Built by George Fuller for above. Registered Salem, May 13, 1842. Sold to N. Y. in 1845. New London whaler in 1846. Sold British Acct. January, 1863. Name changed to *Alexandra*. Last report, 1875.

Claudius. Ship, 527 tons. Owners, John Brown, Isaac Schofield of Boston, and Richard Soule of Duxbury. Built by P. and J. O. Curtis.

1836. **Parthenon.** Ship, 536 tons. Owners, Samuel C. and Francis A. Gray and Isaac P. T. Edmands. Registered June 13, 1851, Benjamin C. White and Henry H. Jones. Registered September 8, 1853, William F. Conant, *et al.* Registered April 20, 1858, Henry S. Hallett. Registered May 17, 1858, Daniel Draper & Sons. Built by P. and J. O. Curtis. Sold to —— July, 1861. Name changed, *Brien Boiroimhe.* Dublin for Quebec in ballast. Wrecked on Cape Clear, Ireland, about August, 1868.

Eben Preble. Ship, 439 tons. Owners, Henry Oxnard, William Appleton, Abbott Lawrence and Jno. I. Bowditch of Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Liverpool for New Orleans. Struck Double Headed Shot Keys, August 27, 1846. In attempting later to reach Key West was abandoned with eight feet of water in hold.

Alfred Tyler. Brig, 240 tons. Owner, Henry Oxnard. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Rerigged bark. Edgartown whaler in 1846.

Hollander. Brig, 270 tons. Owners, Adam W. Thaxter and John D. Bates of Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell.

Frederick Warren. Bark, 363 tons. Owners, Nathaniel Goddard, Boston, 1836. Registered Boston, February 18, 1850. George B. Upton and John M. Forbes of Boston. Registered February 8, 1854, Enoch Train & Co. Built by J. Stetson. Sold May, 1854. Sold January, 1855, by British account.

Rajah. Ship, 531 tons. Owners, Benjamin Rich and Samuel H. Rich of Boston. Built by J. Stetson.

1837. **Severn.** Ship, 573 tons. Owners, Josiah Macy's Sons of New York. Built by Sprague & James. N. Y. for S. F. Arrived at St. Thomas, W. I., in distress. Was condemned and sold March 13, 1854.

Cherokee. Ship, 411 tons. Owners, Ephraim and A. C. Lombard, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by George Fuller.

Star. Ship, 592 tons. Owners, Glover of New York, *et al.* Built by J. Stetson. New York for New Orleans. Struck Carysfort Reef January 24, 1840, and became a total wreck.

Madonna. Bark, 262 tons. Owners, Michael Wise of Philadelphia, Pa., *et al.* Built by J. Stetson.

Zenobia. Ship, 630 tons. Owners, Daniel P. Parker, Boston. Built by J. Stetson. Sitka, Alaska, to S. F., cargo ice. Wrecked on North Head, entrance to S. F., April 20, 1858.

Columbiana. Ship, 630 tons. Owners, A. C. Lombard, *et al.*, Boston. Built by P. and J. O. Curtis. Abandoned at sea in 1854.

Sidney. Ship, 458 tons. Owners, John Russell of Plymouth, William Thomas and Sidney Bartlett of Boston, *et al.* Built by Waterman & Ewell. Boston for Kingston, Jamaica, with ice. Wrecked on a reef northeast of Turk's Island, February 14, 1845.

Charlotte. Ship, 541 tons. Owners, Henry Oxnard, William Appleton and Abbott Lawrence of Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell. One ship *Charlotte* of New Brunswick, Apalachicola for Liverpool, got ashore near Green Turtle Cay, Abaco, March 30, 1852.

Bowditch. Ship, 578 tons. Owners, Theodore Chase & Co. of Boston. Registered March 23, 1856, Benjamin Allen and Ambrose H. White, *et al.* Sold to R. F. C. Hartley and hailed from Saco. Registered April 29, 1857. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Name changed to *Martha A. Nott.* New York for Bordeaux. Stranded at Gironde in 1860.

Bengal. Ship, 623 tons. Owners, Henry Oxnard, Abbott Lawrence, William and James A. Appleton of Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell for above. Sold Newburyport. Cadiz for Beverly, cargo of salt. Sprung a leak and water gained rapidly, so on October 23, 1853, she sailed for Fayal and was beached on St. Michaels and became a total wreck.

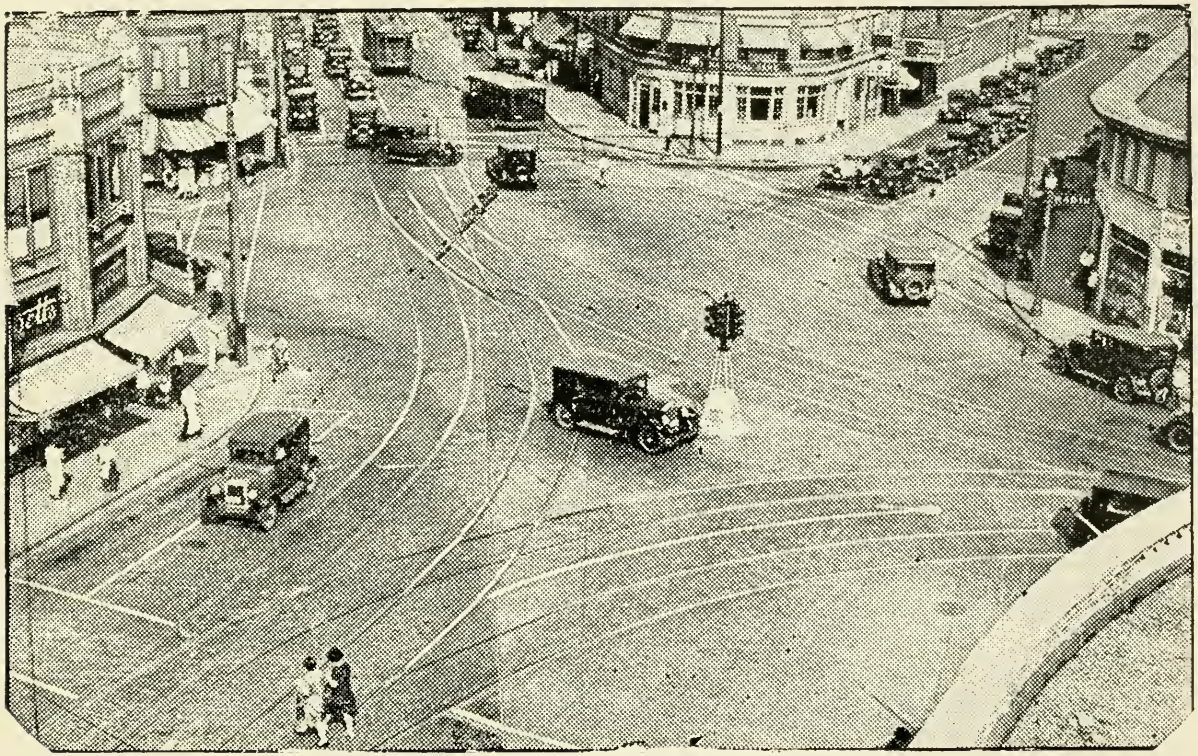
Medford. Ship, 544 tons. Owners, T. Magoun of Medford and Francis Welch, *et. al.*, of Boston. Registered November 2, 1853, Charles B. Fessenden & Co. Registered August 11, 1858, Henry Wenzell. Registered August 26, 1858, Nathaniel Winsor and Jacob Stanwood & Co. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Condemned at Pernambuco in 1859.

Cato. Ship, 464 tons. Owners, Thomas B. Wales & Co. of Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell for above. Sold Newburyport parties, June, 1857. Destroyed by fire April 11, 1859, at Bombay, where she arrived from Calcutta.

1838. **Clifton.** Ship, 599 tons. Owners, Josiah Macy & Sons of New York. Built by Sprague & James.

Palmyra. Ship, 611 tons. Owners, Joseph P. Wheeler and Edward Cabot, *et. al.*, of Boston. Sold to William A. Rea, March, 1852. Registered March 28, 1852, Howland & Greeley and William Lincoln. Built by Sprague & James.

James H. Shepherd. Ship, 636 tons. Owners, R. D. Shepherd of New Orleans and Sprague & James of Medford. Built by Sprague & James. Abandoned at sea, September 13, 1854, while bound for Jamaica, W. I., with coal from New York.



NEW TRAFFIC ROBOT IN MEDFORD SQUARE

Cars waiting for the light are seen in Riverside Avenue and Salem Street. Many are seen passing out of the square and pedestrians are crossing High street.

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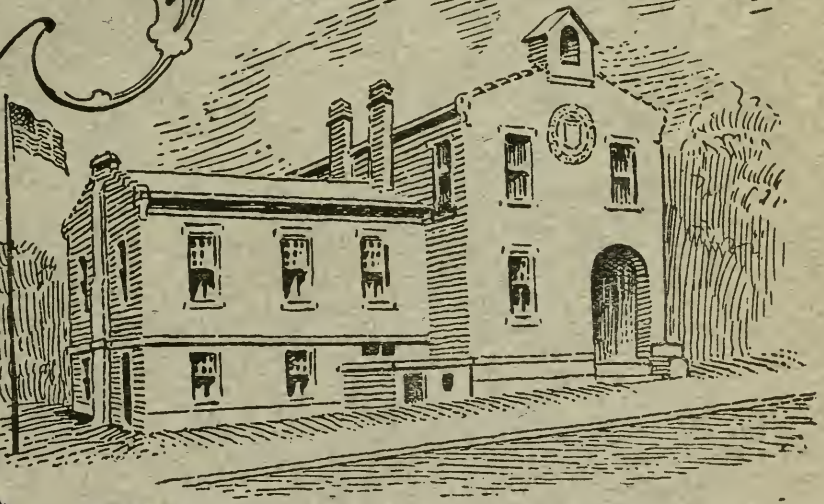
HISTORICAL REGISTER



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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

EARLY EXPLORERS OF THE VALLEY PARK

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXXII. SEPTEMBER, 1929. No. 3.

MYSTIC VALLEY PARK.

WHERE is it? Unknown, because we use a longer, composite word and say Parkway. It is in Somerville, Medford, again in Somerville a little, in Arlington, then in Medford for about two miles, then in Winchester beside the upper Mystic river, called Aberjona. It is a park with a broad and beautiful *way* through it. It is rightly named from the valley, river and lakes it borders. Near it our city is building a new school building, and inquiry is being made as to what "Mystic" means. Its beginning dates backward to that of Cradock's impaled deer park, and so it is a permanent and interesting tercentenary exhibit. In early times our people spoke of their roads, evolved from the Indians' trails, as "ways." The "way to the weare," the "way to the college," the "way to Blanchard's," and early Charlestown had its "way to Menotomy." We still call this last *Broadway*. Go down its long slope to the new Northern Artery, and find that there the road becomes the *Fellsway*.

In the angle formed by these were the old brickyards, which, outworked and unsightly, were sixty years ago made into a beautiful pleasure ground by Somerville. Beyond this was the historic ground of Governor Winthrop's Ten Hills farm, but for nearly two centuries the way to Menotomy was its only land way of approach. Then some people (largely from Medford) planned and built a waterway or canal beside the marsh, creeping through the foot of the hill closely beside the river. That continued for fifty years, during which it was paralleled by the turnpike way. Since their discontinuance surveys have twice been made for railways, but without success. But in more recent years, under the State's authority, has

come the Mystic Valley parkway, *i.e.*, the *way* through the Valley park.

Start from the Fellsway and the Somerville park and come out to Medford; the river is at your right, opposite is the great gash in the ledge of Winter hill which is near the Medford boundary. You may note the line-stones as you pass and the river closely bordering the way, but the tide-mill, the miller's house and the ship-house across the river are things of the past. The Mystic trotting park has also gone. Instead is Ward 5, or South Medford. Your *way* is that of the old turnpike, called Mystic avenue when the town took it over. Your way swings closer to the river, but no Curtis ship-yard or branch canal is here now. The tide may be in, and you will notice the lock with its gates and inclines, and the business buildings and coal wharves on the farther side. You will come to the crossing of a congested and busy *way*, Main street. A red light ahead warns you to stop, while a stream of travel passes to and fro. This slackens, and the green light appearing shows the way open for you. You obey the signal, cross over, notice the arches of Cradock bridge, the dam, the towering buildings, the lower level of the river with its four angular dams and lock channel. You look ahead and realize more than before that you are in the *Valley park;* and what a vista is before you westward and on either side!

Why is this the park? Because a certain portion of land has been taken by the state by right of eminent domain and reserved thus for the public good, use and benefit. Why the Mystic *Valley park?* Because it adjoins the river and lakes which bear that name.

What does this name Mystic signify? Simply this, Mystic is a modernized spelling of M-i-s-t-i-c-k, which was the Englishman's spelling of the name given to the river by the Indians who formerly lived here and who called it *Missi-tuk*, which meant to them great tidal river or stream, a truthful definition, with nothing occult, puzzling or mysterious about it.

And why the *Valley* park? Because it is in the valley of the Mystic. And what is a valley? Well, the dictionary is a great help in trouble, here is the answer—"a hollow or depression in the surface, bounded by hills or mountains, generally traversed by a stream or river which receives the drainage from the surrounding heights above."

The Mystic valley has a water-shed above Cradock bridge of forty-five square miles, its highest uplands in Somerville, Belmont, Arlington, Lexington, Woburn, Stoneham and Medford.

Quite a *park* in reality and extent, well worth exploring. It began to be developed three centuries ago, and now that the tercentenary is matter of public interest, let us explore it a little, remembering that in those precentenary days it was said to be "an uncouth wilderness of stately timber" and inhabited only by aborigines (they spelled it Aberginians), not numerous, but nomadic in their life and habit.

The Pilgrim settlers at Plymouth had heard of them and sent out an exploring party. Turn to our frontispiece and see what they looked like as they climbed up the bank of the Mistick and, as we are told, "marched in armes up into the countrey." (Strangely enough a granite armory is at the spot now.) Looking westward they could see the king's palace on the hill, but arriving there found it deserted and so they continued their march, in all about seven miles, without finding the Squa Sachem, who was said to have worn the "masculine nether garment" and succeeded to the aboriginal king's domination of the three sagamores.

And they went back, in 1621, with a good story, spoke well of the parts they had traversed. Who knows but *that* made an inducement for Cradock to settle his Medford colony in this valley.

In June, 1628, came some from Naumkeeke (Salem), about twelve miles westward through the woods, and lighted on the neck between the Mistick and Charles

rivers, called *Mishawum*, where was the English house, thatched and palisaded, of Thomas Walford, a smith.

In 1629 came Thomas Graves, a surveyor, who laid the place out in two-acre lots, built the "Great house," naming it Charlestown, in honor of the king.

A year later came the fleet bearing the governor and his colony to this scene of settlement and migration. Whither? To Shawmut, *i.e.*, Boston. Up Mistick valley to Woburn, which they at first called Charlestown village in 1640. Answering their migration quest, the General Court had granted them a location two miles square, and they went out to view the forest land which the court had increased to "four miles square, provided it fall not within Lynn village" (later Reading). We may better know this Mystic valley as present Winchester, Woburn, Wilmington and Burlington, the last being "Shawshin" (referred to by Cradock) the "first rise of the Ipswitch river and first rise of the Mistick," being in the Wilmington portion later called "Goshen," also the "Land of Nod."

The same surveyor, Thomas Graves, was among the viewing party, also one Mr. Hubard, an artist (probably draughtsman of the map or plan); Edward Johnson, also, who became town clerk in 1642, when by the court's brief incorporation "Charlestown Village is called Wooburne."

He wrote as its first record: —

> For a little while I have been [in Latin, *paulisper fui*]
> In penniles age I began
> Charlestown first moved the Court my lins to span.

We think this territory answers the dictionary's requirements for *valley*. The making of the *park* began with its discovery in 1621, and continued as we have in our circumlocution thus far outlined. Now we must leave it (for a time) at its gateway and opening vista, advising all to go up the Mistick and explore all its tributary streams and see that even *now* this Mystic Valley park is something worth enjoying.

LITTLE WALKS AND TALKS ABOUT MEDFORD.

In walking about that early Medford, even the crookedness of its boundary would not exceed ten miles. Territorially, it was for years the smallest settlement in the Bay Colony. The first settlers may have included a few families, but it is more probable that their number was made up mainly of men, coming in the spirit of adventure, business or otherwise; in a way not unlike mining or lumber camps of more recent date. Probably some, perhaps many, of such were indebted to the company, or its governor and only landed proprietor, for outfit or passage hither. It was no uncommon occurrence in those days for such young adventurers to bind themselves for a time therefor, as the colony records show; hence the word "servant" repeatedly appears. To attain citizenship required various qualifications: of worldly goods, religious observance, and of "faculty." Such were styled "freemen," and the least number that entitled a plantation to representation in the general court was ten.

There is but one instance on record of acquirement of real estate in early Medford from the sole proprietor, Cradock, and that not till 1641. Where was it? It is difficult to answer definitely, but

> "six acres of plantinge ground beinge fenced in adioninge seaven acres of Meadowe comonly called by the name of Rock meadowe . . . with sufficient wood for sustainge his dwellinge house . . . . Comoninge for twelve swine and two kine"

looks rather good today on either side of Rock hill, while the Mystic Valley parkway certainly modernizes the only rock meadow in the four miles along the Mistick. No definite sum or price is named in Cradock's deed, which was given "in consideration of former service done" by one Josias Dawstin, who then was in occupancy of the place "commonly called Dixes house." Dix may have been an early comer, and for so long as that his name attached to that early dwelling thus described. It was customary to include deed and mortgage in one writing. In this case, Dawstin was held "liable in his person or

by an able workman to do any service appertaining to husbandry," two days each in four successive summer months yearly, forever. As assigns of both parties are mentioned, it would seem that an everlasting mortgage marked the first real estate sale in Medford. How substantial a structure this "Dixes house" was we will not undertake to say, but it is well to use a little common sense in our consideration of earliest Medford.

In view of the fact that the "congregation of Boston and Charlestown," two years after their settlement, built their meeting-house with "mud walls and thatched roof," which served for eight years, it is unlikely that "Mr. Cradock's ferme house," the "Meadfoarde house" of early note by various persons, was of more elaborate design or construction. To serve the earliest exigencies, a log cabin of generous size for the workmen, and smaller ones for family use, would be the most logical conclusion. Clay, or the salt-river mud, plastered into the intervening crevices would supply a temporary need, making such dwelling for a time weather proof. Until bricks were made, the fireplaces were of stone, built outside the end of the houses, and from their tops the smoke flues or chimneys were carried well above the thatched roof. These chimneys were "catted," *i.e.*, built of sticks, like a log cabin, or interwoven, and well daubed with the same composition. But in a few years substantial frame buildings were erected, but none of those remain in evidence today in the Cradock farm bounds. There were a very few erected at points remote from "Meadford house," where Cradock's agents lived, as may be shown by deeds on record. One of these was near the western corner of the farm, and was styled the "mansion house of Golden Moore." A little farther westward, at the outlet of Mistick pond, both Cradock and Winthrop had a fishing privilege granted them by the court. The bridge that there spans the river has ever been known as Wear bridge, and the road thereto was first called "the way to the weare." Fish were there in great abundance. If there

was any shelter for the fishermen it may have been like the one of which Winthrop said:

"Mr. Oldham had a small house near the wear at Watertown, made all of clapboards, burned down by making a fire in it when it had no chimney."

It might be well to take warning from this. Larger structures are being built today of lath, roofing paper, and a little "mud"—by courtesy called stucco—daubed on, built to sell—a double sale.

Of the interior of the earliest dwellings, it is unlikely that there was other than the simplest arrangement for immediate need.

We note the instance of Winthrop's reproof of the Deputy Governor Dudley for his "extravagance in wainscoting his house," regarding it unseemly, and a bad example to others in a new plantation. Dudley excused himself, saying "it was for warmth, and of little cost, being clapboards nailed to the wall to look like wainscot." Clapboards were among the first lumber product exported, because the easiest made, as also pipe-staves. These were the work of the cleavers, while to produce boards and plank required the more laborious, also skillful, work of the sawyers. There were workmen of these classes, more or less skilled, in Salem and Medford, that were the earliest comers,—for at the first court, held August 23, 1630, it was enacted that "Carpenters, joiners, bricklayers, sawyers, thatchers, shall not take above two shillings a day; nor any man shall give more, under pain of ten shillings to taker and giver; and the sawyers shall not take above 4s. 6d. the hundred for boards, at sixe score the hundred, if they have their wood felled and squared for them; and not above 5s. 6d. if they fell and square their wood themselves."

Looks like labor trouble, doesn't it? We still have knowledge of long tons (perhaps more of short), but "sixe score" must have been a long hundred, and the equal penalty must have been a check on profiteering. It would really be interesting to know the relative amount

of production, as between day work (not eight hours or less), then, and the piece-work thus named. Two shillings, long day, in 1630; dollar an hour today, and loud call for more.

Cradock's first agent (that we know of) was one Thomas Mayhue; and later Nicholas Davison. Of the first we know little. From the tone of a letter of Cradock's, we infer some dissatisfaction. "Aquavite" and "strongwater" figured somewhat in those times. Cradock thought that "beere sufficient" was good enough for ordinary uses, and took exception to his agent's charges for a supply of "red wyne." Though non-resident, he seems to have made provision for the needful comfort of his emplyees, having one Richard Waterman, "whose chief employment will be to get you good venison." He even had visions of a deer park, like those of old England; and as early as 1633 had one enclosed — "impaled" is the descriptive word used—and it took the "cleavers of timber" to do that. William Ryall and Thomas Brude were such. At the time of mention the deer had not been corralled, and it was being used as a cattle-yard.

For the sake of real authentic information, we wish his plans had worked out smoothly. One was, that each family or household should keep a daily register of the doings of each person (or if too burdensome, at least weekly), for the company's consideration. This was to stimulate industry and eradicate idleness. Books, or as the letters say, "papers," were sent for that purpose.

With the transfer of the charter, Endicott (to whom these directions were given), was superseded in the government of the infant colony by Winthrop. He found matters at Salem in a discouraging state, and tarried there a few days, when he "went to the Massachusetts to find a place for our sitting down," as he quaintly styled their settlement. Already a few stray settlers, Thomas Walford at Mishawum, William Blaxton at Shawmut, and Samuel Maverick on Noddle's Island, had preceded him, and with the latter, after coming "up the Mistick

river about six miles," on Thursday, June 17, he remained until he went back to Salem on Saturday. On his way back he exercised his authority in settling some troubles at Nantasket, and on reaching Salem found another of his fleet arrived. During the first week in July, eight more arrived, three of these at Charlestown. Of these latter, two came on July 1, and one on July 5. So as a matter of record the real settlement of Charlestown may be fixed as of July 1, 1630. Not so definite a date can be given to Medford, nor can we surely say that it was the *Arbella* that came up the Mystic, bringing Governor Winthrop. It is far more likely that "our bark already built in the country," of which mention has already been made, was the one. Neither can we tell the point from which those six miles were reckoned. If, as some think, it was Governor's Island, Medford limits were not reached. It is more likely that they came as far as the rock at the foot of Winter hill and there the governor decided to settle, exploring no further that day. Had he done so, he would have found, not a town, but a little hamlet, a farm, called at the instance of its proprietor by his agent by the name Medford. After a week of arrivals he wrote: "We kept a day of thanksgiving in all the plantations." But the governor's thanksgiving must have been a sad one, as only six days before, the very day after his landing at Salem, his son Henry was drowned in a small creek there. For forty days he made no record, but they were busy days, "preparing housing" for the numerous company just come oversea. There was the "great-house" on the Mishawum peninsula, and the governor's house at Ten Hills, besides all others — for various households, not to mention allotment of land on which to build. After this busy time comes a record, perhaps the first of its kind in the colony:

Thursday, Aug. 18, Capt. Endecott and [Elizabeth] Gibson were married by the governour and Mr. Wilson.

Monday we kept a court.

We have digressed a little in walking and talking about Medford, but for a purpose, as will be seen in another talk.

When Winthrop wrote, "Monday we kept a court," he made a most noteworthy statement, for it was the first legislative session in the colony that we know of. Endicott had at Salem exercised some authority under the company's direction from England. But here we find the actual governor with the charter of King Charles (a formidable document by the way), holding court with authority over, perhaps, two thousand people all told, located in Salem, Medford, Nantasket, Mattapan, reinforced by the newly fledged settlements of Charlestown and Boston.

And note this fact. The previous year the Commons of England had been dissolved by the king, nine members imprisoned, and for eleven years thereafter England had no Parliament. The king's charter granted privileges in New England he refused in Old England; and here were they exercised. This court was not a general court, but a "court of assistants," as provided for by the charter; the general court soon followed. It consisted of the governor, deputy governor and seven assistants. Its first action was to provide for the maintenance of the two ministers, Wilson and Phillips, who had just come over.

It next reached out its arm of authority and "ordered, that Morton of Wollaston be sent for presently." Morton's Merrymount, with its carousals, had scandalized and angered the Pilgrim Colony at Plymouth. It had been a sort of no man's land, but here had come authority to deal with it, as it lay within the Bay Colony limits, which were three miles north of the Merrimack, and three miles south of the Charles, rivers.

Anticipating a little, we will quote from the record of two weeks later, for evidently the court meant and got down to business:

Ordered, that Thomas Morton of Mount Wollaston shall presently be set in the bilbowes, and after sent prisoner to England by the ship called the *Gift*, now returning thither; that all his goods shall be seized to defray the charge of his transportation, payments of his debts, and to give satisfaction to the Indians for a canoe he took unjustly from them; and that his house be burnt down to the ground in sight of the Indians for their satisfaction for many wrongs he has done them.

The *Gift* was a French ship that had put into the bay, but as her Captain Brooke wasn't looking for trouble, he refused to carry him. But someone else did; also some other undesirables. We have been specific in relation to the first court held, to show how the wheels of civil government were set in motion in the colony here, in the then wilds of America. Who had the honor of entertaining or finding its place of meeting is uncertain. One writer says that it was on board the *Arbella*, but the record reads "At Charlton." But it was explicitly voted to assemble next, which was the occasion of Morton's sentence, "at the governor's house," which was on the slope of Winter hill. Evidently they regarded public office a public trust and meted out justice without fear or favor.

The rank of Sir Richard Saltonstall did not save him from being fined "four bushels of malte for his absence." But by this time over two years had elapsed since the first settlers came to establish Mr. Cradock's plantation. They had built houses and barns, some small ships, cut timber, rived clapboards and pipestaves, impaled a deer park, caught fish and cured them, in fact, to use a homely saying of today, they "got busy and sawed wood." We have no idea that they were particularly saintly in character, no better, perhaps no worse, than those of the few other settlements, where some said they "didn't come over here to worship," but "came here to fish." If we look ahead into the colony records a few years, we find confirmation of the foregoing. As we have before said, the first mention of Medford by name was a tax levy of £3, for the support of military teachers, Reverend Messrs.

Patrick and Underhill (so the historian Brooks styled them), this at the second court. Captain Daniel Patrick we have little against, but Captain Underhill was anything but reverend—in fact turned out of very unsavory conduct and repute a few years later.

But that second court had not only legislative, but other functions, and during its session Medford enters into the limelight of history.

One Austin Bratcher (Bradshaw) had "recently died at Mr. Cradock's plantation, who was viewed before his buryall by dyvers psons," nine in all. Fifteen men were named "to enquire into the circumstances of the death." Three were absent from the inquest, which resulted thus:

> We find that the strokes given by Walter Palmer were occasionally the means of the death of Austen Bratcher; and soe to be manslaughter.

The accused was bound in the sum of £30 for his appearance at the next court, to be holden at Boston on the 19th of October, and found surety, but at that time both accused and bondmen were held over to another court. This delay was probably because of ninety-six men who wished to become "freemen," *i.e.*, citizens, and all these had to be examined and sworn. Among the number we see no name that we can assign to Medford. The case of Palmer came up on the 9th of November, when he was acquitted of the charge. And so Medford has the distinction, if such it may be, of having the first recorded jury trial; and the accused was fortunate to escape, for evidently things looked dark for him; at least the coroner's jury thought so. We find some record of him thereafter, but one Abraham Palmer figures somewhat largely in colony affairs.

Charlestown and Boston and Medford were now facing their first winter, and it is recorded on December 24:

> Till this time there was (for the most part) fair, open weather, with gentle frosts in the night; but this day the wind came N. W., very strong, and some snow withal; but so cold as some had their fingers frozen, and in danger to be lost.

Three of the governour's servants, coming in a shallop from Mistick, were driven by the wind upon Noddle's Island, and forced to stay there all that night, without fire or food; yet through God's mercy, they came safe to Boston next day, but the fingers of two were blistered and one swooned when come to the fire.

And thus began the first winter for the little colony under an established government.

—MOSES WHITCHER MANN.

OLD SHIPS AND SHIP-BUILDING DAYS OF MEDFORD.

By Hall Gleason.

(Continued from Medford Historical Register, June, 1929.)

1838. **Congreve** (Congaree). Ship, 321 tons. Owners, Ephraim and Annie C. Lombard, *et. al.*, of Boston. Built by George Fuller.

Stephen Phillips. Ship, 351 tons. Owners, William A. Rea and John B. Silsbee of Salem and C. F. J. Binney of Boston. Built by J. Stetson.

Concordia. Ship, 602 tons. Owners, Ephraim and Annie C. Lombard, *et. al.*, of Boston. Registered Boston August 15, 1851, David Goddard and Jeremiah Pritchard of Boston. Built by P. and J. O. Curtis. Burned at sea, November 25, 1855, off Kay Vaccas while on a voyage from Mobile for Liverpool with cotton.

Coramando. Ship, 635 tons. Owners, Lombard & Whitmore of Boston. Built by P. and J. O. Curtis.

St. Louis. Ship, 426 tons. Owners, John Fairfield, William Lincoln and Isaac Stevens, *et. al.*, of Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Burned at sea, September, 1842.

Delhi. Ship, 623 tons. Owners, Henry Oxnard and William and J. A. Appleton of Boston. 1838, Daland & Williams. Registered Boston May 5, 1852, William F. Parrott. Sold to Humphrey C. Knapp, June, 1854. Sold to G. Lovell & Co., December, 1857. Built by Waterman and Ewell. Sold to Spanish Account, November, 1859. Name changed to *Primera de Alicante.*

Pearl. Brig (Bark). 195 tons. Owners, Rice & Thaxter of Boston. Built by Foster & Taylor.

1839. **Norway.** Ship, 643 tons. Owners, George Pratt and John E. Lodge of Boston. Built by Sprague & James. Havre for New Orleans, with a valuable cargo of silks, wine and jewelry, etc. Got ashore on Key Sal Banks, 100 miles from Key West, November 5, 1840, and became a total wreck.

Leland. Ship, 347 tons. Owners, Ephraim and A. C. Lombard, *et. al.*, of Boston. Sold to William Dillaway, *et. al.* Registered November 20, 1850. Built by George Fuller. Sold to New York parties January, 1863. Rerigged a bark.

Damascus. Ship, 694 tons. Owners, Benjamin Rich and Samuel H. Rich of Boston and Eli C. Bliss of Chelsea. Built by J. Stetson.

Sophia. Ship, 632 tons. Owners, Benjamin Bangs, George P. and Isaac Bangs of Boston. Built by P. and J. O. Curtis. Abandoned at sea in 1846.

Lucas. Ship, 349 tons. Owners, Ephraim and Armori C. Lombard, *et. al.*, of Boston. Built by P. Curtis. Victoria, V. I., for S. F. Wrecked on Fabulous Island previous to November 20, 1858. Fifteen lives lost.

Cincinnati. Ship, 607 tons. Owners, Israel Lombard and Charles O. Whitmore, *et. al.* Built by James O. Curtis. Sold to Baltimore parties. Baltimore for Dublin. Abandoned, sinking, near Fayal, January 7, 1849. Crew reached Fayal in boats.

Kremlin. Ship, 350 tons. Owners, Enoch and Samuel Train of Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Sold in South America for a man-of-war in 1841.

St. Petersburg of Boston. Ship, 814 tons. Owners, Enoch and Samuel Train of Boston and Richard Trask of Manchester. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Sold to New York March, 1857. Sailed from Glasgow for Bombay, October 28, 1858, and was abandoned at sea shortly after, in a sinking condition.

Pharsalia. Ship, 617 tons. Owners, T. Magoun and Waterman & Ewell of Medford. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Destroyed by fire at Battery Wharf, Boston, April 27, 1855.

1839. **Vernon** of Boston. Bark, 307 tons. Owners, John Russell of Plymouth, Mass., and Sidney Bartlett, *et. al.*, of Boston. Built by Waterman and Ewell. Burned to the water's edge and entirely destroyed June 3, 1854, in Mobile Bay. 1276 bales of cotton for Trieste in the vessel's hold also consumed.

Hudson of New York. Ship, 623 tons. Owners, J. Macy & Sons, *et. al.*, of New York. Built by Waterman & Ewell. New York for New Orleans. Wrecked on Elbow Key April 15, 1855.

Kentucky. Ship, 491 tons. Owners, Fairfield, Lincoln & Co. of Boston. Registered November 20, 1852, Alfred C. Hersey, Henry S. Hallett and Daniel C. Bacon, *et. al.* Built by Waterman & Ewell. Sold to New York, March, 1854. Newcastle for Portsmouth, N. H., with coal. Put in to the Western Islands leaky; came to anchor at Legoa Bay September 13, 1856, whence she was removed opposite to Sandy Beach, where she grounded, filled and became a total wreck.

1840. **E. N. Train.** Ship, 644 tons. Owner, Enoch Train, Boston. Built by Sprague & James.

Merlin. Ship, 313 tons. Owners, Joseph P. Wheeler and William A. Rea, *et al.*, of Boston. Registered January 18, 1853, Curtis & Peabody. Registered March 24, 1854, Montgomery Ritchie and Thomas Perkins. Registered February 11, 1857, P. A. Stone and George N. Pousland, *et al.* Registered December 15, 1858, James H. Prince, *et al.* Built by Sprague & James. Sold January, 1859, to ——. Rig changed to bark. Portland for Grand Canary. Abandoned at sea, sinking, February 9, 1859.

Oceana. Ship, 631 tons. Owner, William Hammond of Marblehead. Built by Sprague & James.

Sartelle of Boston. Ship, 416 tons. Owners, C. F. J. Binney, Nathan Rice and Benjamin Thaxter, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by Foster & Taylor. Sold May, 1854. Rig altered to bark. Montevideo to Cork. Abandoned at sea, sinking, November 14, 1862, in lat. 19° N., lon. 44° W.

Prentiss. Ship, 442 tons. Owners, C. F. J. Binney of Boston and Reuben Hopkins of Cambridge. Built by Foster & Taylor. Sold to Beverly parties and was burned, scuttled and sunk at Charleston, S. C., on July 21, 1852. Was sold and renamed *Leonie*, rigged a bark. Matanzas for St. Petersburg via Cowes. Wrecked with all hands on Eyerland Bank, coast of Holland, about October 1, 1853.

Loo Choo. Ship, 639 tons. Owners, Henry Oxnard, Abbott Lawrence, William Appleton and J. Amory Appleton, all of Boston. Registered May 5, 1854, William P. and George T. Lyman. Built by J. Stetson.

Chili. Ship, 569 tons. Owners, Benjamin Bangs, George P. Bangs and Isaac Bangs of Boston. Registered September 17, 1853, Benjamin Howard of Boston and John Bertram, *et al.*, of Salem. Built by P. Curtis for Messrs. Bangs. Sailed from N. Y. for S. F. on August 21, 1855, and was never heard from.

Clarendon. Ship, 536 tons. Owners, Samuel C. and Francis A. Gray of Boston. Built by James O. Curtis.

Colombo. Ship, 570 tons. Owners, Israel Lombard and Charles O. Whitmore, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by James O. Curtis for above. New York owners. 1858. One ship, *Colombo* (Brown), Boston for Kurrachee. Arrived Bermuda in distress and condemned and materials sold March 24, 1863.

Sweden. Ship, 646 tons. Owners, George Pratt and John E. Lodge of Boston. Registered October 21, 1852, Daniel S. Kendall and C. H. P. Plympton. Registered March 28, 1857, J. Stetson, *et al.* Built by Waterman & Ewell.

Oswego of New York. Ship, 647 tons. Owners, Josiah Macy & Sons of New York. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Hailed from New York. New York for New Orleans. Dragged anchor during a heavy gale April 8, 1855, went ashore on Stirrup Key, Berry Island, and became a total wreck.

Taglione of Boston. Ship, 798 tons. Owner, William H. Boardman of Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Havre to New Orleans, cargo dry goods, wines, etc. Wrecked April 7, 1848, on Carysfort Reef.

1841. **Soldan.** Ship, 648 tons. Owner, George Pratt of Boston. Registered October 16, 1850, E. William and William Rollins, *et al.* Registered October 19, 1852, John W. Shaw, Quincy and Charles R. Green of New York. Built by Sprague & James. Sold Italian account. Name changed to *Sei Fratelli.*

Ariel. Schooner, 92 tons. Owner, Robert B. Forbes of Boston. Built by Sprague & James. Sold foreign in 1843 (English), China Acct.

East Boston. Steamer, 269 tons. Owner, Augustus Neal of Salem. Built by Sprague & James.

Middlesex. Ship, 496 tons. Owners, John H. Pearson, John T. Foster, *et al.* Registered Boston, April 9, 1851, Nickerson & Co., Boston. Registered Boston, May 3, 1859, David Fairbanks, *et al.* Built by Foster & Taylor. Hailed from Provincetown in 1851. Hailed from Boston in 1859.

Berlin. Ship, 613 tons. Owners, William H. Boardman and John E. Lodge of Boston. Built by Samuel Lapham for above. Hailed from N. Y. in 1859.

1841. **Probus.** Ship, 656 tons. Owners, Daniel P. Parker of Boston and William S. Wetmore of New York. Built by Jotham Stetson.

Cairo. Ship, 536 tons. Owners, Benjamin C. White, William F. White and Henry H. Jones, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by J. Stetson for above. Sold to New York parties 1859. Sold German Acct. March, 1863. Name changed to *Henry*. Renamed *Blucher*. Sailed from Doboy for Hull, England, and was lost, April, 1876.

Coquimbo. Ship, 671 tons. Owners, Benjamin Bangs, Isaac Bangs and George P. Bangs of Boston. Built by P. Curtis for above. Sold to Benjamin Howard of Boston and John Bertram, *et al.*, of Salem, November, 1853. One ship *Coquimbo* from S. F. went ashore on Smith's Island, Puget Sound, January 22, 1862.

J. W. Paige. Bark, 200 tons. Owner, C. Taylor of Chatham. Built by J. O. Curtis.

Navigator. Ship, 333 tons. Owners, Matthew Crosby, William H. Crosby and Henry Swift, *et al.*, of Nantucket. Built by J. O. Curtis.

United States. Ship, 372 tons. Owners, Barrett & Upton of Nantucket, Mass. Built by James O. Curtis. Whaling in the Pacific Ocean. Struck a submerged rock, filled with water and sunk about 57 miles N.W. Tongataboo, Navigator Islands, December 20, 1848.

Governor Davis. Ship, 768 tons. Owners, Enoch and Samuel Train and Henry Neef of Dorchester. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Chinca Islands for Baltimore via Callao with guano. Got ashore in Boqueron Passage near Callao, August 31, 1851, and became a total wreck.

Mary Ellen. Ship, 529 tons. Owners, William Appleton, J. Amory Appleton, Abbott Lawrence and Samuel Hooper of Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Wampoa for New York with full cargo, chiefly tea. Struck a reef on the east side of the Island of Subi, February 9, 1847, and became a total wreck. Three lives lost.

Griffin. Bark, 301 tons. Owners, Joshua Blake, John S. Blake and Jacob G. Hallett, Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell.

Lochinvar. Ship, 652 tons. Owners, William Witherlee and John H. Jarvis of Castine, Me., *et al.* Built by Waterman & Ewell. Sold foreign.

Hampden. Ship, 646 tons. Owners, John Russell of Plymouth, Mass., and Sidney Bartlett of Boston, *et al.* Registered December 29, 1856, Enoch Train & Co. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Sold to N. Y. September, 1857. St. George via Halifax for Bristol, England. Arrived at St. Thomas in March, 1865, and was condemned.

Rockall. Ship, 644 tons. Owners, Rice & Thaxter and Epes Sargent of Boston. Registered April 6, 1850, E. William and William Rollins, *et al.* Registered June 11, 1852, Samuel F. Morse and Frederick Gray, *et al.* Built by Waterman & Ewell. Name changed to *Massachusetts*. Name changed to *Thule*. Last report, 1885.

1842. **Altorf.** Bark, 259 tons. Owners, Sprague & James, Medford, and Bogardus, Boston. Built by Sprague & James. Hamburg for Vera Cruz. Totally wrecked on Alicrane Reef, November 2, 1848.

Moselle. Ship, 398 tons. Owner, Thomas Lamb of Boston. Built by Foster & Taylor. Boston for New Orleans. Went ashore on Sand Key and had bilged April 24, 1849. Was sold later as a wreck.

Southerner. Bark, 277 tons. Owners, John A. McGaw and William Lincoln, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by Foster & Taylor. Sold to New York parties August, 1856. Sold to —— account March, 1862.

Ellen. Bark, 373 tons. Owners, James Huckins and John Albree, Boston. Built by G. Fuller. One bark *Ellen* of Edgartown condemned at Barbadoes in 1863.

Laura. Ship, 685 tons. Owners, Edw. D. Peters & Co. of Boston. Built by J. Stetson. Liverpool for Mobile. Went ashore on the East Knoll abreast Sand Island, below Mobile, April 2, 1849, and became a total wreck.

Swallow. Schooner, 119½ tons. Owners, Israel Lombard and Charles O. Whitmore and Christopher Williams of Boston. Built by James O. Curtis.

Dorchester. Ship, 415 tons. Owners, Enoch Train of Boston and Richard Trask of Manchester. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Pioneer ship in Train's Liverpool line. Built for South American trade. Struck by a heavy sea which totally dismasted her December 12, 1844, while bound for Boston from Liverpool. As she commenced to leak crew and passengers were rescued by a passing ship.

Olga. Bark, 333 tons. Owners, John D. Bates, Adam W. Thaxter, Jr., *et al.*, Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell.

Milton. Ship, 597 tons. Owner, Henry Oxnard, Boston. Registered May 22, 1852, Curtis & Peabody. Registered February 12, 1857, Thomas G. Rice, *et al.* Built by Waterman & Ewell.

Granada. Ship, 593 tons. Owner, Henry Oxnard, Boston. Registered September 13, 1854, William S. Bullard. Registered March 17, 1859, Stephen H. Bullard. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Sold March, 1861.

Thomas H. Perkins of Boston. Ship, 670 tons. Owners, John E. Lodge and Henry Cabot of Boston. Built by Samuel Lapham.

1843. **Essex.** Ship, 698 tons. Owners, John H. Pearson, Benjamin Humphrey, Francis and Francis W. Welch of Boston. Built by Foster & Taylor. Sold British account 186-. Hailed from Aberdeen. Rig changed to bark. Sailed from Quebec, Canada, October 27, 1874, for Aberdeen, Scotland, and was never heard from.

Lapland. Ship, 545 tons. Owners, William S. and Benjamin C. White and Henry H. Jones of Boston. Built by J. Stetson. Wrecked at Trescott, Me., October 25, 1853, during a gale while bound for Liverpool with deals from St. John, N. B.

Edward Everett. Ship, 622 tons. Owners, Benjamin Bangs, Isaac Bangs and George P. Bangs of Boston. Built by P. Curtis for above. Sold to Baltimore parties before 1856. Wrecked about December, 1861, near Dunkirk, France, while bound for Baltimore from Amsterdam.

Missouri. Bark, 319 tons. Owners, Jno. Fairfield, William Lincoln & Co. and John A. McGaw, *et al*, Boston. Built by James O. Curtis. Sold to New York parties. Was driven ashore in Regus or Rhigas Bay, Sumatra, November 1, 1850, and was wrecked and plundered by natives.

Paul Jones. Ship, 624 tons. Owners, Daniel C. Bacon and R. B. Forbes and Jno. M. Forbes of Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell.

Paulina. Bark, 271½ tons. Owners, Daniel C. Bacon and John M. and Robert B. Forbes, Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell. (Captain Stein.) Wrecked on reef at Lahaino, Sandwich Islands, November 14, 1860, while whaling.

Lenox. Bark, 370 tons. Owners, Thomas B Wales & Co., Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Sold November, 1856, to Fall River parties. New York for New Orleans. Captured and burned June 12, 1863, by the *Boston* at the mouth of the Mississippi River.

Stamboul. Bark, 279 tons. Owners, Joseph Iasigi and Thomas A. Goddard, Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Last report 1897.

Aukland. Bark, 204 tons. Owners, Andrew Breed and Samuel T. Huse of Lynn. Registered August 12, 1853, Albert G. Brown, Boston. Built by Samuel Lapham. Sold to San Francisco. Sailed from S. F. for Shanghai September 7, 1862, passed Honolulu September 24th, and was never afterward heard from.

1844. **Medford.** Schooner, 107 tons. Owners, Parker Cook, *et al*, of Provincetown. Built by George Fuller.

Josephine. Schooner, 123 tons. Owners, Joseph Atkins, *et al.*, of Provincetown. Built by George Fuller.

Sophia Walker. Ship, 335 tons. Owners, T. W. Walker & Bro., Boston. Built by Foster & Taylor. Put into St. Thomas, W. I., in distress March 29, 1856, and was condemned while bound for Valparaiso from N. Y.

Mary. Bark, 268⅝ tons. Owner, Nathaniel Francis, Boston. Built by Foster & Taylor. Sold to N. Y. parties. New Orleans for Stockholm, Sweden. Wrecked on Colorado Reef September 6, 1854, while bound for above port. Wreck set on fire.

Magnolia. Ship, 648 tons. Owners, William Hanum, Marblehead, and Frank Perret of New Orleans. Sold to Fisher & Co. Registered March 11, 1851. Sold to H. R. Kendall & Son. Registered June 9, 1852, William H. and John Foster. Registered September 17, 1853, Benjamin Howard of Boston and John Bertram of Salem. Built by Foster & Taylor. Sold British account December, 1861.

Henrico. Brig, 136 tons. Owners, Henry Paine and Jno. Nickerson, *et al.*, Provincetown. Built by Foster & Taylor. Registered Salem September 12, 1850.

Wagram of Boston. Bark, 242 tons. Owners, Joshua T. Foster and John Taylor of Medford, Lombard & Whitmore of Boston. Built by Foster & Taylor. Sold Chilean account 1858. Renamed *Rosa Rivera.*

Azoff. Bark, 295 tons. Owners, William A. Rea and Albert A. Farnham of Boston. Built by J. Stetson for above.

J. Q. Adams. Ship, 661 tons. Owner, Daniel P. Parker of Boston, 1844. Registered May 13, 1851, Mackay & Coolidge and Robert G. Shaw, *et al.* Registered May 6, 1852, Howes & Crowell. Built by Paul Curtis. Boston to S. F. 170 days, arrived October 20, 1852. Put into Mauritius in distress while bound for London from Calcutta and was condemned and sold August 6, 1859.

Albatross of Boston. Ship, 745 tons. Owners, 1844–1858, Benjamin Bangs, Aug. Hemenway and Andrew S. Simpson of Boston. Sold to Page, Richardson & Co., March, 1858. Built by P. Curtis. Foundered December 15, 1864, in lat. 49° 05' N., long. 8° 24' W. while bound for Malta from Cardiff.

Ohio. Bark, 373½ tons. Owners, Fairfield Lincoln & Co. and John A. McGaw and William Lincoln, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by J. O. Curtis. Sold to British account July, 1854.

E. H. Chapin. Bark, 424½ tons. Owner, James Gandol of Boston. Built by James O. Curtis. Hailed from Baltimore when lost. Leghorn via Nassau for Baltimore in ballast. Wrecked on North Key, Bahamas, about March 20, 1854.

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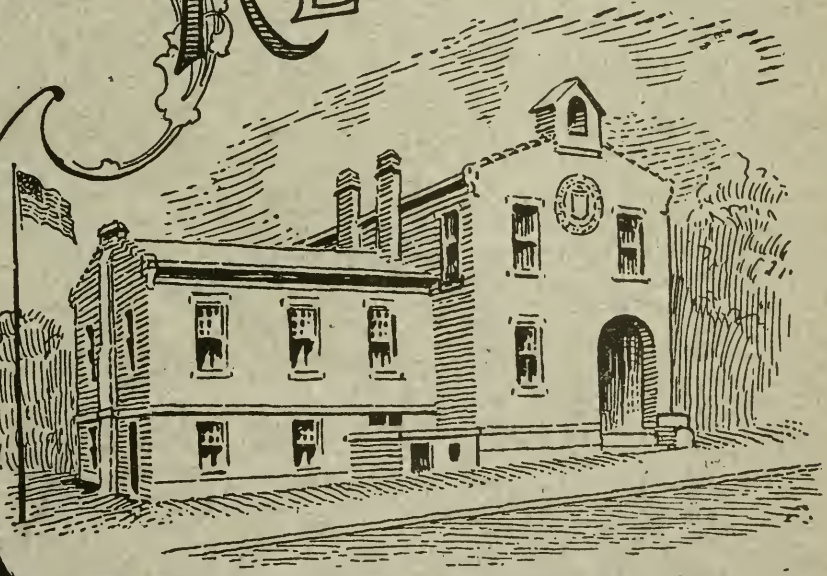
HISTORICAL REGISTER



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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

LAWRENCE OBSERVATION TOWER

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXXII. DECEMBER, 1929. No. 4.

A GREAT HIGHWAY.

By Wilson Fiske.

JUST a decade before Sullivan made his petition for the Middlesex canal charter, three gentlemen made a trip across the neighboring state of New York to spy out the possibilities of making a continuous waterway to join the Great Lakes with the Atlantic. They anticipated no direct personal gain from such an enterprise, for the way must be built, if at all, by the State, or even by the Federal Government, as was at one time proposed. It was an undertaking too vast for private enterprise in that day, and its importance was national in scope—even international.

But our wayfarers were men of patriotic vision, convinced that they had grasped the corner-stone to the building of an empire state. Their names were George Washington, Alexander Hamilton and George Clinton. It may be acceptable to remind a Massachusetts gathering that General Clinton was then — and was for twenty-one years in all, governor of New York, and twice vice-president of the United States. He was not a signer of the Declaration of Independence only because, having voted therefor in the convention, he left Philadelphia before the document was ready for signature, on orders from Washington to assist in the defence of New York city.

The conception of the proposed waterway was not new, nor did it originate with these men. Years before, its coming was predicted by Governeur Morris, who foresaw the time when "ships would sail from London through the Hudson river to Lake Erie." In 1768 the British governor of the colony officially proposed that the Mohawk be made navigable by means of sluices around its falls, after the manner of the Languedoc canal

in France. In 1724 Cadwalader Colden, surveyor-general of the province, predicted the same certain outcome. Even so soon the wiser statesmen had begun to recognize the need for a communication across the colony better than the trail and the corduroy road.

The result of the exploratory trip of our three travelers was the persistent advocacy by the first President of the plans which were then taking shape, but which were not brought to consummation until in 1825 Gov. *DeWitt* Clinton, nephew of George Clinton, and himself four times governor of New York, made the memorable trip by canal from Erie to Sandy Hook in the *Seneca Chief* and emptied his keg of lake water into the Atlantic, thereby evidencing a marriage more momentous than ever was symbolized by the Doge's ring.

Washington's point of view was not wholly commercial. He foresaw also the need of this highway to hold the country together. The hardy pioneers of the colonies were again pushing westward the migration which the war had in part suspended, and of course they were reaching into the great central valleys. Louisiana covered the whole Mississippi valley as far north as the Falls of St. Anthony, and Louisiana belonged to France. France held an important post at St. Louis and a potentially great port at New Orleans, and France claimed all the territory drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries. This territory pushed its way even into New York, for New York, the real father of waters, drains into the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Delaware, the Chesapeake and the Ohio.

Washington himself had had, at Fort Duquesne nearly thirty years before, bitter experience of the extent of French claims and of French ability to maintain them, for Washington was the "Virginian boy" of Fenimore Cooper's tale by whose coolness and spirit was saved from annihilation the chosen army of Braddock. Small wonder at his conviction that if adequate means of communication eastward were denied our emigrants they

would surely find their outlet to the south. And across New York runs the only path between Canada and Alabama, leading from tidewater to the Great Lakes and the whole fertile Missouri-Mississippi basin, without climbing the Appalachians.

Of course, like all public enterprises, the project met with most violent opposition. We may not now follow the long struggle for canalization, the fight against conservatism, jealousy, narrow-mindedness and supposed self-interest, the squabble over spoils and patronage, in which, alas, neither party was without sin, but pass to the final triumphant outcome in 1825, before the close of which year the Champlain and the Erie canals were completed. The latter is the longest in the world except the Grand Canal of China.

The result made certain the state's position of primacy. New York is the latest and richest of the empires built upon the control of the world's great trade routes. When the air ship really comes to its own will she also prove the last?

For "Clinton's Ditch," as its opponents contemptuously called it, was but a step in the development of this greatest of trade routes, which involves much more than the shovel and the pick produced. Dame nature herself began the process, what time the Hudson came down the present Mohawk route and cut its way through the Shatemuc hills to the sea, and she finished her work by the subsidence of the central portion of the state, leaving the low-grade divide between the lakes and the present Hudson and making the Hudson a fiord from the Mohawk to the sea. Man merely adopted and adapted it to his advancing purposes as his needs and opportunities developed.

The great Indian trail westward left the Hudson at Albany, crossed to the Mohawk at Schenectady, followed that river westward, and reached the lake country substantially as does the Twentieth Century Limited today. The trail northward through the valley of the upper

Hudson, and down the length of the Horicon and Champlain, carried the Mohicans and the Iroquois into the country of the Hurons of Canada. Exactly as the bridle-path and then the wagon-road replaced the trail, so was the canoe succeeded by the sloop and the canal boat.

I am sure I shall have the indulgence of at least the ladies if I recall here rather the romantic than the statistical interest in our theme. When Henry Hudson, in the summer of 1609, skirted the American coast from Newfoundland to the Carolinas he was still in search of a new route by which to transport the treasures of the east (not the west) to the markets of Western Europe, and rumor told of a possible passage through the new world or between its islands.

Turning back from Hatteras he retraced his steps to Sandy Hook, and hope must have run high within him when he entered the estuary which carried him inland, *on the tide*, more than fifty leagues. But the water freshened, then shoaled, and finally the falls at Cohoes arrested him.

In the same summer of 1609 a restless Frenchman, who also gave his name to a portion of the great highway, and whose aim, like Hudson's, was to find a northwest passage to the Indies, in the course of his explorations pushed upward from the St. Lawrence until his batteau floated on the waters of the "Holy Lake," Lake George. The hills at its head halted him as the falls below stopped Hudson at a point barely twenty leagues distant. Both explorers abandoned their finds as interesting but useless, and neither England nor France then sought to capitalize their discoveries.

But relentless destiny may not be stayed. Two centuries changed the world's problems. Mankind no longer looked to the east for its necessities. A younger land in the west was becoming its hope, and the paths which Hudson and Champlain found valueless in the old quest became all-important in the new.

Whoever with open eyes has traversed the route of

the Hudson-Erie highway; has counted the six railroad tracks stretching throughout its length; has watched the river and the canal, sometimes crossing, sometimes running in and out between, but always bearing with them; has caught glimpses of the wagon-roads alongside; and has reflected how all these do but supplement and complement one another, to form one great and unique avenue, must have been impelled to cry "Here runs the path of empire!"

What were all the argosies of Venice to the traffic of a single season adown this lane, over which the revenues of a single train in one year have reached $10,000,000.00!

OLD MAN OF THE FELLS.

When you first thrust your massive head
Above the surface of the fell,
  What joy was yours to see the light?
  What did you think when came the night?
  What your remorse, pain, or delight?
    Or won't you tell?

When in the winter, chilly blasts
Were followed by the flakes of snow,
  Did you desire to hide your head
  Once more in Mother Earth's warm bed
  And all the snowy traces shed
    To sink below?

When men came walking through the woods
And climbed about your stately face
  How could you stand their disrespect?
  Why did you not a spot select
  And with a head-shake these deflect
    To their disgrace?

When others saw you standing here,
Noted and recognized your worth,
  Why did you not speak clear and free
  And tell them why you here should be,
  And of your noble history
    Upon the earth?

Old Man, all watchful passersby
Can see your features when they seek,
And joining you in pensive mood,
Together on earth's wonders brood,
Finding such close similitude
You seem to speak.

—THOMAS J. CARLISLE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS, FROM MIDDLESEX FELLS.

Easily reached from Border road is the observation tower erected by the late General Lawrence, a detailed account of which may be found on page 12, Vol. XXIV, REGISTER. This was one of the "high places" the New York cyclist visited, others being Bunker hill monument, the Custom house tower, and Rotch observatory on Blue hill. Another view (all these by courtesy of the *Medford Mercury*) is of ledges in the Fells, which we secured over twenty years ago, during a Sunday afternoon walk with Schoolmaster Hobbs and his neighbors Nye and Nolte. All three (now passed on), were a little uncertain as to the way. We have never since seen this place, though certainly well worth a visit. Twenty years later we were not a little surprised to learn that our amateur effort in photography that day had received a first prize in a snap-shot contest. In our roaming that day we came to the "Panther's Den." Later we came out on Forest street, near Bellevue. There is a lot to find and see in the Fells, and we again present "Stone Face in Middlesex Fells" and reprint an article thereon which we find by an unnamed writer in *Boston Globe* of 1908.

STONE FACE IN MIDDLESEX FELLS.

Unlike the "Old Man of the Mountain" at Franconia, this profile of stone in Medford is easily accessible and is best seen close at hand — gray-haired after a snowfall. Few persons know of this partly natural, partly accidental sculpture.

The great profile at Franconia, N. H., commonly called

"the Old Man of the Mountain," is known to tourists far and wide, and is well worth a visit by anyone. But the old man in his grandeur is inaccessible. He peers out from a lofty cliff and is only seen from across a small lake, and will admit of a side view only of his features, and that only for a few rods of the mountain road.

That profile is composed of various projections in the granite ledges of the mountain, which, viewed from one particular point, form a silhouette against the sky.

The scene inspires reverence for the Almighty Creator, as seen in his handiwork.

There are, scattered here and there in this country, boulders of the glacial period, some in the forests, others along the hilltops, and still others storm-beaten and wave-washed by old ocean's shores, that ofttimes reveal fantastic and wonderful shapes.

Sometimes these have been all unnoticed, till some one with eyes to see has come along, and then we have wondered where ours have been all the while. Such an one may be found in the Middlesex Fells at Medford.

Not far from the home of the late Elizur Wright (he who first urged the scheme of this natural park) is a woodland road leading off the old Andover turnpike, now called Forest street, and across Gravelly brook.

Many years ago (almost a century) a granite quarry was opened among these hills. The rock is very dark in color and much harder to work than that of Quincy or Concord. Much of it was used, however, till about fifty years ago, and the deep caverns and pits made by its removal are now seen with large trees growing in and about them.

The roadways, on which great blocks, and the red gravel which long ages ago was formed of the disintegrated rock, was hauled out, now make beautiful pleasure paths. The broad malls of Boston Common were dressed with this same red gravel in years past.

Beside one of these shaded sylvan roads may be seen the "Old Man of the Fells," looking steadily and serenely

across the path toward the valley of Gravelly brook and the rocky hills beyond.

Unlike the profile at Franconia, this old man is easily accessible, and is best seen close at hand; his head and shoulder risen from the ground scarce a rod away from the road.

A man of ordinary stature, with outstretched hand, may barely reach the eyebrow; but this old fellow is as capricious as his north-country cousin and, like many other things in this world, your view will depend on how you look.

As you pass along over the brook, the road turns a little to the left. A shapeless mass of rock is seen among the trees, with a little sapling growing upon its top, and this is the end of an outcropping granite ledge. The quarry was opened a little farther on.

As you walk slowly along a projecting rock appears at the right of the mass, and this is the old man's nose. Soon an indentation below forms the lips, and lower the chin and neck assume shape, also the retreating eyebrow and massive forehead.

If you are fortunate enough to view it just after a light snowfall, the vision is made still more realistic by the gray hair, and the "Old Man of the Fells" is seen in bold relief.

He is even more so than his New Hampshire relative, for the back of his head is distinctly seen, and his neck seems sheltered by an upturned collar.

As you walk along, the features begin to change their expression, the nose becomes less prominent, the lips and chin disappear entirely, and a few steps farther on there is nothing to be seen of the old man. There is only a confused mass of split and creviced ledge, just as some powder blast left it three generations ago, but weather-worn and blackened by the sun and storms of the years long gone.

Great trees have grown up about the "Old Man of the Fells," and these make the task of securing a more distant view somewhat difficult.

It is doubtful if the existence of this partly natural, partly accidental sculpture is known to many people; quite likely many of those that on a pleasant summer day walk through the Fells haven't noticed him, but to the lover of nature and those that have eyes to see, the "Old Man of the Fells" guards this entrance thereto.

EDITORIAL.

We regret the delay in the coming of this closing issue of Vol. XXXII. We simply couldn't help it. May we be forgiven? The coming issue will be (by vote of the Society), a special, Vol. XXXIII, Nos. 1 and 2, prepared by a special committee, and will appear in June as a part of our tercentenary observance. We commend it to public acceptance. This is our apology and good word, and this our foreword.

That some people are interested to learn of Medford's part in the three centuries of its existence is evidenced by the inquiries that come to the REGISTER. Quite numerous, lately, have been those regarding the water ways and canals. Our fellow-member, Mr. Fiske, has been called upon and recently read an excellent paper upon the Middlesex canal of a century ago, and added to his good work an appropriate one concerning New York's big ditch. He kindly assented to our request for its use. We are presenting it in this issue, wishing he would supplement it with one about a proposed canal from Boston across northern Massachusetts to the Hudson river.

On pages 59–60 (Vol. XXV) is a poem about the Bower, "a much-loved spot," which was revisited by an old Medford school boy. We commend its reading. A mile away from the Bower, beyond Pine hill, is another sylvan retreat in the Fells. Quarry road leads to it from Forest street. It was a century ago the scene of a noted Medford granite industry, but now reforested by nature.

Last summer two high school boys from New York state, during a cycling tour of six hundred miles, took in a bit of our Fells, and after climbing the Lawrence tower, visited this other woodsy nook. A few days later there came to us the poem printed on pages 61 and 62, written by one of them. The REGISTER is thus giving a visitor's thoughts (in our "much-loved spot") its first publicity.

THE WESTERN SECTION OF MEDFORD.

We have been accustomed to associate the seventeenth of June with Charlestown and the memorable battle of Bunker hill. Let us remember that peace hath its victories no less than war, and notice what this coming seventeenth of June the old town of Meadford — the modern city of Medford — commemorates. Let us anticipate the battle's day by a century and a half, and admire the fortitude of the little band, who in western wilds sought fortune, home and freedom among an unknown and savage people.

Less than a decade had elapsed since the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth rock, when the trading company of which Matthew Cradock had been "governour" began a *new* business, that of civil government. Cradock's successor, John Winthrop, brought with him across the seas the charter granted by King Charles I to "London's Plantation in Massachusetts Bay." Governor Winthrop immediately began to explore the *New* England, and to consult as to "the place of our sitting down." In his diary he recorded, "We went up Mistick river about six miles June 17, 1630."

Thomas Dudley (the deputy governor) in his letter to the Countess of Lincoln, tells of the settling of "some at Mistick which we named Meadford." Here, then, is the fact *Anno Urbis Conditæ*, the two hundred and seventy-fifth, the city of Medford celebrates.

Governor Winthrop had a house erected the next year, but Matthew Cradock never lived in his; he died in

England in 1644, without ever seeing the land of promise. Immigration from England practically ceased after his death, and the settlement was thrown upon its own resources. Half his estate was rented to Edward Collins, and in 1653 was purchased by him of the heirs of Governor Cradock.

Collins sold to various parties the territory, much of which is comprised in the section known as West Medford, and which was good farming land. It is of this section of Mistick, or Meadford, that we take special notice. The settlement extended along the valley, with fording places across the river, one at the "weare," the other farther down stream, and became known as the "Ford at Mistick."

About a dozen years before Winthrop's coming, the Indian king, Nanepashemit, had been slain; but his Squa Sachem still resided here, as did also his son, Sagamore John. Nanepashemit is said to have been somewhat migratory in his habits, but while in this vicinity occupied the craggy eminence we know as "Rock hill," and from thence could view the river in either direction. Doubtless on *that* seventeenth of June Winthrop approached and passed it with caution, *for he* located *his* dwelling nearer the bay.

For ages the waters of the river and those of the bay had striven for the mastery, ebbing and flowing; upon their surface the canoes of the red men; and in their depths the fish which supplied them food and tempted the business enterprise of Cradock. The marshes bordered it more or less widely, and the primeval forest stretched away from these northward to the "Rocks." We today term these the Fells, and from their solitudes came the tributary brooks, Whitmore and Marabel's.

Wild beasts there were, and birds, but the wilder men were less numerous, because of a pestilence akin to the yellow fever of the southland. Such was the territory into which the men of *old* England had come to make their homes; a *New* England two hundred and seventy-

five years ago. We do well to pause a little, to review the scene, to celebrate the event, to venerate their memory, to emulate all that was good, noble and heroic in their motives and actions. Along the Mystic valley from Charlestown to Menotomy, and backward into the rocky Fells they settled, utilizing the waters of the brooks to grind their corn and tan their leather, making those of the river a highway by which they might journey. The task was great, the laborers few, and progress slow; at least it would so seem to the men of today.

In 1686 a certain traveler records that there was "nothing remarkable to be seen at Meadford, which is but a small Village consisting of a few Houses." He recorded, however, good treatment at the "ordinary" where he stopped, both of the fare and of the hosts. This was probably the first tavern in Meadford, and at the foot of Marabel's, later and still called "Marm Simonds', hill."

Sixty-six years had rolled away ere the men of Medford, then but thirty tax payers, found themselves able to erect a meeting-house.

Such was the West Medford of early days. A portion of Charlestown was added to it — the section called Symms' corner — and in 1851 taken, in the formation of the new town of Winchester. It was in that section that the Medford Governor, John Brooks, was born.

About 1720 the town began to be spoken of as the West End, the East End and the Center, in connection with the subject of schools. The western section has usually been considered to be that west of Winthrop square. Within this territory the meeting-houses were, the first and second; the first schoolhouse, the tavern, the town pound, several mills and brickyards, and a goodly number of the dwellings, long since removed and forgotten.

Through the entire length of High street galloped Revere, and close after him went the minute men, toward Lexington. Returning, they were refreshed at the Brooks farm, and over the same road they brought William Polly, their wounded comrade, home to die.

OLD SHIPS AND SHIP-BUILDING DAYS OF MEDFORD.

By Hall Gleason.

(Continued from Medford Historical Register, September, 1929.)

1844. **Niphon.** Ship, 337 tons. Owner, J. H. Shaw, Nantucket, Mass. Built by James O. Curtis. For Nantucket from the Pacific Ocean on a whaling cruise. Abandoned at sea sinking January 12, 1849, in lat. 36° N., long. 73° W., Atlantic Ocean.

Oxnard. Ship, 595 tons. Owners, William Appleton, Samuel Hooper, and Abbott Lawrence. Sold to Kettell, Collins & Co. Registered March 4, 1856. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Boston to S. F. 150 days, arrived May 9, 1852. Abandoned off Cape Horn, ——, 1858, while bound for S. F. with coal from Cardiff.

Hamlet. Ship, 1099 tons. Owners, Howes & Crowell. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Sold to Salem parties. Put under the British flag. Wrecked on Nauset Beach, Cape Cod, February 13, 1866, during a fog, while bound for Boston from Calcutta with East India goods.

Thomas B. Wales of Boston. Ship, 600 tons. Owners, Thomas B. Wales & Co. of Boston. Built, Medford, by Waterman & Ewell. Arrived at S. F. from Boston August 6, 1852, in 144 days. Calcutta to Boston. Captured and burned November 8, 1862, in lat. 29° N., long. 58° W., by the Confederate cruiser *Alabama*.

Heber. Ship, 434 tons. Owners, Daniel C. Bacon, George Crocker and Joshua Sears of Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Sold and hailed from New York. New Orleans for Liverpool. Sprung a leak during a gale and abandoned January 23, 1856.

Osmanli. Bark, 287 tons. Owners, Joseph Iasigi and Thomas A. Goddard, Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Sold to New Bedford parties February, 1866. Wrecked March, 1878.

Mary Ann. Ship, 496 tons. Owners, Andrews T. Hall and Albert H. Brown of Boston. Registered October 2, 1856, William Perkins and Israel Whitney. Built by Waterman and Ewell. Wrecked at the mouth of the Bassein River, August 12, 1861, while bound for that port from Colombo.

Catalpa. Bark, 260¾ tons. Owners, Ephraim and Annie C. Lombard of Boston, 1844. Registered Boston, July 3, 1850, Hunnewell & Pierce. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Condemned July, 1883.

Tumchi. Ship, 433 tons. Owners, Whitmore & Steele, New York. Built by Waterman & Ewell.

Sygnet. Ship, 533 tons. Owners, William Appleton & Co., Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell.

1845. **P. Cook.** Bark, 137 tons. Owner, P. Cook, Provincetown. Built by George Fuller.

Versailles of Boston. Ship, 547½ tons. Owners, Thomas Lamb and Isaac Sweetzer of Boston. Registered Boston, October 16, 1850, Elisha T. Loring of Boston. Registered Boston, November 4, 1851, Henry Plympton of Boston. Registered Boston, April 30, 1853, D. S. Kendall and C. H. P. Plympton of Boston. Registered Boston, June 1, 1858, J. T. and J. S. Coolidge of Boston. Built by Foster & Taylor. Arrived S. F. March 24, 1852, from Boston in 138 days.

John Parker. Bark, 392 tons. Owners, William Bramhall and Thomas Howe of Boston. Built by Foster & Taylor. Sold to Providence parties April, 1852. Wrecked near Cape Lookout August 30, 1857, while bound for Rotterdam from New Orleans.

Jane Howes of Provincetown. Brig, 110 tons. Owners, Joshua E. Bowley, *et al.*, of Provincetown. Built by Foster & Taylor. Provincetown whaler. Port au Platte for New York. Wrecked January, 1854, on Port au Platte reef.

Zamora of Boston. Bark, 276 tons. Owners, William A. Rea, Joshua T. Foster and John Taylor. Built by Foster & Taylor. New Orleans to Boston. Wrecked December 16, 1845, inside Monument Point, Plymouth, Mass. Four lives lost.

Emily Hilliard. Schooner, 99 tons. Owners, Charles D. Cook, *et al.*, of Provincetown. Built by Foster & Taylor.

Planet. Brig, 142⅔ tons. Owners, Jairus H. Hilliard, *et al.*, of Provincetown. Built by Foster & Taylor. Sold Salem, October, 1847.

Emperor. Ship, 597 tons. Owner, William Hammond, Attorney, for Frank Perret of New Orleans. Built by Foster & Taylor for above. Sold Salem, November 9, 1853. Sold Searsport, November, 1859.

Lowell. Schooner, 130 tons. Owner, Elihu H. Reed of Boston. Built by Foster & Taylor.

Chicopee. Brig, 189 tons. Owners, John H. Pearson, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by John Taylor for above. Sold March, 1863. While beating in the harbor of Isle Sal, C. V. I. from Goru, W. C. A., she got ashore September 25, 1866, and was condemned and sold.

1845. **Laconia.** Bark, 189 tons. Owners, John H. Pearson, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by Foster & Taylor. Sold New Bedford parties, March, 1866. Last report 1883.

Corsair. Ship, 301 tons. Owners, Joseph P. Wheeler of Boston and Calvin Adams of Bangor. Built by J. Stetson for above. Loading copper ore at Papuda, Chili, for Boston. Stranded in gale June 5, 1854, and became a total wreck.

Faneuil Hall. 578 tons. Owners, Nathaniel Chapman and Enos Holbrook of Boston. Built by S. E. and E. Holbrook.

Mayland. Bark, 203 tons. Owner, Samuel Davis, Boston. Built by P. Curtis.

Sunbeam. Ship, 843 tons. Owners, Augustus Hemenway of Boston. Built by P. Curtis. Sold March, 1861. Sold foreign and sailed under British flag. Brunswick for Rio Janiero. Wrecked December, 1879.

Helen Maria. Bark, 203 tons. Owners, R. Taylor, *et al.*, of Chatham, Mass. Built by P. Curtis.

Fawn. Brig, 127½ tons. Owners, Francis and Isaac Small, *et al.*, of Provincetown. Registered Salem, January 22, 1847. Registered Boston, May 13, 1852, Charles Norwell, *et al.* Registered September 21, 1854, William E. Greeley, *et al.* Built by George H. Briggs.

Thetis of Boston. Bark, 399 tons. Owners, Fairfield Lincoln & Co. and John A. McGaw of Boston. Registered Boston, November 3, 1853, Thompson & Davidson, Boston. Sold to John L. Gardner & Co. of Boston, December, 1854. Built by James O. Curtis. Sold Prussian Acct. November, 1863, and renamed *Stolpemunde.*

Ariel. Brig, 140 tons. Owner, James Wilson, Boston. Built by J. O. Curtis.

Scotland. Ship of Nantucket. 384 tons. Owners, William S. French and Benjamin F. Coffin, *et al.*, of Nantucket. Built by J. O. Curtis.

Charles Alston (Alstrum). Schooner, 98½ tons. Owners, John Adams, *et al.*, Provincetown. Built by Peter Lewis. Round Pond, Me., for St. Mary's Bay. Wrecked November, 1875.

Tonquin. Ship, 496 tons. Owners, George R. Minot and Nathaniel Hooper, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell. N. Y. to S. F. Wrecked on Whaleman's Spit, entrance to S. F. Harbor November 19, 1849.

Douglass. Bark, 466 tons. Owners, John D. Bates and Adam W. Thaxter, *et al.*, Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Leith for Quebec with general cargo of coals, cordage, etc. Burned September 11, 1853, from spontaneous combustion at a port in Newfoundland.

Santiago of Boston. Ship, 420 tons. Owner, William W. Goddard of Boston. Registered May 28, 1850, Daniel G. and William B. Bacon of Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Sold to N. Y. May, 1862. Sold British Acct. May, 1864.

William H. Shailer. Bark of Boston. 243½ tons. Owners, Seccomb, Bartlett & Co. of Boston. Registered Boston, July 2, 1852, Sampson & Tappan of Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Registered Salem, July 14, 1852, and employed whaling by Salem owners. Condemned at Rio Janeiro about 1879.

Palmetto. Bark, 282 tons. Owners, Lombard & Hall of Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Last report 1897.

Vancouver of Boston. Ship, 518 tons. Owner, Daniel C. Bacon of Boston. Daniel G. and William B. Bacon, successors. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Wrecked May 17, 1859, on the South Bank, five miles inside Gutzhaff Islands, China.

Thomas W. Sears of Boston. Ship, 500 tons. Owners, Joshua Sears and Daniel C. Bacon, *et al.*, of Boston. Registered Boston, February 1, 1850, Daniel C. Bacon & Son, Boston. Daniel G. and William B. Bacon, successors. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Sold British Acct. August, 1864, and renamed *Georgina.*

Maria. Bark, 333 tons. Owners, Joseph B. Bacon and Thomas H. Bacon, *et al.*, Boston. Registered March 7, 1851, Josiah M. Jones, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by Waterman & Ewell. Abandoned off New Inlet, October 17, 1856, while bound for Boston with corn, etc., from Norfolk, Va.

Prairie. One-half brig, 189 tons. Owners, Thatcher Magoun & Son of Boston. Registered Boston, March 13, 1854, Elijah D. Brigham. Built by Henry Ewell at Magoun's yard. Registered Salem, August 8, 1848. Was a transport in the Mexican War.

1846. **Dolphin.** Ship, 500 tons. Owners, Robert C. MacKay, John T. Coolidge and Robert G. Shaw, *et al.*, Boston. Registered September 14, 1852, Robert C. MacKay. Built by Samuel Lapham. Sold April, 1860.

George H. Hopley. Ship, 590 tons. Owners, Belm, *et al.*, Charleston, S. C. Built by J. Stetson.

Clement. Bark (Brig), 197 tons. Owners, Seth Ryder, *et al.*, Chatham. Built by P. Curtis. Baltimore for Boston with corn, flour, etc. Struck Whale Back, Newport, R. I., in a snowstorm March 25, 1856. Slid off and went ashore on the Horse Shoe, Narragansett Beach, and became a total wreck.

1846. **Mary.** Bark, 205 tons. Owners, Zinsey Whelden, *et al.*, of Boston. Sold to Adolphus Davis. Registered July 27, 1852 Built by P. Curtis. Wrecked near Messina Lighthouse March 14, 1858, while entering that harbor in ballast from Alexandria, Egypt.

Boston. Ship, 663 tons. Owners, Francis G. Shaw, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by P. Curtis for above. Wrecked on Alguada Reef October 28, 1861, while bound for Hong Kong with rice from Bassein, Jenkins, master. All hands saved. See "Boston Shipping List," February 15, 1852.

Abby Pratt of Boston. Ship, 669 tons. Owners, George Pratt of Boston and Ebenezer A. Shaw of Quincy. Sold to Barnstable parties February, 1852. Built by P. Curtis. Wrecked December 16, 1853, on Old South Shoal, Vineyard Sound, while bound for Boston from Calcutta with cargo of saltpetre, linseed, gunny bags, etc.

Ceres. Bark, 398 tons. Owners, J. A. McGaw and William Lincoln, *et al.* Built by J. O. Curtis for above. Sold May, 1859, to ——. Sold May, 1860, to N. Y. parties. Sold October, 1861, to N. Y. parties. Owned in Salem, 1857.

Alabama. Ship, 347 tons. Owners, J. H. Shaw, *et al.*, of Nantucket, Mass. Built by James O. Curtis.

Monterey. Ship, 422 tons. Owners, William Lincoln, Charles H. Perkins, *et al.*, of Boston. Registered November 9, 1852, Charles B. Fessenden. Registered August 7, 1854, George T. and William P. Lyman. Sold to John L. Gardner & Co. Registered August 15, 1855. Built by James O. Curtis. Sold January, 1863, to ——. Sold to German Acct. October, 1863. Name changed to *George Otto.*

Edwin. Bark, 350 tons. Owners, Thomas B. Wales & Co. of Boston, 1846. Built by Henry Ewell. Utsalady November 21, 1874, for Adelaide. Wrecked on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Four lives lost.

Hollander. Bark, 304 tons. Owners, John D. Bates and Adam W. Thaxter of Boston. Built by Henry Ewell for above.

Alert. Brig of Boston, 175 tons. Owners, William F. Weld & Co., 1846. Built by Henry Ewell. Sailed from Boston for Port au Prince on February 7, 1848, and was never heard from.

Eugene. Schooner, 92½ tons. Owners, Parker Cook, *et al.*, of Provincetown. Built by Henry Ewell.

Paulina. Brig, 193 tons. Owners, E. Flynn, *et. al.*, of Chatham. Registered Boston, January 26, 1853, Charles J. Morrill and William Dillaway, *et al.* Built by Henry Ewell. Sold to Salem July, 1858. Lost at sea.

Lauretta. Brig, 149¾ tons. Owners, Richard A. Cook, *et al.*, of Provincetown. Built by Henry Ewell.

Supply. Ship, 547 tons. Owner, William W. Goddard of Boston. Sold to U. S. Government in 1846. Built by Henry Ewell. Laid up New York, 1874.

Saxonville of Boston. Ship, 422 tons. Owners, Nathaniel Francis, Josiah W. Blake and Michael H. Simpson, Boston. Built by John Taylor. Sold to N. Y. April, 1862. Sailed from Humacoa, P. R., July 21, 1867, for N. Y. and never heard from.

Orissa. Ship, 507½ tons. Owners, Amos and E. W. Atkinson and William Rollins, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by John Taylor. Wrecked on Cape Cod, near Chatham, during a gale, January 20, 1857, while bound for Boston from Calcutta. Four lives lost.

1847. **Kate Howe.** Ship, 595 tons. Owners, William Bramhall and Thomas Howe of Boston, 1847. Registered November 5, 1856, William Bramhall. Registered November 20, 1856, T. J. Coolidge and Joseph P. Gardner. Registered October 29, 1858, Joseph P. and George A. Gardner. Built by John Taylor.

Josiah Quincy. Ship, 472 tons. Owners, William Bramhall and Thomas Howe of Boston. Registered Boston, September 20, 1850, Curtis & Peabody. Built by J. T. Foster. Sold to Providence parties May, 1856. Leghorn for Boston. Abandoned at sea, leaky and dismasted, October 4, 1859, in lat. 42° N., lon. 52° W.

Gertrude. Ship, 783 tons. Owners, George F. Hussey and David C. Murray of N. Y. Built by J. T. Foster. One S. *Gertrude* (Condon), Liverpool for S. F. Put into Rio August 30, 1864, and condemned.

Nashua. Bark, 200 tons. Owners, John H. Pearson & Co. of Boston. Built by J. T. Foster. New York for Philadelphia. Abandoned September 10, 1860, in lat. 30° N., and sank about twenty minutes after.

Hannah Thornton of New York. Bark, 398 tons. Owners, J. A. McGaw of Boston. Built by J. O. Curtis. Sold German Acct. March, 1863. Name changed to *Blanche Marie.* Sold later Norwegian Acct. Last report 1878 (lost.)

Kepler. Bark, 417 tons. Owners, William Parsons of Boston and Benjamin K. Hough of Gloucester. Built by J. O. Curtis for above. Sold to Cohasset October, 1853. Sold to Capt. T. Tucker and others. Hailed from Cohasset. Wrecked on Flag Island February 20, 1860, while bound for Providence from Apalachicola with cotton.

Sherwood. Bark, 438 tons. Owners, William Lincoln and William A. Harris, *et al.*, of Boston. Registered August 4, 1852, William A. Harris and George Hale, *et al.* Built by James O. Curtis. Sold May, 1862. British Acct. June, 1864.

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STONE FACE IN MIDDLESEX FELLS

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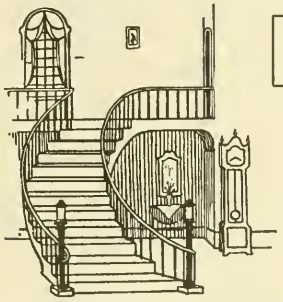

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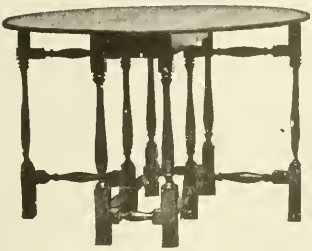

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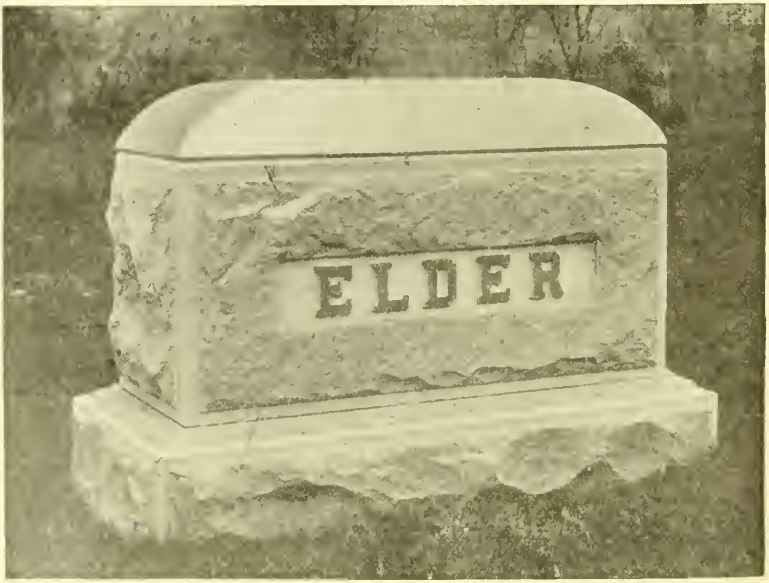

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